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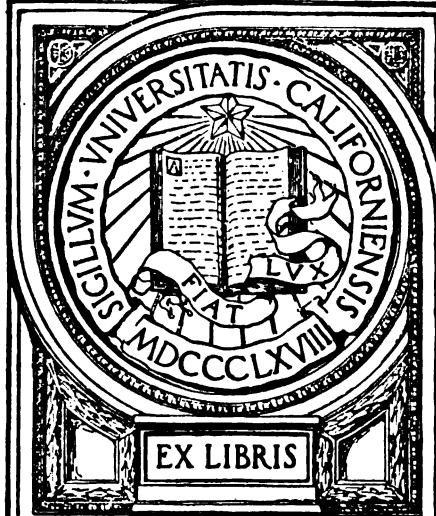
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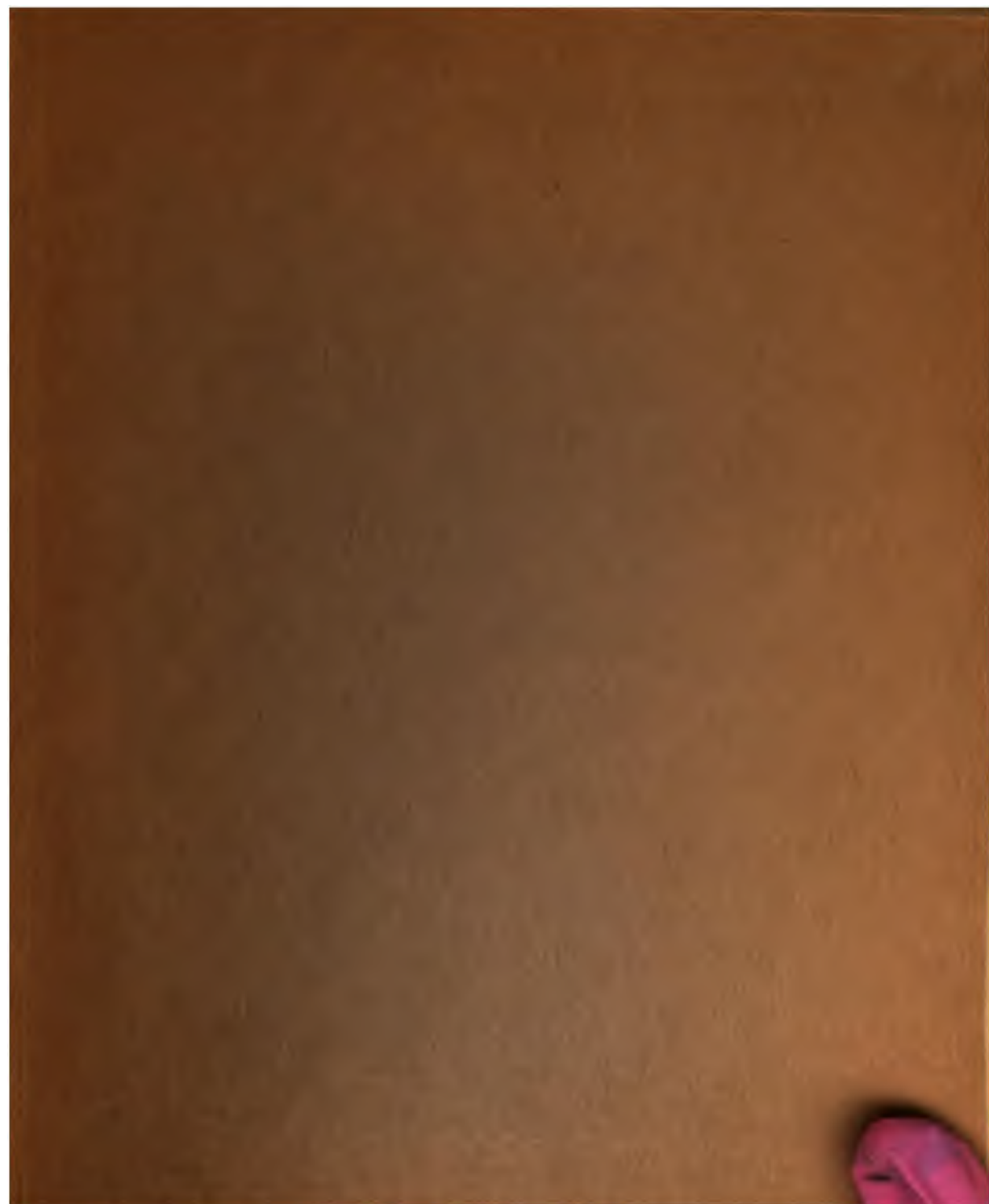
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THE
ANGLICAN
HYMN BOOK.

SECOND EDITION
REVISED AND ENLARGED.

Entered at Stationers' Hall.

LONDON:
NOVELLO, EWER AND CO., 1, BERNERS STREET (W.), AND 35, POULTRY (E.C.).
JAMES PARKER AND CO., LONDON AND OXFORD,
AND
SIMPKIN, MARSHALL AND CO., LONDON.
1871.

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PREFACE

TO THE SECOND EDITION.

In putting forward a revised and enlarged Edition of the present Work, the Editors think it right to state that, while they cannot but consider the number of Hymns, which it contained in its previous form, to be sufficient in itself for ordinary Church use, yet they are conscious it might not be deemed extensive enough for the requirements of choice. For this reason they have increased it from 333 to 404, by which means it is believed that ample scope for selection will now be afforded to all those who approve of the general principles of the Book, while it has afforded to themselves an opportunity of improving it both in its matter and form.

Among the Hymns appropriated to particular occasions there will be found 10 for *Morning*, 15 for *Evening*, 8 for *Sunday*, 15 for *Advent*, 10 for *Christmas*, 9 for *Epiphany*, 22 for *Lent*, with 28 for the period from *Passion Sunday* to *Easter*, 14 for *Easter*, 10 for *Ascension-tide*, 10 for *Whitsuntide*, 8 for *Trinity-tide*, 12 for *Holy Communion*, 8 for *Baptism and Confirmation*, 7 for *Harvest*, 6 for *Missions*, and 6 *Processional*. Besides these, there is at least one special Hymn for every Saint's Day in the year, while 200 will be found available for *General* purposes by a reference to the *Index of Subjects*, where, in most cases, choice may be greatly enlarged.

Of these Hymns, which include 28 Psalms, 304 are of English origin, the remaining 72 being Translations by various Authors from the Greek, Latin, and German. In making the whole selection earnest care has been taken to avoid every thought, which did not seem to be in strict accordance with the obvious meaning, and genuine spirit of the Book of Common Prayer. It is humbly hoped that the true Catholicism of the Anglican Church will be found reflected in the pages of the Anglican Hymn Book.

With reference to the question of Text, the Hymns have been re-produced, as far as possible, in their original purity, though it was frequently necessary to curtail their dimensions. Some alterations, it is true, have been introduced into several of them, but this has almost always been done for the sake of the musical accent; for in English Hymnody the laws of Rhythm are violated to such an extent as to give serious pain to the mere reader; but when the compositions are set to music the evil is so greatly aggravated, as to become intolerable not only to musical taste but to religious

sympathies. This is the more to be lamented, since it frequently happens that the mere transposition of a word would remedy the evil.

With regard to the Music, the same principles which influenced the compilation of the First Edition have been steadily followed in the present. All Adaptations have been rigorously excluded, as an affront to Art, if not a mischief to Religion; they are mostly feeble, and always indecorous. Further additions have been made from the elder sources of Tune, while the number of modern Compositions has been largely increased, a labor in which the Musical Editor has been aided by some of the first Musicians of the day.

The number of Tunes has still been kept equal to the number of Hymns, by which means the Tune will always serve to suggest the Words, and the Words the Tune. No doubt there are very many Tunes of earlier date, in the case of which there is no such connecting link, and therefore they will frequently be found as suitable to one Hymn as to another, of the same character and metre. For this reason it has been thought expedient to furnish a list of the best among them, which may be thus transferable, along with the Hymns, with which they may be additionally used.

As the Book now stands it contains, besides a few Ancient Melodies,—

- 75 Tunes from the earlier English sources;
- 25 from the later English;
- 100 from German;
- 200 by Composers of the present day; of which
- 133 have been written specially for the present Work.

The nomenclature of Tunes is well known to be in a state of serious confusion, and yet so great is the convenience of names, that they have been appended, even though still embarrassed by uncertainty. In the case of most of their own copyright Compositions, the Editors have distinguished them by the commencing words of the Hymns for which they have been written, and from which it is earnestly hoped that they will never be separated.

All the Tunes of past date, in which the existing harmonies seemed to call for improvement have been newly arranged, and the various Vocal Parts been brought within easy reach of average voices.

Marks of musical expression have been affixed to the Words, in order to create uniformity and suitable feeling in singing them. Those who do not agree with the view thus taken, are, of course, at liberty to substitute their own.

Metronome marks have also been supplied, not with the view of dictating the exact time in which the Tunes should be sung,—which, under certain circumstances, must vary,—but rather to operate as a check against slowness on the one side, and hurry on the other. For a long time the former evil prevailed; now we are threatened with the latter.

The Editors have now to return their best thanks to the various Authors, Translators, Composers, and Proprietors of Copyrights, who have allowed them to make use of the Works, with which they are severally connected. The following is a list of the Authors and Translators, or their Representatives, who have liberally allowed the use of their Hymns:—

The Lord Bishop of Lincoln (by permission from the *Holy Year*), 26, 90, 167, 220, 231, 383; Mrs. Alexander; Dean Alford; Rev. Robt. Hall Baynes; Wm. Bonar, Esq.; Rev. Edwd. Caswall; Rev. Henry Collins, 133, 351, who kindly permitted the Editors to alter his Hymns; Miss F. E. Cox; W. C. Dix, Esq.; Rev. D. T. K. Drummond; Miss C. Elliott; Mr. W. Wells Gardner, for Rev. L. Tuttieth's Hymns; Mr. J. T. Hayes, for Dr. Neale's Translations (*Hymns of the Eastern Church*), 24, 99, 111, 221; Rev. J. W. Hewett; Rev. J. R. Hogg, for Rev. H. F. Lyte's Hymns; Rev. J. Holme; Rev. T. Holme; Rev. W. W. How, who gave generous permission to use any of his Hymns; Dean Milman; Rev. Dr. Monfell; Mrs. E. F. Morris; Rev. G. Moultrie (*Hymns and Lyrics*), 141; Rev. J. Moultrie; Earl Nelson, for the late Rev. John Keble's Hymn, 236; Rev. Dr. Newman; Rev. T. G. Nicholas; Messrs. Novello, Ewer and Co., for Dr. Neale's Translations; Miss H. Parr; Messrs. Parker, for Rev. J. Keble's Hymns; Rev. E. H. Plumptre; Rev. F. Pott; Ven. Sir George Prevost, for the late Rev. I. Williams' Translations; Rev. G. R. Prynn; Rev. G. Rorison; Rev. A. T. Russell, who liberally offered any of his Hymns, as well as those of Rev. H. Downton which have been inserted; Rev. T. Gregory Smith, for Mr. W. S. Raymond's Hymn, 139; Rev. G. Thring; W. Whiting, Esq.; and Canon Woodford.

Permission to insert 366 has been purchased from Mr. Masters.

The best thanks of the Editors are due to all those Contributors, who have supplied original Tunes to this Collection. Amongst these they desire to mention Professor Sterndale Bennett, A. H. Brown, Esq., Rev. J. B. Dykes, Dr. G. J. Elvey, John Hullah, H. S. Irons, G. A. Macfarren, Walter Macfarren, Esqs., Rev. Sir F. A. G. Ouseley, Henry Smart, Esq., Dr. Steggall, Professor Stewart, and Lady Thompson. The additional Composers, now connected with the work, are T. E. Aylward, Joseph Barnby, R. Barnett, Esqs., Professor Sterndale Bennett, Mus. Doc., Cantab., Rev. R. R. Chope, E. H. Thorne, Esq., and Lady Thompson.

The Rev. J. B. Dykes has contributed, along with other Tunes, 6 that have not appeared before.

To the following gentlemen they would express their obligations for permission to use Tunes of their composition, which have already appeared in print:—

T. E. Aylward, Esq., 70, 347; R. Barnett, Esq., 356; A. H. Brown, Esq., 193; Joseph Barnby, Esq., 221, 395, 402; Rev. R. R. Chope (*Congregational Hymn Book*), 236; Wm. Dorrell, Esq., 294; Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc., 24, 51, 150, (183, with the consent of the Proprietors of *Hymns Ancient and Modern*), 342; Dr. G. J. Elvey, 155, 328, 361; Dr. Gauntlett, 149, 258, 303, 377; Rev. L. G. Hayne, 172, 182; E. J. Hopkins, Esq., 197; H. S. Irons, Esq., 245; G. A. Macfarren, Esq., 63, 213; W. H. Monk, Esq., 398; S. Reay, Esq., 372, 376; R. Redhead,

Esq., 97, 118, 223; A. R. Reinagle, Esq., 67, 319, 336; R. R. Rofs, Esq., 179; Henry Smart, Esq., 344; Dr. Steggall, 214, 228, 279; A. S. Sullivan, Esq., 218, 312; J. Lea Summers, Esq., 380; E. H. Thorne, Esq., 81, 156, 190; J. Turle, Esq., 263; J. H. Walker, Esq., 332.

Thanks are likewise given to the following Proprietors of Copyrights for their consent to the insertion of the Tunes that accompany their names:—

Rev. J. Allon (by Dr. Gauntlett), 298; Rev. R. Brown Borthwick (51, written for the *Supplemental Hymn and Tune Book*), 67, 319, 336; Rev. R. R. Choce, 24, 173, 283, 342, 372, 379; Rev. T. Darling, 228, 279; Rev. J. B. Dykes, 26, 220 (now appearing for the first time); Right Rev. Bishop Ewing, 304; Mr. W. Wells Gardner, 81, 328; Hon. and Rev. J. Grey, 150, 152; Rev. L. G. Hayne, 378; Rev. Dr. Maurice, 291, 320, 356; Messrs. Metzler, 292; Messrs. Novello, Ewer and Co., 221, 402; Proprietors of *Sarum Hymnal*, 70, 344, 347, 395; Secretary S.P.C.K., 263.

The Editors present their sincere thanks also to Messrs. Nisbet for their very handsome offer of any of the Tunes in *Psalms and Hymns for Divine Worship*, from which they have selected Nos. 63, 218, 312. They have also once more to express their obligations to Mr. Daniel Sedgwick, Sun Street, Bishopsgate, without whose valuable assistance they could not have presented the Index of Hymns and Authors with the fulness in which it now appears.

Permission has been purchased from Mr. W. Wells Gardner to include 156, 190; and from Mr. Masters for 97, 122, 223.

ROBERT CORBET SINGLETON,

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York, January, 1871.

INDEX OF HYMNS AND AUTHORS.

The following Translations, with very few exceptions, are the property of their respective authors, or of those who represent them. Many were written for the present work.

FIRST LINE.	No.	AUTHOR.
Abide with me! fast falls the eventide.	15	Henry Francis Lyte, 1847
According to Thy gracious word.	122	James Montgomery, 1825
A few more years shall roll.	70	Horatius Bonar, 1856
Affliction is a stormy deep.	249	Nathaniel Cotton, 1791
Again the Lord of life and light.	142	Anna Letitia Barbauld, 1773
Alas! and did my Saviour bleed.	132	Isaac Watts, 1709
All hail, the Lord's Anointed.	74	James Montgomery, 1822
<i>Hail to</i>		
All hail, the power of Jesu's Name.	264	Edward Perronet, 1780
All is o'er, the pain, the sorrow.	138	John Moultrie, 1851
All my heart with joy is springing.	53	Paul Gerhardt, 1606—1676. <i>Tr.</i> 1863
All people that on earth do dwell.	259	Old Version. William Kethe, 1561
All praise to Thee, my God, this night.	11	Bishop Thomas Ken, 1709
Almighty God, Thy piercing eye.	326	Isaac Watts, 1720
Almighty God, Thy word is cast.	88	John Cawood, 1816
Amid the various scenes of ills.	250	Altered from Nathaniel Cotton, 1791
Angels from the realms of glory.	55	James Montgomery, 1819
Angels, roll the rock away.	145	Thomas Scott, 1769. Thomas Gibbons, 1773
Approach, my soul, the mercy-seat.	352	John Newton, 1779
Arise, O Lord, and shine.	376	William Hurn, 1813
Art thou weary, art thou languid.	111	St. Stephen the Sabaite, 725—794. <i>Tr.</i> 1862
As James the Great, with glowing zeal.	207	R. Corbet Singleton, 1867
As mounts on high the orb of day.	7	Ambrosian. 5th Century. <i>Tr.</i> 1867
As now the sun's departing rays.	22	Paris Breviary. <i>Tr.</i> 1870
As pants the hart for cooling streams.	278	New Version, 1696
As with gladness men of old.	76	William Chatterton Dix, 1860
Awake! awake! put on Thy strength.	403	T. T. N., 1870
Awake, my soul, and with the sun.	1	Bishop Ken, 1709
Before Jehovah's awful throne.	244	Isaac Watts, 1719. Charles Wesley, 1741
Behold a Stranger at the door.	324	Joseph Grigg, 1765
Behold! the Baptist's warning sounds.	46	Paris Breviary. <i>Tr.</i> 1867
Beneath the fig-tree's grateful shade.	208	R. Corbet Singleton, 1867
Blessed City! Heavenly Salem!	369	8th Century. <i>Tr.</i> 1870
Blest are the pure in heart.	317	From John Keble, 1819
Blest day of God, most calm, most bright.	33	John Mason, 1683

FIRST LINE.	No.	AUTHOR.
Blest day, on which the Saviour shed .	64	Paris Breviary. <i>Tr.</i> 1867
Blest Framer of the starry height .	37	Roman Breviary. <i>Tr.</i> 1867
Blest Source of mercy, truth, and love .	169	Circa 1775
Brief life is here our portion .	303	Bernard of Morlaix, 1140. <i>Tr.</i> 1852
Bright and joyful is the morn .	56	James Montgomery, 1819
Brightest and best of the sons of the morning .	81	Bishop Reginald Heber, 1811
By Christ redeemed, in Christ restored .	190	George Rawson, 1853
By cool Siloam's shady rill .	380	Bishop Heber, 1812
By the Cross, sad vigil keeping .	129	(Jacobus de Benedictis, 1342. <i>Tr.</i> 1870 Founded on Bishop Mant, 1837
Canst Thou, good Lord, forgive so soon	357	James Shirley, 1596—1666
Chief of Martyrs, he, whose name .	61	Paris Breviary. <i>Tr.</i> 1870
Children of the heavenly King .	349	John Cennick, 1742
Christian, seek not yet repose .	322	Founded on Charlotte Elliott, 1859
Christ is laid the sure Foundation .	370	9th Century. <i>Tr.</i> 1867
Christ the Lord is risen to-day .	146	Charles Wesley, 1740
Christ, Whose glory fills the skies .	4	Charles Wesley, 1740
Clothed with state, and girt with might	298	Sir Philip Sidney, 1580
Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire .	173	Charlemagne, 8th—9th Century. <i>Tr.</i> Bishop John Cosin, 1627
Come, Holy Spirit, come .	170	Joseph Hart, 1759
Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove .	171	Isaac Watts, 1709
Come, let us to the Lord our God .	94	John Morison, 1770
Come, mild and holy Dove .	177	From John Austin, 1668
Come, my soul, thou must be waking .	9	F. R. L. Von Canitz, 1654—1699. <i>Tr.</i> 1838
Come, once more, with songs descending <i>Angels, come on joyous pinions.</i>	152	Paris Breviary. <i>Tr.</i> 1839
Come, see the place where Jesus lay .	150	James Montgomery, 1825
Come, Thou Holy Spirit, nigh .	176	Robert, King of France, 10th—11th Century. <i>Tr.</i> 1867
Come, Thou long-expected Jesus .	59	Charles Wesley, 1744
Come, ye thankful people, come .	361	Henry Alford, 1867
Creator Spirit, by Whose aid .	174	Charlemagne, 8th—9th Century. <i>Tr.</i> John Dryden, 1702
Day of Judgment! Day of Wonders! .	47	John Newton, 1779
Day of wrath! that awful day .	44	Thomas de Celano, 1230. <i>Tr.</i> 1870
Deathless principle, arise .	262	Augustus Montague Toplady, 1777
Disposer Supreme .	219	Paris Breviary. <i>Tr.</i> 1836
Draw near, all ye faithful .	52	15th—16th Century. <i>Tr.</i> 1870
Earth to earth, and dust to dust .	240	John Hampden Gurney, 1838

FIRST LINE.	No.	AUTHOR.
Easter Day is here, and we . . .	141	Gerard Moultrie, 1867
'Ere God had built the mountains . . .	268	William Cowper, 1779
'Ere I sleep, for every favor . . .	18	John Cennick, 1741
Eternal beam of Light divine . . .	308	Charles Wesley, 1739
Far from my heavenly home . . .	319	Henry Francis Lyte, 1834
Far from the world, O Lord, I flee . . .	291	William Cowper, 1779
Father, let me dedicate . . .	69	Laurence Tuttiett, 1854
Father of Heaven, Whose love profound . . .	180	J. Cooper, 1810
Fierce raged the tempest o'er the deep . . .	342	Godfrey Thring, 1866
For ever here my rest shall be . . .	137	Charles Wesley, 1740
For mercies, countless as the sands . . .	196	William Cowper, 1779
For thee, O dear, dear country . . .	304	Bernard of Morlaix, 1140. <i>Tr.</i> 1852
For Thy mercy and Thy grace . . .	71	Henry Downton, 1843
Forty days and forty nights . . .	92	George Hunt Smyttn, 1856
From Greenland's icy mountains . . .	372	Bishop Heber, 1823
From lowest depths of woe . . .	96	New Version, 1696
From out the deep, O Lord, on Thee . . .	241	R. Corbet Singleton, 1867
From the deeps of grief and fear . . .	114	Phineas Fletcher, 1633
'Gainst what foemen art thou rushing . . .	198	Paris Breviary. <i>Tr.</i> 1867
Gentle Jesus, meek and mild . . .	379	Charles Wesley, 1742
Glorious things of thee are spoken . . .	333	John Newton, 1779
Glory, glory, Lord, to Thee, . . .	136	Aspirazioni divote, ? 17th Century. <i>Tr.</i> 1867
God moves in a mysterious way . . .	276	William Cowper, 1779
God, my Father, hear me pray . . .	105	James Holme, 1861
God of mercy, God of grace . . .	78	Henry Francis Lyte, 1833
God of mercy, throned on high . . .	378	E. Bickersteth's Psalmody, 1833
God of pity, God of grace . . .	156	Eliza F. Morris, 1858
God the Father, Whose Creation . . .	363	John Mason Neale, 1866
God the Lord a King remaineth . . .	344	Oxford Pfalter. John Keble, 1839
Go forward, Christian soldier . . .	234	Laurence Tuttiett, 1854
Good Lord, Who hast the weighty woes . . .	87	R. Corbet Singleton, 1867
Go to dark Gethsemane . . .	124	James Montgomery, 1825
Gracious Spirit, Dove divine . . .	247	John Stocker, 1777
Gracious Spirit, Holy Ghost . . .	90	Christopher Wordsworth, 1863
Great God, what do I see and hear . . .	39	Bartholomew Ringwaldt, 1550. William Ben- Collyer, 1812
Great God, Who in Thy Light dost rest . . .	185	Paris Breviary. <i>Tr.</i> 1867
Great God, Whose sceptre rules the earth . . .	297	John Quarles, 1654
Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah . . .	280	William Williams, 1774
Hail, highly favored, blessed maid . . .	201	R. Corbet Singleton, 1867
Hail the day that sees Him rise . . .	159	From Charles Wesley, 1749

FIRST LINE.	No.	AUTHOR.
Hail, sacred day of earthly rest . . .	27	Godfrey Thring, 1866
Hallelujah, song of sweetness . . .	82	Thirteenth Century. <i>Tr.</i> 1870
Happy soul, thy days are ended . . .	223	Charles Wesley, 1749
Hark! a trumpet voice of warning . . .	35	Ambrosian, 5th Century. <i>Tr.</i> 1870
Hark! hark the sound! The Saviour comes <i>the glad</i>	40	Philip Doddridge, 1755
Hark, my soul, it is the Lord . . .	274	William Cowper, 1779
Hark! ten thousand harps and voices . . .	166	Thomas Kelly, 1806
Hark! the herald angels sing . . .	51	Charles Wesley, 1739
Hark the sound of holy voices . . .	220	Christopher Wordsworth, 1862
Hark! the voice of love and mercy . . .	135	Jonathan Evans, 1787
Hark! what mean those holy voices . . .	58	John Cawood, 1816
Harp, awake! tell out the story . . .	72	Henry Downton, 1851
Have mercy, Lord, on me . . .	100	New Version, 1696
Heal me, O my Saviour, heal . . .	110	Godfrey Thring, 1866
Hear me, O God . . .	107	Ben Jonson, 1574—1637
Hear my prayer, O heavenly Father . . .	20	Harriet Parr, 1856
Heavenly Father, send Thy blessing . . .	383	Christopher Wordsworth, 1862
He is risen! He is risen! . . .	151	Cecil Frances Alexander, 1846
Holy Father, great Creator . . .	334	Bishop Griswold, 1860
Holy Ghost, with light divine . . .	172	Andrew Reed, 1817
Holy, holy, holy . . .	183	Bishop Heber, 1827
Hosanna to the living Lord . . .	261	Bishop Heber, 1811
How beauteous are their feet . . .	225	Isaac Watts, 1709
How beautiful the feet that bring. <i>Fair are</i>	227	John Mason, 1683
How blest the unity, good Lord . . .	212	R. Corbet Singleton, 1867
How bright these glorious spirits shine . . .	218	William Cameron, 1770, on Watts, 1709
How sweet the Name of Jesus sounds . . .	67	John Newton, 1779
If thou wouldst life attain . . .	346	Cento from Edward Caswall, 1858, by Wm. Chope
In the hour of my distress . . .	109	Robert Herrick, 1648
In the hour of trial . . .	95	James Montgomery, 1853
In the Name of God the Father . . .	192	John William Hewett, 1859
In token that thou shalt not fear . . .	229	Henry Alford, 1832
In weakness great, and strong in hidden might . . .	206	R. Corbet Singleton, 1867
I sing th' Almighty power of God . . .	85	Isaac Watts, 1720
It is the Lord! behold His hand . . .	388	James Montgomery, 1853
Jerusalem, my happy home . . .	245	Anonymous, 1801. Founded on Francis Augustus Baker, 1616
Jerusalem on high . . .	248	Samuel Crossman, 1664
Jerusalem the golden . . .	305	Bernard of Morlaix, 1140. <i>Tr.</i> 1852

INDEX OF HYMNS AND AUTHORS.

xi.

FIRST LINE.	No.	AUTHOR.
Jesu, Child of mortal throes. . . .	397	R. Corbet Singleton, 1867
Jesu, high in glory	386	J. Erskine Clarke, 1863
Jesu, how sweet the thought of Thee . . .	272	St. Bernard, 12th Century. <i>Tr.</i> 1867
Jesu, Lord, to me impart	323	Theſaurus Hymnologicus. <i>Tr.</i> 1867
Jesu, lover of my ſoul	269	Charles Weſley, 1740
Jesu, meek and gentle	293	George Rundell Prynne, 1856
Jesu, meek and lowly	133	Henry Collins, 1854
Jesu, my Lord, my God, my all . . .	351	Henry Collins, 1854
Jesu, now Thy new-made ſoldier . . .	230	John William Hewett, 1859
Jesu, to Thy Table led	189	Robert Hall Baynes, 1863
Jeſus calls us 'mid the tumult . . .	34	Cecil Frances Alexander, 1852
Jeſus, caſt a look on me	103	John Berridge, 1785, from C. Weſley, 1762
Jeſus Chriſt is riſen to-day	144	Circa 1708
Jeſus is our Shepherd	382	Hugh Stowell, 1831
Jeſus lives! no longer now	154	Chriſtian Fürchtegott Gallert, 1740. <i>Tr.</i> 1847
Jeſus, Lord, we kneel before Thee . .	396	James J. Cummins, 1849
Jeſus! Name of wondrous love . . .	66	William Waſſham How, 1854
Juſt as I am, without one plea . . .	328	Charlotte Elliott, 1836
Lamb of God, I look to Thee	385	Charles Weſley, 1742
Lamb of God, Whoſe dying love . . .	186	Charles Weſley, 1745
Lead, kindly Light, lead Thou me on .	395	John Henry Newman, 1833
Lead us, heavenly Father, lead us . .	354	James Edmeſſon, 1820
Let all the world in every corner ſing .	404	George Herbert, 1632. <i>Gloria added.</i>
Let our Choir new anthems raiſe . . .	221	St. Joſeph of the Studium, 9th Century. <i>Tr.</i> 1862
Let tyrants take their haughty names .	65	Paris Breviary. <i>Tr.</i> 1867
Let us all in chorus ſing	355	Godeſcalcus, 11th Century. <i>Tr.</i> 1870
Let us with a gladſome mind	253	John Milton, 1623
Lift not thou the wailing voice . . .	392	Biſhop George Waſhington Doane, 1826
Lo! from the deſert homes	205	Paris Breviary. <i>Tr.</i> 1839
Lo! He comes! let all adore Him . . .	42	Thomas Kelly, 1809
Lo! He comes with clouds deſcending .	38	Chiefly Charles Weſley, 1758
Look forth, mine eye, look up and view .	6	George Withers, 1641
Lord, as to Thy dear Croſs we flee . .	273	John Hampden Gurney, 1838
Lord, diſmiſs us with Thy bleſſing . .	332	Hon. and Rev. Walter Shirley, 1774
Lord, ever ſhew Thy bleſſed face . . .	17	R. Corbet Singleton, 1867
Lord, give us of that fervent love . . .	50	" " " 1867
Lord, in mine agony of pain	390	Thomas Holme, 1861
Lord, in this Thy mercy's day	108	Iſaac Williams, 1841
Lord, in Thy Name Thy ſervants plead .	155	John Keble, 1857
Lord Jeſus, God of grace and love . .	195	James Holme, 1861
Lord, let me know my term of days . .	68	New Verſion, 1696
Lord of hoſts, to Thee we raiſe . . .	368	James Montgomery, 1825
Lord of mercy and of might	279	Biſhop Heber, 1811

FIRST LINE.	No.	AUTHOR.
Lord of power, Lord of might . . .	283	Godfrey Thring, 1854
Lord of the Church, we humbly pray . . .	224	Edward Osler, 1836
Lord of the worlds above . . .	281	Isaac Watts, 1719
Lord, see how swelling crowds arise . . .	255	Third Psalm. <i>Vers.</i> 1867
Lord, this day Thy children meet . . .	381	William Walsham How, 1854
Lord, when before Thy throne we meet . . .	197	Treffilian George Nicholas, 1838
Lord, when we bend before Thy throne . . .	101	Joseph Dacre Carlyle, 1805
Lo! sea and land their gifts outpour . . .	209	R. Corbet Singleton, 1867
Lo! steals apace the welcome tide . . .	89	Gallican Breviary. <i>Tr.</i> 1867
Love divine, all love excelling . . .	312	Charles Wesley, 1740
Mercy triumphs, Christ is born . . .	54	
Much in sorrow, oft in woe. . . .	258	{ Henry Kirke White, 1806. Fanny Fuller Maitland, 1827
My faith looks up to Thee . . .	330	Ray Palmer, 1830
My God and Father, while I stray . . .	295	Charlotte Elliott, 1836
My God, and is Thy Table spread . . .	194	Philip Doddridge, 1755
My God, I love Thee, yet my love . . .	126	S. Francis Xavier, 16th Century. <i>Tr.</i> 1867
My God, my God, my Light, my Love . . .	93	Thomas Shepherd, 1692
My God, my Life, to Thee I call. . . .	294	William Cowper, 1779
My God, when I from sleep awake . . .	21	Bishop Ken, 1709
My health was firm, my day was bright <i>Firm was my health</i>	391	Isaac Watts, 1719
My life's a shade, my days . . .	265	Samuel Crossman, 1664
My song is love unknown . . .	321	Samuel Crossman, 1664
My son, give Me thine heart . . .	329	T. T. N., 1870
My soul, there is a country. . . .	313	Henry Vaughan, 1651
My spirit longs for Thee . . .	309	John Byrom, 1773
Name of our triumphant Saviour. . . .	290	15th Century. <i>Tr.</i> 1870
Nearer, my God, to Thee . . .	325	{ William Walsham How, 1862. Founded on S. F. Adams, 1840
No change of times shall ever shock . . .	275	New Version, 1696
Not all the blood of beasts . . .	134	Isaac Watts, 1709
Now all give thanks to God . . .	307	Martin Rinckart, 1586—1649. <i>Tr.</i> 1867
Now the shining day is past. . . .	13	George Wither, 1641
O all ye people, clap your hands . . .	271	47th Psalm. <i>Vers.</i> 1867
O Christ, Who, lifted to the sky . . .	160	Paris Breviary. <i>Tr.</i> 1867
O come, Emmanuel, O come . . .	41	12th—13th Century. <i>Tr.</i> 1867
O day of rest and gladness . . .	26	Christopher Wordsworth, 1863
O Death, thou art no more. . . .	238	Godfrey Thring, 1866
O'erwhelmed beneath a load of grief . . .	130	Roman Breviary. <i>Tr.</i> 1867
Of noble cities thou art queen . . .	75	Prudentius, 4th—5th Century. <i>Tr.</i> 1870

FIRST LINE.	No.	AUTHOR.
O for a thousand tongues to sing . . .	288	Charles Wesley, 1740
O Fount of mercy, God of love . . .	358	Alice Flowerdew, 1811
<i>Fountain</i>		
O God, in Whose all searching eye . . .	231	Christopher Wordsworth, 1865
O God of hosts, the mighty Lord . . .	246	New Version, 1696
O God of life, Whose power benign . . .	182	Arthur Tozer Russell, 1848
O God of mercy, God of might . . .	188	John Keble, 1827
O God of morning, at Whose voice . . .	8	Isaac Watts, 1709
<i>God of the</i>		
O God, our help in ages past . . .	331	Isaac Watts, 1719
O God unseen, yet ever near . . .	187	Edward Osler, 1836
O happy saints, who dwell in light . . .	215	John Berridge, 1785
Oh! happy feet that tread . . .	400	William Walsham How, 1866
Oh! is it naught to you that tread . . .	120	R. Corbet Singleton, 1867
Oh! 'twas a joyful sound to hear . . .	337	New Version, 1696
Oh! where shall rest be found . . .	336	James Montgomery, 1819
O Jesu, Saviour of us all . . .	60	Ambrosian, 5th Century. Tr. 1870
O Jesus, ever present . . .	339	Laurence Tuttielt, 1854
O Jesu, where Thy people meet . . .	367	William Cowper, 1779
O King of earth, and air, and sea . . .	270	Bishop Heber, 1827
O Lord, how excellent Thy Name . . .	301	Eighth Psalm, vers. 1867
O Lord of harvest, once again . . .	360	Joseph Anstice, 1836
<i>Lord of the</i>		
O Lord of holy rest, we pray . . .	32	Philip Doddridge, 1755
<i>Lord of the Sabbath, hear our prayers</i>		
O Lord of hosts, Whose glory fills . . .	366	John Mason Neale, 1844
O Lord, turn not Thy face from me . . .	98	John Marckant, 1562
O Love divine, how sweet Thou art . . .	335	Charles Wesley, 1746
O loving Saviour, Who art touched . . .	204	T. T. N., 1870
O mourn, thou rigid stone . . .	121	Theaurus Hymnologicus. Tr. 1870
On each return of holy rest . . .	29	James Holme, 1861
One there is above all others . . .	345	(Marianne Nunn.
Onward, holy champion . . .	233	Altered by George Vicefinus Wigram? 1838
O praise ye the Lord . . .	267	Benjamin Hall Kennedy, 1865
O precious Saviour, from Thy throne . . .	327	New Version, 1696
O sacred Head, now wounded . . .	128	Theaurus Hymnologicus. Tr. 1867
O Saviour, is Thy promise fled . . .	49	Paul Gerhardt, 1606—1676. Tr. 1849
O Sion, ope thy temple gates . . .	199	Bishop Heber, 1811
O Spirit of the living God . . .	373	Paris Breviary. Tr. 1867
O splendor of the Father's might . . .	3	James Montgomery, 1825
O Thou blest Lamb of God . . .	348	St. Ambrose, 4th Century. Tr. 1870
O Thou, from Whom all goodness flows . . .	284	Eliza F. Morris, 1858
O Thou, the contrite sinner's Friend . . .	356	Thomas Haweis, 1792
		Charlotte Elliott, 1837

FIRST LINE.	No.	AUTHOR.
O Thou, the true and only Light . . .	316	German. <i>Tr.</i> 1836, 1867
O Thou, Who bid'st the ocean deep . .	242	William Whiting, 1860
O timely happy, timely wife . . .	2	John Keble, 1827
Our blest Redeemer, ere He breathed .	175	Harriett Auber, 1829
Our God stands firm, a rock and tower	310	Martin Luther, 1483—1546. <i>Tr.</i> 1867
Our Lord is risen from the dead . . .	161	Charles Wesley, 1741
O wilt Thou pardon, Lord . . .	99	St. Joseph of the Studium, 9th Century. <i>Tr.</i> 1862
O Word celestial, Who Thy rest . . .	318	Thomas Aquinas, 13th Century. <i>Tr.</i> 1867
O worship the King . . .	260	Sir Robert Grant, 1839
 Palms of glory, raiment bright . . .	216	 James Montgomery, 1853
Pour out Thy Spirit from on high . .	226	James Montgomery, 1836
Praise, my soul, the King of heaven . .	286	Henry Francis Lyte, 1834
Praise the Lord, ye heavens adore Him	285	John Kempthorne, 1810
Praise to God, immortal praise . . .	359	Anna Letitia Barbauld, 1773
 Rejoice! the Lord is King . . .	163	 Charles Wesley, 1745
Rejoice, ye pure in heart . . .	398	Edward Hayes Plumptre, 1865
Remember Thy Creator now . . .	387	Pascit Corvos, 1870
Resting from His work to-day . . .	140	Thomas Whytehead, 1842
Ride on! ride on in majesty . . .	117	Henry Hart Milman, 1827
Rise, my soul, adore thy Maker . . .	10	John Cennick, 1741
Rock of Ages, cleft for me . . .	118	Augustus Montague Toplady, 1776
Round the Lord in glory seated . . .	178	Bishop Mant, 1837
 Saviour, blessed Saviour . . .	347	 Godfrey Thring, 1866
Saviour, breathe an evening blessing .	19	James Edmeston, 1820
Saviour, sprinkle many nations . . .	374	Arthur Cleveland Coxe, 1840
Saviour, when in dust to Thee . . .	106	Sir Robert Grant, 1815
Saviour, Whom I fain would love . . .	315	Augustus Montague Toplady, 1776
Saviour, Who Thy flock art feeding . .	228	William Augustus Muhlenberg, 1826
See the Conqueror mounts in triumph .	167	Christopher Wordsworth, 1862
Shadow of a mighty rock . . .	257	John Samuel Bewley Monsell, 1850
Soldiers of Christ, arise . . .	235	Charles Wesley, 1749
Soldiers of the Cross, arise . . .	375	William Walsham How, 1854
Songs of praise the Angels sang . . .	83	James Montgomery, 1819
Son of Man, to Thee we cry . . .	157	Bishop Mant, 1828
Sons of men, behold from far . . .	79	Charles Wesley, 1739
Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear . .	12	John Keble, 1827
Sweet the moments, rich in blessing . .	123	Walter Shirley, 1774. From James Allen, 1757
 Take up thy Cross, the Saviour said . .	343	 Charles William Everell, 1833
The Banquet of the Lamb is laid . .	143	Roman Breviary. <i>Tr.</i> 1867
The Christian's path shines more and more	16	Thomas Holme, 1861

xv.

FIRST LINE.	No.	AUTHOR.
The Cross is on our brow	232	William Chatterton Dix, 1867
The Cross, upraised on Calvary's height	125	R. Corbet Singleton, 1867
The day is past and over	24	St. Anatolius, 5th Century. <i>Tr.</i> 1862
Thee we adore, O hidden Saviour, Thee	191	Thomas Aquinas, 13th Century. <i>Tr.</i> 1852
The Father shew us, gracious Lord . . .	203	R. Corbet Singleton, 1867
The God of harvest praise	362	James Montgomery, 1822
The happy morn is come	147	Thomas Haweis, 1792
The Head, that once was crowned with thorns	164	Thomas Kelly, 1820
The Kingly banners onward stream . . .	113	Venantius Fortunatus, 6th Century. <i>Tr.</i> 1870
The Lord ascends the sacred hill . . .	243	T. T. N., 1870
The Lord hath quelled the rebel powers	148	R. Corbet Singleton, 1867
The Lord, He gave the Word	86	" " " 1867
The Lord my pasture shall prepare . . .	251	Joseph Addison, 1712
The Lord of might from Sinai's brow . .	36	Bishop Heber, 1827
The Lord will come! the earth shall quake	48	Bishop Heber, 1811
The morning light hath shed its beams .	5	R. Corbet Singleton, 1867
The race that long in darkness pined . .	80	John Morrison, 1770
The radiant morn hath passed away . . .	25	Godfrey Thring, 1866
There is a Book, who runs may read . . .	84	John Keble, 1827
There is a Fountain, filled with blood . .	102	William Cowper, 1779
There is a river deep and broad	292	William Hurn, 1813
The sacred day hath beamed	158	St. Ambrose, 4th Century. <i>Tr.</i> 1870
The solemn time of holy fast	91	Paris Breviary. <i>Tr.</i> 1870
The Son of God goes forth to war	217	Bishop Heber, 1827
The spacious firmament on high	254	Joseph Addison, 1712
The strife is o'er, the battle done . . .	153	12th Century. <i>Tr.</i> 1861
The sun is sinking fast	14	Latin. <i>Tr.</i> by Edward Caswall, 1858
The voice that breathed o'er Eden	236	John Keble, 1856
They come, God's messengers of love . . .	210	Robert Campbell, 1850
Thine for ever, God of love	263	Mary Fowler Maude, 1848
This primal day, the Spring of Time . . .	31	Gallican Breviary. <i>Tr.</i> 1867
This stone to Thee in faith we lay	365	James Montgomery, 1822
Thou art gone up on high	162	Emma Toke, 1851
Thou art the Way: to Thee alone	340	Bishop Doane, 1826
Thou earth, o'er which the curse of sin . .	350	D. T. K. Drummond, 1838
Thou Judge of quick and dead	43	Charles Wesley, 1749
Thou, Lord, by strictest search hast known	338	New Version, 1696
Thou that sendest sun and rain	364	Godfrey Thring, 1866
Thou, Whose Almighty Word	371	John Marriott, 1816
Thou, Who throned above all glory . . .	384	J. Erskine Clarke, 1863
Three in One, and One in Three	181	Gilbert Rorison, 1850
Thrice Holy God of sovereign might . . .	184	Paris Breviary. <i>Tr.</i> 1867

FIRST LINE.	No.	AUTHOR.
Throned above the starry sphere . . .	202	T. T. N., 1870
Through the day Thy love has spared us . . .	23	Thomas Kelly, 1806
Thy dear disciple on the sea . . .	62	R. Corbet Singleton, 1867
Thy glorious work, O Christ, is done . . .	165	Paris Breviary. <i>Tr.</i> 1867
Thy Saviour standeth at the door . . .	350	Pascit Corvos, 1870
To blefs Thy chosen race . . .	287	New Version, 1696
To God on high be thanks and praise . . .	311	Nikolaus Decius, circa 1524. <i>Tr.</i> 1867
To God the Lord . . .	402	Alfred Bell, 1869
To Thee all glory, Lord . . .	63	Emma Toke, 1853
<i>Glory to Thee</i>		
To Thee, O Lord, I yield my spirit . . .	314	German. <i>Tr.</i> 1867
To Thy temple I repair . . .	28	James Montgomery, 1812
Walking on the winged wind . . .	389	James Montgomery, 1853
Wake, my tongue, the mystery telling . . .	193	Thomas Aquinas, 13th Century. <i>Tr.</i> 1867
Wake, O my soul, awake and raise . . .	116	Phineas Fletcher, 1633
Wake! the watchmen's voice is sounding . . .	302	Philip Nicolai, 1556—1608. <i>Tr.</i> 1867
Weeping as they go their way . . .	139	William Sterne Raymond, 1862
We give immortal praise . . .	179	Isaac Watts, 1709
We give Thee but Thine Own . . .	377	William Walfham How, 1854
Welcome, sweet day of rest . . .	30	Isaac Watts, 1709
We love Thy temple, Lord . . .	401	T. T. N., 1870
We sing the praise of Him Who died . . .	131	Thomas Kelly, 1815
What are these arrayed in white . . .	222	Charles Wesley, 1745
What are these in bright array . . .	214	James Montgomery, 1819
What star is this, that beams so bright . . .	77	Paris Breviary. <i>Tr.</i> 1870
What various hindrances we meet . . .	394	William Cowper, 1779
When all Thy mercies, O my God . . .	252	Joseph Addison, 1712
When at Thy footstool, Lord, I bend . . .	115	Henry Francis Lyte, 1833
When fairest Eve in Eden rose . . .	237	R. Corbet Singleton, 1867
When gathering clouds around I view . . .	277	Sir Robert Grant, 1806—1812
When God of old came down from Heaven . . .	168	John Keble, 1827
When I survey the wondrous Cross . . .	127	Isaac Watts, 1709
When our heads are bowed with woe . . .	97	Henry Hart Milman, 1827
When rising from the bed of death . . .	104	Joseph Addison, 1712
When the dark waves round us roll . . .	320	William Walfham How, 1854
When we our wearied limbs to rest . . .	289	New Version, 1696
When wounded sore the stricken soul . . .	353	Cecil Frances Alexander, 1858
Where high the heavenly temple stands . . .	256	Michael Bruce, 1770
Where the mourner weeping . . .	112	Heinrich Siegmund Oswald, 1793. <i>Tr.</i> 1847
While shepherds watched their flocks by night . . .	57	Nahum Tate, 1703
Who are these like stars appearing . . .	213	Henry Theodore Schenk, 1727. <i>Tr.</i> 1841

FIRST LINE.	No.	AUTHOR.
Who comes from Edom, with His robes	119	R. Corbet Singleton, 1867
Who is this so weak and helpless .	299	William Walfham How, 1854
Why do we mourn departing friends .	239	Isaac Watts, 1709
Why, my soul, thus trembling ever .	282	Paul Gerhardt, 1606—1676. <i>Tr.</i> 1862.
Why should the cruel Herod fear .	73	Sedulius, 5th Century. <i>Tr.</i> 1867
Why storm the heathen? Wherefore do they ring	296	Second Psalm. <i>Vers.</i> 1867
Why, weary mourner, shed the ceaseless tear	393	R. Corbet Singleton, 1868
With gladsome feet we press . . .	399	" " 1867
Within a chamber calm and still . .	200	" " 1867
With me is Luke alone of all . . .	211	" " 1867
Ye boundless realms of joy	266	New Version, 1696
Ye choirs of New Jerusalem . . .	149	Fulbert of Chartres, 11th Century. <i>Tr.</i> 1867
Ye saints and servants of the Lord .	306	New Version, 1696
Ye servants of the Lord	341	Philip Doddridge, 1755
Zion, at thy shining gates	45	Benjamin Hall Kennedy, 1863

INDEX OF TRANSLATIONS.

	No.		No.
Adeste cœlitum chori	152	O bona patria	304
Adeste fideles	52	O Deus, ego amo Te	126
Adoro Te, latens Deitas	191	O Haupt voll Blut und Wunden	128
Ad regias Agni dapes	143	O Jesu Christe, wahres Licht	316
Allein Gott in der Höh' sey Ehr'	311	O luce Quæ Tuâ lates	185
Alleluia, dulce carmen	82	Optatus votis omnium	158
Angulare Fundamentum	370	Opus peregrini Tuum	165
		O qui tuo dux martyrum	61
Cantemus cuncti melodum	355	O sola magnarum urbium	75
Chorus novæ Jerusaleim	149		
Creator alme siderum	37	Pange, lingua, gloriosi	193
Crudelis Herodes, Deum	73		
		Quæ stella, sole pulchrior	77
Die parente temporum	31	Quos in hostes, Saule, tendis	198
Dies iræ, dies illa	44		
Dignare me, O Jesu, rogo Te	323	Sævo dolorum turbine	130
Dir hab' ich mich ergeben	314	Seele, du mußt munter werden	9
		Solemne nos jejunii	91
Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott	310	Sol præceps rapitur	14
En clara vox redarguit	35	Splendor Paternæ gloriæ	3
En tempus acceptabile	89	Stabat Mater dolorosa	129
		Supreme, quales, Arbitr	219
Felix dies, quam proprio	64		
Finita jam sunt prælia	153	Templi sacratas pande	199
Fröhlich soll, mein Herze springen	53	Τὴν ἡμέραν διελθών	24
		Ter Sancte, ter potens Deus	184
Gloriosi Salvatoris	290	Τῶν ἀμαρτιῶν τὴν πληθύν	99
		Τῶν ἱερῶν ἀθλοφόρων	221
Hic breve vivitur	303		
		Urbs beata Jerusalem	305
Jam lucis orto fidere	7	Urbs Syon aurea	369
Jesu, dulcis memoria	272		
Jesu dulcissime, e throno gloriæ	327	Veni, Creator Spiritus	173, 174
Jesu, Redemptor omnium	60	Veni, Sancte Spiritus	176
Jesus lebt! mit Ihm auch ich	154	Veni, veni, Emmanuel	41
Jordanis oras prævia	46	Verbum supernum prodiens	318
		Vexilla Regis prodeunt	113
Κόπον τε καὶ κάματον	111	Victis tibi cognomina	65
		Viva, viva, Gefu	136
Læbente jam solis rotâ	22		
Lugete dura marmora	121	Wachet auf! ruft uns die Stimme	302
		Warum sollt' ich mich denn grämen	282
Nunc suis tandem	205	Wem in Leidenstagen	112
Nun danket alle Gott	307	Wer sind die vor Gottes throne	213
Nobis Olympo redditus	160		

INDEX OF SUBJECTS.

Advent, 35—49, 104, 279, 302, 318, 326
 Affliction, 97, 109, 112, 249, 250, 258, 277,
 284, 294, 295, 320, 353
 All Saints, 213—215, 218, 220
 Angels, 210
 Annunciation, Feast of the, 201
 Apostles, &c., 216—222
 Ascension-tide, 158—167, 256, 271

 Baptism, 228—230
 Blest, happiness of, 213—216, 218, 222, 223,
 245, 248, 262, 305, 313, 349
 Burial of the Dead, 44, 223, 238—240, 262,
 387

 Call, the divine, 34, 324, 329, 350
 Charitable Collections, 377
 Charity, 96
 Chastisement, 107, 249, 273
 CHRIST, His Blood meritorious, 102, 118, 119,
 123, 125, 128, 133, 134, 136,
 137, 348, 353, 357
 " " Double Nature, 299
 " " Intercession, 356
 " Our Light, 300, 316, 393, 395
 " His Love, 105, 116, 121, 126, 127,
 132, 133, 256, 274, 312, 321, 324,
 335, 345, 351
 " Our Refuge, 108, 110, 111, 118, 128,
 137, 257, 269, 284, 323, 328
 " The Shepherd, 327, 339, 382
 " His Sufferings, 111, 113, 116, 119—
 121, 126—128, 130, 133, 321, 353
 " " Sympathy, 112, 256, 277, 324, 345
 " Triumphant, 163, 164, 166, 264, 296
 " Union with, 137, 263, 272, 315, 325,
 329, 347, 348
 " Way, Truth, and Life, 263, 340
 Christian's death, 223, 239, 262, 265, 392

Christmas, 51—60, 279, 299
 Church, Dedication of, 367—370
 " House of God, 246, 281, 337, 367, 370
 " Laying foundation of, 365, 366
 " Militant, 289, 303
 " Triumphant, 245, 248, 305, 333
 Circumcision, 64—67
 Comfort, Spiritual, 94, 109, 111, 112, 300,
 320, 324, 393
 Communion, Holy, 122, 186—197
 Confession, 96, 98—101, 105, 109
 Confirmation, 231—235, 258, 263, 303, 322
 339, 343, 350
 Creation, 83—86, 254
 Cross and Crown, 303, 343
 " Lesson of the, 127, 132, 273
 " Power of the, 125, 131
 " Our Refuge, 118, 123, 125
 Courage, Christian, 221, 233—235, 255, 258,
 282, 310, 343

 Death, Hope in, 154, 238, 262
 " Preparation for, 70, 314
 " Of the Young, 387

 Easter, 141—154, 265, 296
 " Even, 138—140
 " Week before, 117—140
 Ember Days, 224, 225
 Epiphany, 73—81
 Evening, 11—25, 181

 Fasting, 91, 92

 General, 34, 83—88, 90, 93—112, 114—116,
 118, 123, 125, 127, 128, 130—137, 154,
 156, 157, 160, 163, 164, 166, 170—174,
 176—185, 213—222, 233—235, 243—
 357, 400, 401, 404

GOD (Christ), Condescension of, 132, 274, 301, 306, 321, 324, 350
 " " Faith in, 96, 118, 134, 137, 269, 275, 277, 278, 328, 330
 " " Gratitude to, 116, 126, 127, 132, 252, 348
 " " Guide, 251, 280, 316, 339, 354
 " " King, 38, 161, 163, 164, 166, 260, 267, 271, 279, 286, 296, 298, 311
 " " Knowledge of, 292, 340, 345
 " " His Love, 93, 111, 116, 123, 126, 127, 131—133, 274, 307, 312, 321, 335, 345, 348, 350
 " " Love to, 121, 123, 126, 132, 171, 274, 315, 348, 351
 " " Name of, 301, 306
 " " Omnipotence, 85, 244, 254, 260, 285, 298, 306, 344
 " " Omniscience, 276, 326, 338
 " " Rest in, 93, 103, 111, 114, 137, 263, 336, 342
 " " Seeking, 93, 94, 96, 107, 114, 156, 278, 309
 " " Unchangeable, 260, 310, 311, 331

Hallelujah Sequence, 355

Harvest, 155, 358—364

Heaven, 160, 214, 245, 248, 302, 304, 305, 313, 319

Hosanna, 261

Humiliation, 98, 100, 105, 108, 115, 133, 284, 294, 327, 357

Humility, 103, 385

Innocents' Day, 63

Judgment, 35—49, 104, 318

Labor and Rest, 70, 111, 162, 213, 245, 303, 341, 346

Lent, 91—112, 291, 352, 353, 356

Litany, 106, 156, 157, 279, 396, 397

Martyrs, 213, 216, 217, 221, 223, 245, 248, 282, 305

Matrimony, Holy, 236, 237

Mercy, Seeking for, 96, 98—100, 105, 108, 110, 114, 115, 293

Missions, 78, 316, 371—376

Morning, 1—10, 181, 283

Name of Jesus, 65—67, 264, 272, 288, 290

New Year, 68—72, 331

Ordination, 224—227

Palm Sunday, 117, 118

Passion " 113—116

" Tide, 129—137, 273, 321, 323, 330, 343, 348, 357

" Week, 117—140

Patience, 96, 282, 308, 314

Perseverance, 258, 275

Pestilence, 388, 389

Pilgrims, Christian, 16, 319, 349

Praise, 253, 259, 260, 266, 267, 285, 286, 288, 306, 307, 349, 402, 404

Prayer, 101, 291, 352, 394

Private Use, 223, 262, 390—395

Processional, 398—403

Providence, 85, 251, 252, 270, 275, 276, 280, 339

Public Worship, 246, 259, 281, 337, 400, 401

" " Close of, 332

Purification, Feast of the, 199

Purity, 317

Quinquagesima, 89, 90, 273

Resignation, 250, 295, 308, 314, 390

Retirement, 291

Riches, Contempt of, 209

Rogation Days, 155—157

Saint Andrew, 34, 343, 350

" Barnabas, 90, 204, 273

" Bartholomew, 103, 208

" James, 207, 325

" John Baptist, 42, 46, 205, 312

" " Evangelist, 62, 131, 328

" Luke, 211

" Mark, 95, 202, 258, 343

Saint Matthew, 209, 291
 " Matthias, 200
 " Michael, 13, 17, 210
 " Paul, Conversion of, 198
 " Peter, 95, 206, 277, 310, 327
 " Philip and James, 203, 263, 340
 " Simon and Jude, 212, 316
 " Stephen, 61, 223, 262, 330
 " Thomas, 50, 316
 Sea, For those at, 241, 242
 Seed of the Word, 88
 Self denial, 103, 343
 Self-renunciation, 118, 127, 132, 269, 328, 357
 Septuagesima, 83—86, 254
 " Week before, 82
 Sexagesima, 87, 88, 95, 352
 Sickness, 390, 391
 Soul, Immortal, 43, 262, 336

SPIRIT, HOLY, His Office, 170, 172—174,
 176, 247
 " " Comforter, 109, 175, 334
 " " Quickener, 171, 177
 Sunday, 26—33
 Temptation and Trial, 87, 95
 Time, Lapse of, 68, 70, 331
 Transfiguration, The, 243
 Trinity-tide, 31, 178—185, 311, 334
 Virgin (Blessed), Her Affliction, 129, 130
 " " " Annunciation, 201
 " " " Purification, 199
 Watchfulness, 43, 322, 341
 Whitsuntide, 168—177, 247
 WISDOM, 268

INDEX OF TUNES AND COMPOSERS.

* Composed for this Work.

† Harmonized " " by G. A. MACFARREN.

‡ Harmonized " " by E. G. MONK.

|| Modified " " by E. G. MONK.

HYMN.	TUNE.	COMPOSER, OR SOURCE.	METRE.
1	Morning Hymn	†Dr. W. Boyce. Ob. 1779	L.
2	Melcombe	†S. Webbe, <i>circa</i> 1790	L.
3	O Splendor	*Dr. R. P. Stewart, 1867	L.
4	Straf' mich nicht	†J. Rosenmuller. Ob. 1685	6 sevens.
5	The Morning Light	*E. G. Monk, 1867	886, 886.
6	Ach, Gott und Herr	{Harmony founded on J. S. Bach. Ob. 1750}	L.
7	As mounts on high	†Ancient Melody. Printed 1535	L.
8	Waldeck	†Lutheran	L.
9	Come, my soul	*E. G. Monk, 1870	847, 847.
10	Rife, my soul	*E. G. Monk, 1867	8, 33, 6.
11	Evening Hymn	Thomas Tallis. Ob. 1585	L.
12	Sun of my soul	*E. G. Monk, 1867	L.
13	Weimar	†Melchior Vulpinus. Ob. <i>circa</i> 1616	8 sevens.
14	The Sun is sinking fast	*E. G. Monk, 1870	64, 66.
15	Abide with me	*E. G. Monk, 1867	4 tens.
16	The Christian's path	†Lutheran	86, 86, 88.
17	Lord ever shew	*Henry Smart, 1867	86, 86, 44, 8.
18	Ere I sleep	Rev. J. Jowett, 1823	8, 33, 6.
19	Saviour breathe	*Rev. Sir F. A. G. Ouseley, 1867	87, 87.
20	Hear my prayer	*G. A. Hardacre, 1867	87, 87.
21	Midnight Hymn	Bamberg Hymn Book, 1732	L.
22	Nun schlaf mein kindelein	†Rihel, 1573. Layriz	C.
23	Through the day	*G. A. Macfarren, 1870	87, 87, 77.
24	St. Anatholius	Rev. J. B. Dykes, 1862	76, 76, 88.
25	The radiant Morn	*Professor W. Sterndale Bennett, 1870	88, 84.
26	Dies Dominica	Rev. J. B. Dykes, 1870	76, 76, 76, 76.
27	Hail, Sacred Day	*Walter Macfarren, 1870	86, 84.
28	Oldenburg	{†Lutheran. Rev. W. Havergal's Old Church Psalmody}	4 sevens.

HYMN.	TUNE.	COMPOSER, OR SOURCE.	METRE.
29	On each return . . .	*E. G. Monk, 1870 . . .	88, 88, 6.
30	Moravia . . .	Rev. J. West, <i>circa</i> 1800 . . .	S.
31	This Primal Day. . .	*G. A. Macfarren, 1867 . . .	L.
32	O Lord of Holy Rest . . .	*W. H. Holmes, 1867 . . .	L.
33	Old 137th . . .	†Day's Psalter, 1562 . . .	D.C.
34	Jesus calls us . . .	*G. A. Macfarren, 1867 . . .	87, 87.
35	Hark! a Trumpet Voice . . .	*E. G. Monk, 1865 . . .	87, 87.
36	Zohemoth . . .	Rev. W. Havergal, 1859 . . .	87, 87, 887.
37	Conditor Alme . . .	†Ancient . . .	L.
38	Lo! He comes . . .	*Walter Macfarren, 1867 . . .	87, 87, 47.
39	Luther's Hymn . . .	†First printed in 1524 . . .	87, 87, 887.
40	St. David's . . .	†Ravenscroft's Psalter, 1621 . . .	C.
41	Ermuntre dich . . .	Johann Schop, 1641 . . .	6 eights.
42	Alle Menschen müssen sterben	J. S. Bach's 371. 1685—1750 . . .	87, 87, 77.
43	Old 25th . . .	†Day's Psalter, 1562 . . .	D.S.
44	Day of Wrath . . .	*G. A. Macfarren, 1867 . . .	6 sevens.
45	Arminster . . .	Henry Lawes. Ob. 1662 . . .	4 sevens.
46	Turk and Pope, or Spire's . . .	†Day's Psalter, 1562 . . .	L.
47	Day of Judgment. . .	*G. A. Macfarren, 1867 . . .	87, 87, 47.
48	Saxony . . .	{ Lutheran. Before 1588. <i>Havergal's</i> <i>Old Ch. Ps.</i> . . . }	L.
49	Buda . . .	Lutheran, 1598. <i>Diddin</i> . . .	L.
50	Lord, give us . . .	*E. G. Monk, 1867 . . .	886, 886.
51	Bethlehem New . . .	Rev. J. B. Dykes, 186— . . .	8 sevens.
52	Adeste fideles . . .	†John Reading. Ob. 1692 . . .	Irregular.
53	All my heart . . .	*G. A. Macfarren, 1870 . . .	8336, 8336.
54	Battisbill . . .	John Battisbill. Ob. 1801 . . .	4 sevens.
55	Lusatia . . .	†Lutheran. <i>Havergal's Old Ch. Ps.</i> . . .	87, 87, 47.
56	Christmas . . .	Wurtemberg Gesangbuch, 1864 . . .	4 sevens.
57	While Shepherds watched . . .	†Old English . . .	D.C.
58	Hark! what mean . . .	*E. G. Monk, 1867 . . .	87, 87, 4.
59	Frankfort . . .	C. Joseph, 1690. <i>Havergal's Old Ch. Ps.</i> . . .	87, 87.
60	Bristol . . .	†Ravenscroft's Psalter, 1621 . . .	C.
61	Chief of Martyrs . . .	*E. G. Monk, 1867 . . .	4 sevens.
62	Thy dear Disciple . . .	*E. G. Monk, 1867 . . .	L.
63	Strathpeffer . . .	G. A. Macfarren, 1866 . . .	S.
64	Jesu Redemptor . . .	†Ancient . . .	L.
65	Durham . . .	†Ravenscroft's Psalter, 1621 . . .	C.
66	Jesus! Name . . .	*E. G. Monk, 1867 . . .	4 sevens.
67	St. Peter . . .	A. R. Reinagle, 1840 . . .	C.
68	St. Mary's . . .	Playford's Psalter, 1671 . . .	C.
69	Father, let me dedicate . . .	*E. G. Monk, 1867 . . .	75, 75, 75, 75
70	No. 53, Sarum Hymnal . . .	T. E. Aylward, 1868 . . .	S.
71	Lawes . . .	Henry Lawes. Ob. 1662 . . .	4 sevens.

HYMN.	TUNE.	COMPOSER, OR SOURCE.	METER.
72	Harp, awake	*G. A. Macfarren, 1867	87, 87, 87, 87.
73	Freylinghausen	J. A. Freylinghausen, 1704	L.
74	Zoan	Rev. W. Havergal, 1859	76, 76, 76, 76.
75	Bavaria	Lutheran	L.
76	As with gladness	*Herbert S. Irons, 1870	6 sevens.
77	St. Matthias New	? Jeremiah Clarke. Ob. 1707	L.
78	Ratibon	† Werner's Choral Book, 1815	6 sevens.
79	St. Ityld	H. E. Dibdin, 1851	4 sevens.
80	York	† Scotch Pfalter, 1615	C.
81	Epiphany	E. H. Thorne, 1862	11 10, 11 10.
82	Alleluia dulce carmen . . .	† Michael Haydn, 1800	87, 87, 87.
83	Culbach	Lutheran	4 sevens.
84	There is a Book	*Walter Macfarren, 1870	C.
85	St. Matthew	† Dr. W. Croft. Ob. 1727	D.C.
86	The Lord He gave the Word	*G. A. Macfarren, 1870	66, 88, 6, 4444, 8
87	Good Lord Who hast . . .	*G. A. Macfarren, 1867	86, 886.
88	Prætorius	† Prætorius, 1609	C.
89	Lo! steals apace	*E. G. Monk, 1867	C.
90	Gracious Spirit, Holy Ghost	*E. G. Monk, 1870	77, 75.
91	Cheffire	† Ravenscroft's Pfalter, 1621	C.
92	Heinlein	M. Heinlein, 1677. <i>Layriz</i>	4 sevens.
93	Chichester	Ravenscroft's Ps., 1621	C.
94	Abbey	† Scotch Pfalter, 1615	C.
95	In the Hour of Trial . . .	*E. G. Monk, 1867	65, 65, 65, 65.
96	Southwell	† Denham's Pfalter, 1558	S.
97	No. 47, Redhead. . . .	R. Redhead, 1853	4 sevens.
98	Lamentation of a Sinner	† Ravenscroft's Pfalter, 1621	D.C.
99	Ludlow	† Ravenscroft's Pfalter, 1621	S.
100	St. Bride	Dr. S. Howard. Ob. 1782	S.
101	Windfor	G. Kirby. <i>Ravenscroft's Ps.</i> 1621	C.
102	There is a Fountain . . .	*E. G. Monk, 1867	C.
103	Sorlington	Dr. Thomas Campion, 1600	4 sevens.
104	Dunbar	† Scotch Pfalter, 1615	C.
105	Werde munter mein Gemüte	Johann Schop, 1641. <i>Bach</i>	6 sevens.
106	Saviour, when in Dust . .	*G. A. Macfarren, 1867	8 sevens
107	Hear me, O God. . . .	*G. A. Macfarren, 1867	6 fours.
108	Mercy's Day	J. Crüger, 1653	3 sevens.
109	Ins Feld geh zäle	<i>Layriz</i> , Kirchengesangs, 1854	7776.
110	Heal me, O my Saviour . .	*G. F. Reynolds, 1867	3 sevens.
111	Art thou weary	*E. G. Monk, 1869	85, 83.
112	Filitz	† Melody by Dr. F. Filitz, 1846	65, 65.
113	Franche Compté	† Genevan Pfalter, 1563	L.
114	From the deeps	*Walter Macfarren, 1867	77, 77, 88
115	Das alte Jahr	J. Crüger, 1653	L.

HYMN.	TUNE.	COMPOSER, OR SOURCE.	METRE.
116	Lambeth	R. King, 1695	6 eights.
117	Ride on! ride on	*E. G. Monk, 1867	L.
118	Rock of Ages	R. Redhead, 1853	6 sevens.
119	Judea	Dr. W. Crotch. <i>Hackett's Psalmist</i> , 1840	C.
120	Oh! is it naught	*E. G. Monk, 1867	L.
121	O mourn, thou rigid stone	*G. A. Macfarren, 1867	66, 66, 88.
122	Old 132nd	Day's Pfalter, 1562 (<i>Reduced</i>)	C.
123	Turnau	†Gnadau's Choralbuch	87, 87.
124	Go to dark Gethsemane	*E. G. Monk, 1867	6 sevens.
125	The Cross upraised	*E. G. Monk, 1867	86, 86, 88.
126	Saulus ums Gesetz	B. Gesius, 1605	L.
127	Rockingham	†Dr. Edward Miller. Ob. 1807	L.
128	O Haupt voll Blut	H. G. Hafler, 1613. <i>Harm. by Bach.</i>	76, 76, 76, 76
129	Stabat Mater	†Ancient Melody	887, 887.
130	Old 1st	†Ravenscroft's Pfalter, 1621	D.C.
131	We sing the praise	*G. A. Macfarren, 1867	L.
132	Burford	†Henry Purcell. Ob. 1695	C.
133	Ave Maris	†Modern German	4 fixes.
134	Egham	†? Dr. Turner. Ob. 1744	S.
135	Hark the voice	*E. G. Monk, 1870	87, 87, 47.
136	St. Philip	†Lutheran	4 sevens.
137	Martyrdom	Hugh Wilson, <i>circa</i> 18—	C.
138	Dresden	{ Dresden Hymn Book, 1767. <i>Left</i> } four notes of fourth line altered	87, 87, 77.
139	Weeping as they go	*E. G. Monk, 1870	777.
140	Zurich	J. Schop, 1641	6 sevens.
141	Easter Day is here	*Herbert S. Irons, 1868	4 sevens.
142	St. George	N. Hermann, 1560	C.
143	Rocheſter	Day's Pfalter, 1562	L.
144	Eaſter Hymn	†Henry Carey. Ob. 1743	4 eevens.
145	Refurrection	*Rev. J. B. Dykes, 1870	77, 77, 87.
146	Kiffengen	†Lutheran. <i>Maurice's Choral Harmony</i>	4 sevens.
147	Howard's 148th	Dr. Howard, 1770	66, 66, 88.
148	The Lord hath quelled	*Walter Macfarren, 1867	886, 886.
149	St. Fulbert	Dr. H. J. Gauntlett	C.
150	Thanksgiving	{ Rev. J. B. Dykes. <i>Hon. and Rev.</i> } <i>J. Grey's Hymnal</i> , 1866	L.
151	He is riſen	*E. G. Monk, 1867	87, 87, 77.
152	St. Dionyſius	E. G. Monk, 1863. <i>Grey's Hymnal</i>	87, 87, 47.
153	The Strife is o'er	*Henry Smart, 1870	888, 4.
154	Jeſus lives	*G. A. Macfarren, 1867	78, 78, 4.
155	Wolverhampton	G. J. Elvey, 1840. <i>Hackett's Psalmist</i>	C.
156	Melbourne	E. H. Thorne, 1862	77, 75.
157	Preſburg	†Lutheran. . . .	6 sevens.

HYMN.	TUNE.	COMPOSER, OR SOURCE.	METER.
158	Bethlehem	S. Wesley. Ob. <i>circa</i> 1815	S.
159	Lübeck	†Lutheran, 1704	4 sevens.
160	Jam Lucis	J. Bishop. Ob. 1737	L.
161	St. Paul	†Jeremiah Clarke. Ob. 1707	L.
162	Fairfield	†Rev. P. Latrobe, <i>circa</i> 1850	D.S.
163	Gospel	G. F. Handel. Ob. 1759	66, 66, 88.
164	Caithness	†Scotch Psalter, 1615	C.
165	Winchester New	†J. Kent. Ob. 1776	L.
166	Hark! ten thousand	*Dr. R. P. Stewart, 1868	87, 87, 77.
167	See the Conqueror	*E. G. Monk, 1870	87, 87, 87, 87.
168	St. Anne	†Dr. W. Croft. Ob. 1727	C.
169	Eppendorf	{ C. P. E. Bach, 1714—1788. <i>Haver-</i> <i>gal's Old Church Psalmody</i> . }	L.
170	Narenza	†Lutheran. <i>Cologne Hymn Book</i>	S.
171	Tallis' Ordinal	Thomas Tallis. Ob. 1585	C.
172	Buckland	Rev. L. G. Hayne, 1863	4 sevens.
173	Veni Creator	{ Dr. R. P. Stewart. <i>Chapel's Hymn and</i> <i>Tune-Book</i> , 1863 . }	L.
174	O Ewigkeit, du Donnerwort	J. Schop, 1641	6 eights.
175	Olmütz	†Lutheran	86, 84.
176	Come, Thou Holy Spirit	*G. A. Macfarren, 1867	775, 775.
177	Suabia	†Lutheran.	S.
178	Unser Herrscher	†Neander, <i>circa</i> 1650.	87, 87.
179	St. Peter's Manchester	R. R. Ross, 1851	66, 66, 88.
180	Weimar New	C. P. E. Bach, 1714—1788	L.
181	Dantzic	†Lutheran.	77, 75.
182	Trinity	Rev. L. G. Hayne, 1863	888.
183	Nicaea	Rev. J. B. Dykes, 1861	Irregular.
184	Whitehall	Henry Lawes. Ob. 1662	L.
185	Mach's mit mir	J. S. Bach's 371. 1685—1750	L.
186	Lamb of God	*E. G. Monk, 1867	4 sevens.
187	Nayland, or St. Stephen	Rev. William Jones. Ob. 1799	C.
188	Arundel	S. Webbe, <i>circa</i> 1790.	L.
189	Panis Vivus	*Rev. J. B. Dykes, 1870	777.
190	St. Laurence	E. H. Thorne, 1862	88, 84.
191	Adoro Te	{ †Ancient Melody. <i>Arranged for this</i> <i>work</i> . }	4 tens.
192	In the Name	*G. A. Macfarren, 1870	87, 87.
193	St. Aufel	Arthur Henry Brown, 186—	87, 87, 77.
194	Wareham	†W. Knapp. Ob. 1768	L.
195	Dumfermline	†Ravenscroft's Psalter, 1621	C.
196	Ezekiel	{ †Schneider's Handbuch, 1829. <i>Dib-</i> <i>den's Standard Ps. and Tune-Book</i> . }	C.
197	Wessex	E. J. Hopkins, 1867. <i>Temple Book</i> . . .	86, 86, 88.

HYMN.	TUNE.	COMPOSER, OR SOURCE.	METER.
198	'Gainst what foemen . . .	*E. G. Monk, 1867.	87, 87, 47.
199	Das walt Gott . . .	J. S. Bach's 371, 1685—1750 . . .	L.
200	Within a chamber . . .	*E. G. Monk, 1870 . . .	86, 86, 88.
201	Hail highly favored . . .	*E. G. Monk, 1867 . . .	886, 886.
202	Throned above . . .	*G. A. Macfarren, 1870 . . .	76, 76, 76, 76.
203	The Father shew us . . .	*G. A. Macfarren, 1867 . . .	86, 886.
204	O loving Saviour . . .	*E. G. Monk, 1870 . . .	C.
205	Old 148th . . .	{ <i>Ede's Pfalter</i> , 1592; <i>Playford's</i> <i>Pfalter</i> , 1671 . . .}	66, 66, 44, 44
206	In weakneſs great . . .	*E. G. Monk, 1870 . . .	4 tens.
207	As James the Great . . .	*G. A. Macfarren, 1867 . . .	86, 86, 886.
208	Beneath the fig-tree's . . .	*Walter Macfarren, 1867 . . .	886, 886.
209	Lo! ſea and land . . .	*John Hullah, 1868 . . .	886, 886, 446.
210	Norfolk . . .	†Dr. S. Howard, 1770 . . .	L.
211	With me is Luke . . .	*E. G. Monk, 1867 . . .	L.
212	How bleſt the unity . . .	*E. G. Monk, 1867 . . .	887, 887.
213	Who are theſe . . .	{*G. A. Macfarren, 1865. <i>Steggall's</i> <i>Hymns for the Church of England</i> . . .}	87, 87, 77.
214	St. Edmund . . .	Dr. Steggall, 1849 . . .	8 ſevens.
215	St. Giles . . .	J. Wood, 1762 . . .	L.
216	Palms of glory . . .	*W. H. Holmes, 1868 . . .	4 ſevens.
217	St. John . . .	Supplement to New Verſion, 1703 . . .	D.C.
218	St. Luke new . . .	{Arthur S. Sullivan, 1867. <i>Nisbet's</i> <i>Pſalms and Hymns</i> . . .}	C.
219	Streatham . . .	† . . .	55, 55, 65, 65
220	Hark the ſound . . .	Rev. J. B. Dykes, 1870 . . .	87, 87, 87, 87.
221	Let our choir . . .	J. Barnby, 1868 . . .	76, 76, 76, 76.
222	Theuerſter Immanuel . . .	{J. G. C. Störl, 1744. <i>Wurttemberg</i> <i>Gefangbuch</i> . . .}	4 ſevens.
223	No. 143 Redhead . . .	R. Redhead, 1853 . . .	4 ſevens.
224	Magdalen College . . .	Dr. W. Hayes. Ob. <i>circa</i> 1779 . . .	886, 886.
225	Old 50th . . .	Day's <i>Pſalter</i> , 1562 . . .	D.S.
226	Wells . . .	Before 1740. <i>Dibdin</i> . . .	L.
227	Carlisle . . .	†Ravenſcroft's <i>Pſalter</i> , 1621 . . .	C.
228	Saviour, Who Thy flock . . .	Dr. Steggall, 1849 . . .	87, 87.
229	Glouceſter . . .	†Ravenſcroft's <i>Pſalter</i> , 1621 . . .	C.
230	Jeſu, now Thy new-made . . .	*E. G. Monk, 1870 . . .	87, 87, 47.
231	O God, in Whoſe . . .	*Dr. R. P. Stewart, 1867 . . .	D.L.
232	Germany . . .	†Melchior Frank. Ob. 1667 . . .	S.
233	Onward, holy Champion . . .	*Lady Thompſon, 1870 . . .	65, 65, 65, 65.
234	St. Theodulf . . .	M. Teſchner, <i>circa</i> 1600 . . .	76, 76, 76, 76.
235	Soldiers of Chriſt . . .	*E. G. Monk, 1867 . . .	S.
236	St. Cecilia . . .	{Rev. R. R. Choſe. <i>Choſe's Congrega-</i> <i>tional Hymn and Tune-Book</i> , 1862 . . .}	76, 76.
237	When faireſt Eve . . .	*E. G. Monk, 1870 . . .	D.C.

HYMN.	TUNE.	COMPOSER, OR SOURCE.	METRE.
238	O Death, thou art no more .	*Sir F. A. G. Ouseley, 1870 . . .	66, 64.
239	Hereford New	†Playford's Pfalter, 1671	C.
240	Berulius	†Sigismund Von Birken. Ob. 1681 .	6 sevens.
241	From out the deep	*G. A. Macfarren, 1867	L.
242	Mainz	Mainz Choralbuch	6 eights.
243	The Lord ascends	*G. A. Macfarren, 1870	886, 886.
244	Dort	†Lutheran	L.
245	Southwell New	H. S. Irons, 1861	C.
246	Bedford	†W. Wheal. Ob. 1745	C.
247	Ach, wann werde	{ J. G. C. Störl, 1744. <i>Wurtemberg</i> <i>Gesangbuch</i> , 1864 }	4 sevens.
248	Jerusalem on high	*E. G. Monk, 1867	66, 66, 44, 44.
249	Culrofs	†Scotch Pfalter, 1615	C.
250	Cannons	G. F. Handel. Ob. 1759	L.
251	The Lord my pasture	*E. G. Monk, 1863	6 eights.
252	Winchester Old	†Alifon's Pfalter, 1599	C.
253	St. Leonard	†J. C. Bach, 1680	4 sevens.
254	St. Luke	Supplement to New Version, 1703 .	D.L.
255	All Saints	{ ?Dr. Croft. <i>Supplement to New Version</i> 1703 }	D.C.
256	Dortmund	Hamburg Choral Book	L.
257	Luxemburg	Lutheran. <i>Havergal's Old Ch. Psalmody</i>	4 sevens.
258	University College	Dr. Gauntlett, 1848	4 sevens.
259	Old 100th	Day's Pfalter, 1562	L.
260	Old 104th	Ravenscroft's Pfalter, 1621 . . .	55, 55, 65, 65.
261	Was Gott thut	Bach's 371 (<i>Derived from</i>)	88, 887.
262	Deathless principle	*E. G. Monk, 1870	4 sevens.
263	Sandringham	J. Turle, 1863	4 sevens.
264	St. Magnus, or Nottingham .	{ Jeremiah Clarke. Ob. 1707. <i>Har-</i> <i>monised by J. Hullab</i> , 1843 . . }	C.
265	My life's a shade	*E. G. Monk, 1867	66, 66, 44, 44.
266	Croft's 148th	Dr. W. Croft. Ob. 1727	66, 66, 44, 44.
267	Hanover	{ ?Dr. Croft. <i>Supplement to New</i> <i>Version</i> , 1703 }	55, 55, 65, 65.
268	Crüger	†Johann Crüger, 1640	76, 76, 76, 76.
269	Jesu, Lover of my soul . . .	*E. G. Monk, 1867	8 sevens.
270	O King of earth	*E. G. Monk, 1867	L.
271	{ Ten Commandments, or Audi Israel }	Genevan Pfalter, 1561	L.
272	St. Bernard	Lutheran	L.
273	Old Martyrs	Scotch Pfalter, 1615	C.
274	Hark my soul	*James Lea Summers, 1862 . . .	4 sevens.
275	Angels' Song	Orlando Gibbons. Ob. 1625. (<i>Reduced</i>)	L.
276	Canterbury	†Effe's Pfalter, 1592	C.
277	Meribah	Rev. W. Havergal	6 eights.

HYMN.	TUNE.	COMPOSER, OR SOURCE.	METRE.
278	Bishophthorpe . . .	Jeremiah Clarke. Ob. 1707 . . .	C.
279	Lord of Mercy . . .	Dr. Steggall, 1865 . . .	77, 75.
280	Coburg . . .	†Lutheran. <i>Arranged for this Work</i> . . .	87, 87, 47.
281	Moriah . . .	Rev. W. H. Havergal . . .	66, 66, 44, 44.
282	Warum folgt' ich mich . . .	†J. G. Ebeling, 1672 . . .	8336, 8336.
283	St. Ninian . . .	{E. G. Monk, 1862. <i>Chapel's Hymn and</i> <i>Tune Book</i> . . .}	6 sevens.
284	Dundee . . .	†Scotch Psalter, 1615 . . .	C.
285	Stuttgart . . .	†Lutheran . . .	87, 87.
286	Tantum ergo . . .	S. Webbe, circa 1790 . . .	87, 87, 47.
287	St. Michael . . .	†Day's Psalter, 1562 . . .	S.
288	St. James . . .	†Raphael Courteville, 1680 . . .	C.
289	Babylon Streams . . .	Dr. Thomas Campion, 1600 . . .	L.
290	Oriel . . .	†Michael Haydn, 1800 . . .	87, 87, 87.
291	Lovehill . . .	{Sir F. A. G. Ouseley. <i>Maurice's Choral</i> <i>Harmony</i> . . .}	C.
292	No. 66 Redhead . . .	R. Redhead, 1853 . . .	C.
293	Jesu, meek and gentle . . .	*George A. Hardacre, 1867 . . .	65, 65.
294	Exeter . . .	William Dorrell, 1840 . . .	L.
295	My God and Father . . .	*Walter Macfarren, 1867 . . .	88, 84.
296	Congleton . . .	Michael Wise. Ob. 1687 . . .	4 tens.
297	Bridgewater . . .	†Henry Lawes. Ob. 1662 . . .	6 eights.
298	Freuet euch, ihr Christen . . .	{J. Crüger, 1653. <i>From Bach, by Dr.</i> <i>Gauntlett</i> . . .}	8 sevens.
299	Who is this so weak . . .	*E. G. Monk, 1868 . . .	87, 87, 87, 87.
300	St. Clement . . .	Playford's Psalter, 1671 . . .	C.
301	Vom Himmel hoch . . .	Founded on Bach, 1685—1750 . . .	L.
302	Wachet auf? . . .	{P. Nicolai, 1556—1608. <i>Harmonized</i> <i>by Mendelssohn</i> . . .}	898, 898, 664, 88.
303	St. Alphege . . .	Dr. Gauntlett, 1852 . . .	76, 76.
304	Ewing . . .	Alexander Ewing . . .	76, 76, 76, 76.
305	Jerusalem the Golden . . .	*Walter Macfarren, 1867 . . .	76, 76, 76, 76.
306	Old 113th . . .	†Genevan Psalter, 1562 . . .	6 eights.
307	Nun danket . . .	†J. Crüger, 1653 . . .	67, 67, 66, 66.
308	Eternal Beam . . .	R. Minton Taylor, 1867 . . .	L.
309	Ulm . . .	Sigillus, 1657 . . .	4 fixes.
310	Ein feste Burg . . .	†Printed at Wittenberg, 1529 . . .	87, 87, 66, 66, 7.
311	Allein Gott in der Höh . . .	Ancient. <i>Harmonized by Mendelssohn</i> . . .	87, 87, 887.
312	Formosa . . .	A. S. Sullivan, 1867. <i>Nisbet's Ps. & H.</i> . . .	87, 87, 87, 87.
313	Christus der ist mein Leben . . .	†Melchior Vulpus, circa 1609 . . .	76, 76.
314	Dir hab' ich mich ergeben . . .	{George Neumarch. Ob. 1681. <i>Har-</i> <i>monized by Mendelssohn</i> . . .}	98, 98, 88.
315	Mayenne . . .	†Goudimel, 1565 . . .	8 sevens.
316	O Jesu Christe, wahres Licht . . .	Lutheran. <i>Harmonized by Mendelssohn</i> . . .	L.
317	Franconia . . .	†Lutheran, circa 1720 . . .	S.

HYMN.	TUNE.	COMPOSER, OR SOURCE.	METRE.
318	Playford	Playford's Pfalter, 1671	L.
319	Moccas	A. R. Reinagle	S.
320	St. Francis	C. Latrobe, 1795	4 sevens.
321	Ernebridge	Henry Lawes. Ob. 1662	66, 66, 44, 44.
322	Christian, seek not	*E. G. Monk, 1868	77, 75.
323	Gibbons	Orlando Gibbons, Ob. 1625	4 sevens.
324	Behold a Stranger	*E. G. Monk, 1867	L.
325	Nearer, my God	*Henry Smart, 1868	64, 64, 664.
326	Salisbury	Ravenscroft's Pfalter, 1621	C.
327	Old 112th	† Lutheran, 1540	6 eights.
328	St. Crispin	G. J. Elvey. <i>Tborne's Psalms and Hymns</i>	88, 86.
329	My son, give me thine heart	*E. G. Monk, 1870	S.
330	Braun	From Braun, 1675	664, 66, 64.
331	Old 81st	{ Ravenscroft's Pfalter, 1621. <i>Founded</i> <i>on Alison's Harmony</i> }	D.C.
332	Lord, dismiss us	J. H. Walker, 1860	87, 87, 47.
333	St. Hilary	Ganther	87, 87, 87, 87.
334	Holy Father	*Dr. Steggall, 1868	87, 87, 47.
335	In allen meinen Thaten	J. S. Bach's 371. 1685—1750	886, 886.
336	Ben Rhydding	A. R. Reinagle	S.
337	London New, or Newton	† Scotch Pfalter, 1615. <i>Playford's Ps.</i> 1671	C.
338	Kent, or Devonshire	? C. Green, circa 1700	L.
339	St. Finbar	*Arthur Henry Brown, 1868	76, 76.
340	St. Matthias	Orlando Gibbons. Ob. 1625	C.
341	Ye Servants of the Lord	*Sir F. A. G. Ouseley, 1867	S.
342	St. Aelred	{ Rev. J. B. Dykes. <i>Chope's H. and T.</i> <i>Book</i> , 1862 }	88, 83.
343	Take up thy cross	*E. G. Monk, 1870	L.
344	No. 290 Sarum Hymnal	Henry Smart, 1869	87, 87, 47.
345	One there is	*Henry Smart, 1870	884, 88, 84.
346	If thou wouldst	*Rev. Sir F. A. G. Ouseley, 1870	6 sevens.
347	No. 165 Sarum Hymnal	T. E. Aylward, 1868	65, 65, 65, 65.
348	O Thou blest Lamb	*Lady Thompson, 1870	664, 664.
349	Innocents	†	4 sevens.
350	Thy Saviour standeth	*E. G. Monk, 1870	86, 86, 44, 44.
351	Amplius	*Rev. J. B. Dykes, 1870	6 eights.
352	Lincoln	† Ravenscroft's Pfalter, 1621	C.
353	When wounded fore	*Walter Macfarren, 1870	C.
354	Latrobe	† Rev. C. Latrobe, 1795	87, 87, 44, 7.
355	{ Let us all in chorus sing } <i>Hallelujah Sequence</i> }	*G. A. Macfarren, 1870	11, 7, 11.
356	Chester Gate	R. Barnett, 1853	88, 86:
357	Hereford	†	C.
358	Eatington	† Dr. William Croft. Ob. 1727	C.
359	No. 54 Wurttemberg	† Reduced from <i>Wurttemberg Book</i> , 1864	4 sevens.

HYMN.	TUNE.	COMPOSER, OR SOURCE.	METRE.
360	Tuam	*H. D. Stanifreet, Mus. B., Oxon., 1868	6 eights.
361	St. George's, Windfor	G. J. Elvey	8 sevens.
362	Harvest Praise	Rev. Sir F. A. G. Ouseley, 1858	66, 66, 64.
363	God the Father, Whose creation	*Henry Smart, 1870	87, 87, 87.
364	Nuncham	*Henry Baker. Mus. B. Oxon, 1868.	4 sevens.
365	Herr Jesu Christ	Lutheran.	L.
366	Montgomery, or St. Andrew's	†John Stanley	L.
367	Halle	Schneider's <i>Choralbuch</i> , 1829	L.
368	Vienna	Wurttemberg <i>Gefangbuch</i> , 1864	4 sevens.
369	Darmstadt	Darmstadt Cantional, 1687	87, 87, 87.
370	Christ is laid	*G. J. Elvey, 1868	87, 87, 87.
371	Thou Whose Almighty Word	*G. A. Macfarren, 1867	66, 66, 64.
372	Ceylon	Samuel Reay, 1862	76, 76, 76, 76.
373	O Spirit of the living God	*G. A. Macfarren, 1870	L.
374	St. Leo	*A. H. Brown, 1868	87, 87, 87, 87.
375	Strattner	Strattner, 1691	4 sevens.
376	Bickleigh	Samuel Reay, 1862	66, 66, 88.
377	St. George New	Dr. Gauntlett, 1848	S.
378	Silcher	F. Silcher, <i>circa</i> 1780	4 sevens.
379	St. Columba	Chope's Hymn and Tune Book	4 sevens.
380	Lea	J. Lea Summers, 1862	C.
381	Lord, this day	*George A. Hardacre, 1867	4 sevens.
382	Jesus is our Shepherd	*E. G. Monk, 1870	65, 65, 65, 65.
383	Munich	Katholisches <i>Gefangbuch</i> , 1868	87, 87.
384	Thou, Who throned	*G. A. Macfarren, 1870	87, 87, 47.
385	St. Faith	†	4 sevens.
386	Jesu, high in glory	*G. A. Macfarren, 1870	65, 65.
387	Remember thy Creator	*E. G. Monk, 1870	C.
388	It is the Lord	*G. A. Macfarren, 1867	L.
389	Walking on the winged wind	*Rev. Sir F. A. G. Ouseley, 1867	4 sevens.
390	Lord in mine agony	*Rev. R. Corbet Singleton, 1867	86, 86, 88.
391	Song of Gratitude	{ Melody of Chorale by Beethoven. } Ob., 1827. Op. 132.	L.
392	Lift not thou	*E. G. Monk, 1868	78, 78, 88, 88.
393	Old 124th	†Goudimel. <i>Day's Psalter</i> , 1562	5 tens.
394	St. Pancras	Battisbill. Ob. 1801	L.
395	Lead kindly light	J. Barnby, 1868	10, 4, 10, 4, 10, 10.
396	St. Raphael	E. J. Hopkins, 1863. <i>Temple Book</i>	87, 87, 87.
397	{ Jesu, Child of mortal throes } <i>Passion Litany</i>	*E. G. Monk, 1868	77, 77, 37.
398	Peterborough	William Henry Monk, 1863	S.
399	With gladfome feet	*G. A. Macfarren, 1867	66, 84, 66, 84.
400	Cooke	Dr. Benjamin Cooke. Ob. 1793	4 sixes.
401	We love Thy temple	*E. G. Monk, 1870	S.
402	To God the Lord	J. Barnby, 1868	446, 446.
403	Awake! Awake!	*Rev. J. B. Dykes, 1870	C.
404	Call to Praise	*E. G. Monk, 1867	10, 4, 66, 66, 10

INDEX OF NAMES OF TUNES.

TUNE.	HYMN.	TUNE.	HYMN.
Abbey - - - - -	94	Cheshire - - - - -	91
Ach Gott und Herr - - - - -	6	Chester Gate - - - - -	356
Ach wann werde - - - - -	247	Chichester - - - - -	93
Adeste Fideles - - - - -	52	Christus der ist mein Leben - - - - -	313
Adoro Te - - - - -	191	Coburg - - - - -	280
Allein Gott in der Höh - - - - -	311	Conditor Alme - - - - -	37
Alleluia dulce carmen - - - - -	82	Congleton - - - - -	296
Alle Menschen müssen sterben - - - - -	42	Cooke - - - - -	400
All Saints - - - - -	255	Croft's 148th - - - - -	266
Amplius - - - - -	351	Crüger - - - - -	268
Angels' Song - - - - -	275	Culbach - - - - -	83
Arundel - - - - -	188	Culrofs - - - - -	249
Audi Israel - - - - -	271		
Ave maris - - - - -	133	Dantzic - - - - -	181
Axminster - - - - -	45	Darmstadt - - - - -	369
		Das alte Jahr - - - - -	115
Babylon Streams - - - - -	289	Das walt Gott - - - - -	199
Battifhill - - - - -	54	Devonshire - - - - -	338
Bavaria - - - - -	75	Dir hab' ich mich ergeben - - - - -	314
Bedford - - - - -	246	Dort - - - - -	244
Ben Rhydding - - - - -	336	Dortmund - - - - -	256
Bethlehem - - - - -	158	Dresden - - - - -	138
Bethlehem New - - - - -	51	Dumfermline - - - - -	195
Betulus - - - - -	240	Dunbar - - - - -	104
Bickleigh - - - - -	376	Dundee - - - - -	284
Bishopthorpe - - - - -	278	Durham - - - - -	65
Braun - - - - -	330		
Bristol - - - - -	60	Easter Hymn - - - - -	144
Bridgewater - - - - -	297	Eatington - - - - -	358
Buckland - - - - -	172	Egham - - - - -	134
Buda - - - - -	49	Ein feste Burg - - - - -	310
Burford - - - - -	132	Epiphany - - - - -	81
		Eppendorf - - - - -	169
Caithness - - - - -	164	Ermebridge - - - - -	321
Cannons - - - - -	250	Ermuntre dich - - - - -	41
Canterbury - - - - -	276	Evening Hymn - - - - -	11
Carlisle - - - - -	227	Ewing - - - - -	304
Ceylon - - - - -	372	Exeter - - - - -	294

INDEX OF NAMES OF TUNES.

xxxiii.

TUNE.	Hymn.
Ezekiel - - - - -	196
Fairfield - - - - -	162
Filitz - - - - -	112
Franch Compte - - - - -	113
Franconia - - - - -	317
Frankfort - - - - -	59
Freuet euch - - - - -	298
Freylinghausen - - - - -	73
Formosa - - - - -	312
Germany - - - - -	232
Gibbons - - - - -	323
Gloucester - - - - -	229
Gopsal - - - - -	163
Halle - - - - -	367
Hanover - - - - -	267
Heinlein - - - - -	92
Hereford - - - - -	357
Hereford New - - - - -	239
Herr Jesu Christ - - - - -	365
Howard's 148th - - - - -	147
In allen meinen Thaten - - - - -	335
Innocents - - - - -	349
Ins Feld geh zäle - - - - -	109
Jam lucis - - - - -	160
Jesu Redemptor - - - - -	64
Judea - - - - -	119
Kent - - - - -	338
Kiffengen - - - - -	146
Lambeth - - - - -	116
Lamentation of a sinner - - - - -	98
Latrobe - - - - -	354
Lawes - - - - -	71
Lea - - - - -	380
Lincoln - - - - -	352
London New - - - - -	337
Lovehill - - - - -	291
Lübeck - - - - -	159
Ludlow - - - - -	99
Lufatia - - - - -	55
Luther's Hymn - - - - -	39

TUNE.	Hymn.
Luxemburg - - - - -	257
Mach's mit mir - - - - -	185
Magdalen College - - - - -	224
Mainz - - - - -	242
Martyrdom - - - - -	137
Mayenne - - - - -	315
Melbourne - - - - -	156
Melcombe - - - - -	2
Meribah - - - - -	277
Midnight Hymn - - - - -	21
Moccas - - - - -	319
Montgomery - - - - -	366
Moravia - - - - -	30
Morning Hymn - - - - -	1
Munich - - - - -	383
Narenza - - - - -	170
Nayland - - - - -	187
Newton - - - - -	337
Nicza - - - - -	183
Norfolk - - - - -	210
Nottingham - - - - -	264
Nun danket - - - - -	307
Nuneham - - - - -	364
Nun schlaf mein kindelein - - - - -	22
O Ewigkeit du Donnerwort - - - - -	174
O Haupt voll Blut - - - - -	128
O Jesu Christe wahres Licht - - - - -	316
Oldenburg - - - - -	28
Old Martyrs - - - - -	273
Olmütz - - - - -	175
Old 1st - - - - -	130
„ 25th - - - - -	43
„ 50th - - - - -	225
„ 81st - - - - -	331
„ 100th - - - - -	259
„ 104th - - - - -	260
„ 112th - - - - -	327
„ 113th - - - - -	306
„ 124th - - - - -	393
„ 132nd - - - - -	122
„ 137th - - - - -	33
„ 148th - - - - -	205
Oriel - - - - -	290

TUNE.	HYMN.	TUNE.	HYMN.
Panis Vivus - - - - -	189	Saint Michael - - - - -	287
Peterborough - - - - -	398	„ Ninian - - - - -	283
Playford - - - - -	318	„ Pancras - - - - -	394
Prætorius - - - - -	88	„ Paul - - - - -	161
Prefburg - - - - -	157	„ Peter - - - - -	67
		„ Peter's, Manchester - - - - -	179
Ratibon - - - - -	78	„ Philip - - - - -	136
Rochester - - - - -	143	„ Raphael - - - - -	396
Rockingham - - - - -	127	„ Stephen - - - - -	187
		„ Theodulf - - - - -	234
Saint Aelred - - - - -	342	Salisbury - - - - -	326
„ Alphege - - - - -	303	Sandringham - - - - -	263
„ Anatolius - - - - -	24	Saulus ums Gefetz - - - - -	126
„ Andrew - - - - -	366	Saxony - - - - -	48
„ Anne - - - - -	168	Silcher - - - - -	378
„ Austel - - - - -	193	Sorlington - - - - -	103
„ Bernard - - - - -	272	Southwell - - - - -	96
„ Bride - - - - -	100	Southwell New - - - - -	245
„ Cecilia - - - - -	236	Spires - - - - -	46
„ Clement - - - - -	300	Stabat Mater - - - - -	129
„ Columba - - - - -	379	Straf mich nicht - - - - -	4
„ Crispin - - - - -	328	Strathpeffer - - - - -	63
„ David's - - - - -	40	Strattner - - - - -	375
„ Dionysius - - - - -	152	Streatham - - - - -	219
„ Edmund - - - - -	214	Stuttgart - - - - -	285
„ Faith - - - - -	385	Suabia - - - - -	177
„ Finbar - - - - -	339		
„ Francis - - - - -	320	Tallis' Ordinal - - - - -	171
„ Fulbert - - - - -	149	Tantum ergo - - - - -	286
„ George - - - - -	142	Ten Commandments - - - - -	271
„ George New - - - - -	377	Thanksgiving - - - - -	150
„ George's Windfor - - - - -	361	Theuerster Immanuel - - - - -	222
„ Giles - - - - -	215	Trinity - - - - -	182
„ Hilary - - - - -	333	Turnau - - - - -	123
„ Ityld - - - - -	79	Turk and Pope - - - - -	46
„ James - - - - -	288		
„ John - - - - -	217	Ulm - - - - -	309
„ Laurence - - - - -	190	University College - - - - -	258
„ Leo - - - - -	374	Unser Herrfcher - - - - -	178
„ Leonard - - - - -	253		
„ Luke - - - - -	254	Veni Creator - - - - -	173
„ Luke New - - - - -	218	Vienna - - - - -	368
„ Magnus - - - - -	264	Vom Himmel hoch - - - - -	301
„ Mary's - - - - -	68		
„ Matthew - - - - -	85	Wachet auf - - - - -	302
„ Matthias - - - - -	340	Waldeck - - - - -	8
„ Matthias New - - - - -	77	Warcham - - - - -	194

INDEX OF NAMES OF TUNES.

XXX.

TUNE.				HYMN.	TUNE				HYMN.
Warum sollt' ich mich	-	-	-	282	Winchester New	-	-	-	165
Was Gott thut	-	-	-	261	Windfor	-	-	-	101
Weimar	-	-	-	13	Wolverhampton	-	-	-	155
Weimar New	-	-	-	180					
Wells	-	-	-	226	York	-	-	-	80
Werde munter mein Gemüte	-	-	-	105					
Wessex	-	-	-	197	Zoan	-	-	-	74
Whitehall	-	-	-	184	Zohemoth	-	-	-	36
Winchester Old	-	-	-	252	Zurich	-	-	-	140

INDEX OF INTERCHANGEABLE TUNES.

[illegible]

AWAKE, MY SOUL, AND WITH THE SUN.

Morning.

No. 1.



I.

f AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run ;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

II.

mf Thy precious time mis-spent redeem ;
Each present day thy last esteem ;
Improve thy talent with due care ;
For the great Day thyself prepare.

III.

In conversation be sincere ;
Keep conscience as the noon-day clear ;
Think how all-seeing God thy ways,
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.

IV.

f All praise to Thee, Who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me whilst I slept !
Grant, LORD, when I from death shall
wake
I may of endless light partake !

V.

p LORD, I my vows to Thee renew ;
Disperse my sins as morning dew ;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

VI.

Direct, control, suggest, this day
All I design, or do, or say ;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.

VII.

f Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow ;
Praise Him, all creatures here below !
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host ;
Praise FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.

OH ! TIMELY HAPPY, TIMELY WISE.

Morning.

No. 2.



I.

mf OH ! TIMELY happy, timely wise,
Hearts that with rising morn arise !
Eyes that the beam celestial view,
Which evermore makes all things new !

III.

New mercies each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray ;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of Heaven.

II.

New every morning is the love
Our waking and uprising prove,
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life, and power, and thought.

IV.

If on our daily course our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

V.

p Only, O LORD, in Thy dear love,
Fit us for perfect rest above ;
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray !

O SPLENDOR OF THE FATHER'S MIGHT.

Splendor Paternæ gloriæ.

Morning.

No. 3.



I.

f O SPLENDOR of the FATHER's might,
Who callest forth the light from Light!
Eternal Fount of every ray!
Day-star that givest light to day!

IV.

Vouchsafe us strength to act aright;
Confound the Tempter's jealous spite;
O sanctify each bleeding woe,
And grace to persevere bestow.

II.

True SUN of Righteousness, arise!
Shine in us, Radiance from the skies!
Infuse the HOLY SPIRIT's beam,
On every sense to shed a gleam.

V.

mf Our souls direct, that they may reign
In holy bodies, free from stain;
May Faith a living flame appear,
From bane of falsehood ever clear.

III.

p Almighty FATHER, throned above!
Thou FATHER of eternal love!
Great God of grace, O help our prayers,
And banish sin with all its snares.

VI.

cres. So pass in sober joy the day,
Sweet Modesty the dawning ray;
f May Faith meridian brightness show
The soul a twilight never know!

CHRIST, WHOSE GLORY FILLS THE SKIES.

Morning.

No. 4.



I.

f CHRIST, Whose glory fills the skies,
CHRIST, the true, the only Light,
Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night!
Day-spring from on high, be near!
Day-star, in my heart appear!

II.

p Dark and cheerless is the morn,
Unaccompanied by Thee:
Joyless is the day's return,
Till Thy mercy's beams I see;
Till they inward light impart,
Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.

III.

mf Visit then this soul of mine,
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief!
cres. Fill me, Radiance divine:
Scatter all my unbelief!
f More and more Thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day!

THE MORNING LIGHT HATH SHED ITS BEAMS.

Morning.

No. 5.



mf THE morning light hath shed its beams,
And paved its way in living streams;

f Rise, Christian! meet the ray!

mf And while it pours its golden fire,

Oh, let it golden thoughts inspire:

f Up, Christian, hail the day!

f Shake off the lingering mould of night;

Put on the armour of the light;

Renounce a languid ease;

mf Apparel thee in holy drefs,
The garb of Jafu's Righteoufnefs;

p Then fall upon thy knees.

mf For Satan comes in light's array,
To haunt us left we kneel and pray:
Quick! humbly CHRIST adore!

cres. That He may rife thy leading ftar,
To warm and light thee from afar,
f Thy brightnefs evermore.

p If night hath dropped a fpot of bane,
To foil thy confcience, wafh the ftain
In CHRIST's all-precious blood;

f Full ftrengthened by His cordial Grace,
Effay thy foul's diurnal race,
Sufained by faintly food.

p Then when the day draws near the Weft,
And tells thee of approaching reft,
To eafe thy weary head,

cres. O pray a Saviour's richeft love
May drop in radiance from above,
pp To gild thy dying bed.

LOOK FORTH, MINE EYE, LOOK UP, AND VIEW.

Morning.

No. 6.



I.

mf Look forth, mine eye, look up, and view
How bright the daylight shines on me;
And as the morning doth renew,
Mark how renewed God's mercies be.

III.

Nor twilight plagues, nor midnight fears,
Nor mortal, nor immortal foes,
Had power to take us in their snares,
But safe we slept, and safe arose.

II.

Behold the splendors of the day
Disperse the shadows of the night;
And they, who late in darkness lay,
Have now the comforts of the light.

IV.

f Let heart, and hand, and voice, accord
This day to magnify Thy name;
And let us every day, O LORD!
Continue to perform the same.

V.

p So when that morning doth appear,
In which Thou shalt all flesh destroy,
We shall not be awaked with fear,
cres. But rise and meet Thy SON with joy.

AS MOUNTS ON HIGH THE ORB OF DAY.

Jam lucis orto fidere.

Morning.

No. 7.



I.

mf As mounts on high the orb of day,
With lowly suit to God we pray,
To shield us from the shafts of ill,
While we our daily tasks fulfil.

III.

Our inmost thoughts be ever pure!
May sinful folly ne'er allure!
And let the flesh, with pride inflamed,
By temperance be gently tamed;

II.

p The tongue of license may He curb,
Left strife should sweet repose disturb;
His nursing favor screen the fight,
Left it should drink of vain delight.

IV.

mf That when the daylight disappears,
And night again her shade uprears,
Our souls preserved from worldly stain,
To God may lift the thankful strain.

V.

f To GOD the FATHER give the praise,
To GOD the SON the same upraise;
With Both the COMFORTER adore,
From age to age, for evermore.

O GOD OF MORNING, AT WHOSE VOICE.

Morning.

No. 8.



I.

f O GOD of morning, at Whose voice
The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,
And like a giant doth rejoice
To run his journey through the skies :

II.

From fairest chambers of the East
The circuit of his race begins ;
Without or weariness or rest,
Around the earth he flies and shines :

III.

mf Oh ! like the sun may I fulfil
Th' appointed duties of the day :
With ready mind, and active will,
March on, and keep my heav'nly way !

IV.

p But I shall rove, and lose the race,
If God, my Sun, shall disappear,
And leave me in this world's wild maze,
To follow every wandering star.

V.

mf Lord, Thy commands are clean and pure,
Enlight'ning our beclouded eyes ;
Thy threat'nings just, Thy promise sure ;
Thy Gospel makes the simple wise.

VI.

Thy counsel give me for my guide,
And then receive me to Thy bliss :
All my desires and hopes beside
Are faint and cold compared with this.

COME, MY SOUL, THOU MUST BE WAKING.

Morning.

Seele, du mußt munter werden.

No. 9.

I.

mf COME, my soul, thou must be waking!
 Now is breaking
 O'er the earth another day:
f Come to Him, Who made this splendor,
 See thou render
 All thy feeble strength can pay.

II.

f Gladly hail the light returning!
 Ready burning
 Be the incense of thy powers:
p For the night is safely ended;
 God hath tended
 With His care thy helpless hours.

III.

mf Pray that He may prosper ever
 Each endeavor,
 When thine aim is good and true;
f But that He may ever thwart thee,
 And convert thee,
 When thou evil would'st pursue.

IV.

p Think that He thy ways beholdeth,
 He unfoldeth
 Every fault that lurks within;
mf Every stain of shame glossed over
 Can discover,
 And discern each deed of sin.

V.

mf Fettered to the fleeting hours,
 All our powers,
 Vain and brief, are borne away:
cres. Time, my soul, thy ship is steering,
 Onward veering,
 To the gulf of death a prey.

VI.

p May'st thou then, on life's last morrow,
 Free from sorrow,
 Pass away in slumber sweet;
cres. And released from death's dark sadness,
 Rise in gladness,
f That far brighter Sun to greet!

RISE, MY SOUL, ADORE THY MAKER.

Morning.

No. 10.



I.

f RISE, my soul, adore thy Maker !
Angels praise
Join thy lays ;
With them be partaker.

II.

p FATHER, Lord of every Spirit,
In Thy light
Lead me right,
Through my SAVIOUR's merit.

III.

mf Never cast me from Thy Presence
Till my soul
Shall be full
Of Thy blestèd Essence.

IV.

p O LORD JESUS, GOD Almighty,
Pray for me
Till I see
Thee in Salem's city.

V.

HOLY GHOST, by JESUS given,
Be my Guide,
Lest my pride
Shut me out of heaven.

VI.

mf Thou the night wast my Protector :
With me stay
All the day,
Ever my Director.

VII.

f Holy, holy, holy Giver
Of all good,
Life and food,
ff Reign, adored for ever !

ALL PRAISE 'TO THEE, MY GOD THIS NIGHT.

Ebening.

No. 11.



I.

f ALL praise to Thee, my GOD, this night,
For all the blessings of the light,
Keep me, O keep me, KING of KINGS,
Beneath Thine Own Almighty wings.

IV.

O may my soul on Thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close;
Sleep, that may me more vig'rous make
To serve my GOD when I awake!

II.

p Forgive me, LORD, for Thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

V.

When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply!
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest!

III.

Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed!
To die, that this vile body may
Rise glorious at the awful Day.

VI.

f Praise GOD, from Whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him, all creatures here below!
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host!
Praise FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST!

SUN OF MY SOUL, THOU SAVIOUR DEAR.

Ebening.

No. 12

I.

mf SUN of my soul, Thou SAVIOUR dear,
It is not night if Thou be near :
O may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

II.

p When the soft dews of kindly sleep,
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast.

III.

mf A | bide with | me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live ;
A | bide with | me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

IV.

p If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, LORD, the gracious work begin ;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

V.

Watch by the sick ; enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store ;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

VI.

f Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take.
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

NOW THE SHINING DAY IS PAST.

No. 13.

Ebening.



I.

mf Now the shining day is past,
And the beauties of the light
Are with shadows overcast
By the mantle of the night :
f Thanks to Thee, O Lord, I pay
For the blessings of this day ;
Asking grace for every sin,
Whereby erred I have therein.

II.

p Though the Sun hath left us now,
And withholds his light from me ;
Lord, from hence depart not Thou,
Nor in darkness let me be ;
But the rays of Grace divine
Cause Thou round me still to shine,
And with mercy overspread
Both my person and my bed.

III.

mf Chase all wicked fiends from hence,
That they do me no despite,
By deluding of the sense
Through the darkness of the night ;
But, O Lord, from all my foes
Let Thine angels me inclose,
And protect me in my sleep,
When myself I cannot keep.

IV.

p And since death and sleep are said
Some resemblances to have,
In my bed ere I am laid
So prepare me for my grave,
cres. That with comfort wake I may,
To enjoy the following day ;
Or if death close up mine eyes,
Rest in hope till all shall rise.

THE SUN IS SINKING FAST.

Evening.

Sol praeceps rapitur.

No. 14.



I.

p THE sun is sinking fast;
The daylight dies;
Let love awake and pay
Her evening sacrifice.

II.

pp. As CHRIST upon the Cross
In death reclined,
Into His Father's hands
His parting soul resigned;

III.

p. So now herself my soul
Would wholly give
Into His sacred charge,
In Whom all spirits live;

IV.

So now beneath His eye
Would calmly rest,
Without a wish or thought
Abiding in the breast,

V.

mf Save that His will be done,
Whate'er betide;
p Dead to herself, and dead
In Him to all beside.

VI.

cres. Thus would I live, yet now
Not I, but He;
In all His pow'r and love
Henceforth alive in me.

VII.

f One sacred Trinity!
One LORD divine!
Myself for ever His!
And He for ever mine!

ABIDE WITH ME! FAST FALLS THE EVENTIDE.

Ebening.

No. 15.



I.

mf ABIDE with me! fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; LORD, with me abide!
cres. When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
f Help of the helpless, (*p*) O abide with me.

II.

p Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see,
f O Thou, Who changeest not, (*p*) abide with me.

III.

p I need Thy presence every passing hour;
What but Thy Grace can foil the Tempter's power?
cres. Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
f Through cloud and sunshine (*p*) O abide with me.

IV.

f I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness:
Where is Death's sting? where, Grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, (*p*) if Thou abide with me.

V.

pp Hold Thou Thy Cross before my closing eyes!
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies!
cres. Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
f In life and death, (*p*) O LORD, abide with me!

THE CHRISTIAN'S PATH SHINES MORE AND MORE.

Ebening.

No. 16.



I.

mf THE Christian's path shines more and more,
From morn to perfect day;
Yet dark'ning storms will rise the while,
And hide the cheering ray;
Though clouds may dim Faith's heavenward flight,
f At evening time it shall be light.

II.

p When comforts fail, and friends are few,
And griefs his path surround;
Though all is dark without, within
cres. A heav'nly light is found.
No change of scene his peace can blight,
f At evening time it shall be light.

III.

mf 'Tis good at times that pilgrim saints
For but a moment's space,
Should feel that God, in wrath at sin,
Can hide His smiling face.
Behind that veil the sun shines bright,
f At evening time it shall be light.

IV.

f At evening time it shall be light;
p So runs the promise dear,
To cheer the pilgrim's fainting heart,
When death's dark hour draws near,
cres. E'en midst the gloom of Nature's night,
ff At evening time it shall be light.

LORD, EVER SHEW THY BLESSÈD FACE.

Ebening.

No. 17.



I.

mf LORD, ever shew Thy bleſſed face,
Though downward ſinks the ſun ;
Stand ſtill in heav'n, with looks of grace,
Though he his courſe hath run :
cres. Above the height,
In glory bright,
f Still ſhines in Thee unfading light.

II.

mf As ſpeeds the ſilver moon her way,
Outpouring ſofter beams ;
So ſhed on us a gentle ray,
The peace of holy dreams ;
That thoughts ſnow-white
May hallow night,
No longer dark beneath Thy light.

III.

p When calmly laid in quiet reſt,
Sweet ſlumber on our eyes,
Let angels hover round each breaſt,
Our guard till morning riſe :
cres. Sin takes to flight,
And drops the fight ;
For Thou art peace as well as light.

IV.

f Thus ſcreened from danger, ſafe from harm,
We live Thine Own by day ;
Still Thine, enfolded in Thine Arm,
While darkneſs beareth ſway :
cres. Thyſelf, bleſt Sight,
By day and night,
Reveal to us in radiant light.

V.

pp As ſighs our laſt departing breath,
And friends in ſorrow weep,
Oh ! grant us, LORD, a tranquil death,
Like this, a reſtful ſleep ;
cres. Then, through Thy might,
Raiſe us all bright,
f To view Thee robed in quenchleſs light !

ERE I SLEEP, FOR EVERY FAVOUR.

Ebening.

No. 18.



I.

p ERE I sleep, for every favour,
This day shewed
By my God,
f I will bleſs my SAVIOUR.

II.

mf O my LORD, what ſhall I render
To Thy Name,
Still the ſame,
Gracious, good, and tender?

III.

Thou haſt ordered all my goings
In Thy way :
Hear me pray,
Sanctify my doings.

IV.

p Leave me not, but ever love me ;
Let Thy peace
Be my bliſs,
Till Thou hence remove me.

V.

Viſit me with Thy ſalvation ;
Let Thy care
Now be near,
Round my habitation.

VI.

f Thou, my Rock, my Guard, my Tower,
Safely keep,
While I ſleep,
Me with all Thy power.

VII.

p So, whene'er in death I ſlumber,
cres. Let me riſe
With the wiſe,
f Counted in their number.

SAVIOUR, BREATHE AN EVENING BLESSING.

Evening.

No. 19.



I.

pp SAVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal;
Sin and want we come confessing:
Thou canst save, and Thou canst
heal.

III.

mf Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from Thee;
Thou art He, Who, never weary,
Watchest where Thy people be.

II.

p Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrow past us fly,
cres. Angel-guards from Thee surround us;
f We are safe if Thou art nigh.

IV.

p Should swift death this night o'ertake
us,
And our couch become our tomb,
cres. May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in light and deathless bloom!

HEAR MY PRAYER, O HEAVENLY FATHER.

Ebening.

No. 20.



I.

p HEAR my prayer, O Heavenly FATHER, *p* Keep me, through this night of peril,
Ere I lay me down to sleep:
Bid Thy angels, pure and holy,
Round my bed their vigil keep.

III.

Underneath its boundless shade;
Take me to Thy rest, I pray Thee,
When my pilgrimage is made.

II.

cres. Heavy though my sins, Thy mercy
Far outweighs them every one;
Down before Thy Cross I cast them,
Trusting in Thy help alone.

IV.

mf None shall measure out Thy patience
By the space of human thought;
None shall bound the tender mercies,
Which Thy Holy Son hath bought.

V.

p Pardon all my past transgressions;
Give me strength for days to come;
Guide and guard me with Thy blessing,
pp Till Thine angels bid me home.

MY GOD, WHEN I FROM SLEEP AWAKE.

Ebening.

No. 21.



I.

mf My God, when I from sleep awake
The sole possession of me take;
From midnight terrors me secure,
And guard my heart from thoughts im-
pure!

IV.

mf Shine on me, LORD! new life impart!
Fresh ardours kindle in my heart!
One ray of Thy all-quick'ning light
Dispels the sloth and clouds of night.

II.

O may I always ready stand,
With my lamp burning in my hand;
cres. May I in sight of Heav'n rejoice,
Whene'er I hear the Bridegroom's voice!

V.

p LORD, lest the Tempter me surprise,
Watch over Thine Own sacrifice!
All loose, all idle thoughts cast out,
And make my very dreams devout!

III.

p Blest JESU, Thou, on Heav'n intent,
Whole nights hast in devotion spent;
But I, frail creature, soon am tired,
And all my zeal is soon expired.

VI.

f Praise GOD, from Whom all blessings
flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST!

AS NOW THE SUN'S DEPARTING RAYS.

Labente jam solis rota.

Evening.

No. 22.



I.

p As now the sun's departing rays
At fall of night descend,
So quick declines the day of life,
Still hast'ning to its end.

II.

cres. LORD, stretching out Thine arms to us,
Thou on the Cross didst lie :
p Grant us that blessed Cross to love,
dim. In those dear arms to die.

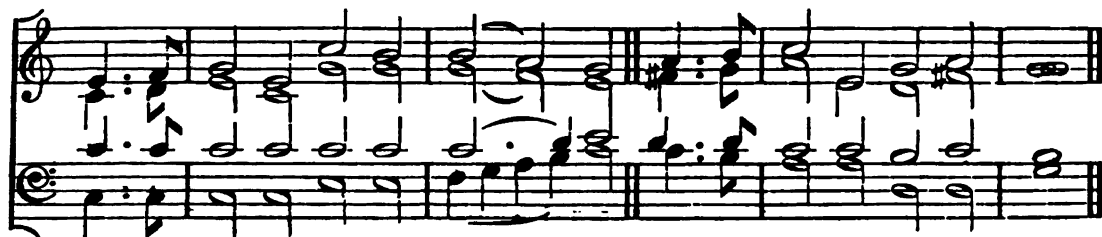
III.

mf To God the Father give the praise,
With CHRIST His only Son ;
To God the Spirit give the same,
While countless ages run.

THROUGH THE DAY THY LOVE HATH SPARED US.

Evening.

No. 23.



I.

II.

<i>p</i> THROUGH the day Thy love hath spared us ;	<i>p</i> Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers,
Now we lay us down to rest ;	Dwelling in the midst of foes,
<i>mf</i> Through the silent watches guard us ;	<i>mf</i> Us and ours preserve from dangers ;
Let no foe our peace molest ;	In Thine arms may we repose !
<i>p</i> Jesu, Thou our Guardian be !	<i>p</i> And, when life's sad day is past,
<i>cres.</i> Sweet it is to trust in Thee !	<i>cres.</i> Rest with Thee in Heav'n at last !

THE DAY IS PAST AND OVER.

Evening.

Τὴν ἡμέραν διελθών.

No. 24.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of three systems of staves. The first system has a tempo marking of '♩ = 84.' and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The music is in 4/4 time. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The third system concludes with a double bar line and the marking 'A-men.' in the right hand.

I.

mf THE day is past and over :
 All thanks, O LORD, to Thee !
 We pray Thee, that offenceless
p The hours of dark may be :
p O JESU, keep us in Thy fight,
cres. And save us through the coming night !

II.

mf The joys of day are over :
 We lift our hearts to Thee,
 And call on Thee that sinless
p The hours of gloom may be :
p O JESU, make our darkness light,
cres. And save us through the coming night !

III.

mf The toils of day are over :
 We raise the hymn to Thee,
 And ask that free from peril
p The hours of fear may be :
p O JESU, keep us in Thy fight,
cres. And guard us through the coming night !

IV.

mf Be Thou our souls' Preserver,
 O God ! for Thou dost know,
 How many are the perils,
p Through which we have to go :
p Lover of men, O hear our call,
cres. And guard and save us from them all !

THE RADIANT MORN HATH PASSED AWAY.

Ebening.

No. 25.



I. *mf* THE radiant morn hath passed away,
And spent too soon her golden store;
The shadows of departing day
 p Creep on once more.

II. *mf* Our life is but a fading dawn;
Its glorious noon how quickly past!
Lead us, O CHRIST, when all is gone,
 p Safe home at last.

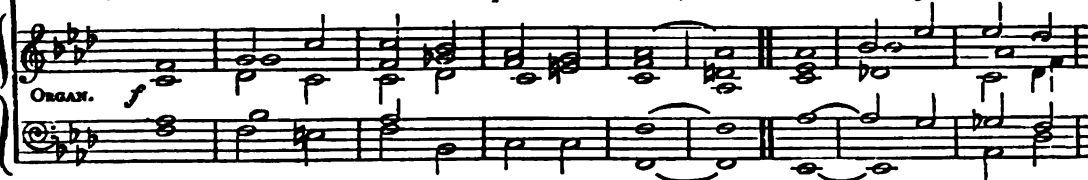
III. *mf* Oh! by Thy soul-inspiring grace
Uplift our hearts to realms on high;
Help us to look to that bright place
 p Beyond the sky;

IV. *mf* Where light, and life, and joy, and peace
In undivided empire reign,
And thronging angels never cease
 p Their deathless strain;

VOICES IN UNISON.



V. Where faints are clothed in spot - less white, And even - ing sha - dows



ORGAN.



nev - er fall, Where Thou, E - ter - nal Light of Light, Art LORD of all.



O DAY OF REST AND GLADNESS.

Sunday.

No. 26.



I.

mf O DAY of rest and gladness !
 O day of joy and light !
 O balm of care and sadness,
 Most beautiful, most bright !
cres. On thee, the high and lowly,
 Through ages joined in tune,
f Sing holy, holy, holy,
 To God the great Triune !

II.

mf On thee, at the Creation,
 The light first had its birth ;
 On thee, for our salvation,
 Christ rose from depths of earth ;
cres. On thee our LORD victorious
 The SPIRIT sent from Heaven ;
f And thus on thee, most glorious,
 A triple light was given.

III.

p To-day on weary nations
 The heav'nly Manna falls ;
 To holy convocations
 The silver trumpet calls,
cres. Where gospel-light is glowing
 With pure and radiant beams,
f And living water flowing
 With soul-refreshing streams.

IV.

cres. New graces ever gaining
 From this our day of rest,
 We reach the rest remaining
 To spirits of the blest ;
f To HOLY GHOST be praises,
 To FATHER and to SON,
 The Church her voice upraises
 To Thee, blest THREE IN ONE !

HAIL, SACRED DAY OF EARTHLY REST.

Sunday.

No. 27.



I.

mf Hail! sacred day of earthly rest,
From toil and trouble free;
cres. Hail! quiet spirit, bringing peace
p And joy to me.

IV.

p All earthly things appear to fade,
As, rising high and higher,
cres. The yearning voices strive to join
p The heav'nly choir.

II.

p A holy stillness, breathing calm
On all the world around,
cres. Uplifts my soul, O God, to Thee,
p Where rest is found.

V.

mf For those, who sing with saints below
Glad songs of heav'nly love,
cres. Shall sing, when songs of earth have ceased,
p With saints above.

III.

p No sound of jarring strife is heard,
As weekly labors cease;
cres. No voice, but those that sweetly sing
p Sweet songs of peace.

VI.

p Accept, O God, my hymn of praise,
That Thou this day hast given,
cres. Sweet foretaste of that endless day
pp Of rest in heaven.

TO THY TEMPLE I REPAIR.

Sunday.

No. 2



I.

mf To Thy temple I repair;
 LORD, I love to worship there;
 When, within the veil, I meet
 CHRIST before the mercy-feat.

II.

Thou, through Him, art reconciled;
 I, through Him, become Thy child;
p Abba, FATHER, give me grace
 In Thy courts to seek Thy face!

III.

f While Thy glorious praise is sung,
 Touch my lips, unloose my tongue,
 That my joyful soul may bless
 Thee, the LORD, our Righteousness!

IV.

p While the prayers of saints ascend,
 God of Love, to mine attend!
cres. Hear me, for Thy SPIRIT pleads;
 Hear, for JESUS intercedes.

V.

p While I hearken to Thy law,
 Fill my Soul with humble awe:
cres. Till Thy Gospel bring to me
 Life and immortality.

VI.

f From Thy house when I return,
 May my heart within me burn;
 And at evening let me say:
 I have walked with God to-day.

ON EACH RETURN OF HOLY REST.

No. Sunday.

No. 29.



I.

mf On each return of holy rest,
The day my heavenly FATHER blest,
O let my happy portion be
To find supreme delight in Thee;
f In Thee, my GOD, in Thee!

III.

p When, humbly kneeling at Thy Throne,
With deep distress my guilt I own,
Then let my contrite spirit see
Enough of pardoning grace in Thee;
cres. In Thee, my GOD, in Thee!

II.

mf Those precious hours I would improve
In fervent prayer, in sacred love;
From earth's polluting pleasures free,
To find my every joy in Thee;
f In Thee, my GOD, in Thee!

IV.

mf When in Thy temple I adore,
And truth's unfathomed mines explore;
Or trembling praise the One in Three,
Fresh glories let me view in Thee;
f In Thee, my GOD, in Thee!

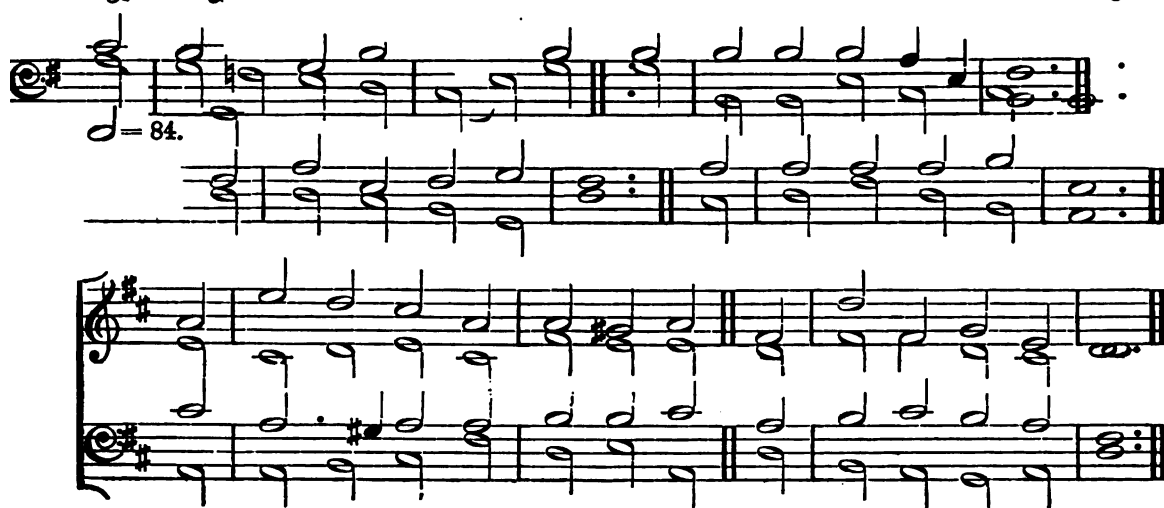
V.

f Thus, on each day of holy rest,
May I with heavenly joy be blest,
And, in a bright eternity,
cres. Have my undying bliss in Thee;
ff In Thee, my GOD, in Thee!

WELCOME, SWEET DAY OF REST.

Sunday.

No. 30.



I.

f WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the LORD arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes!

II.

The KING Himself comes near,
And feasts His saints to-day;
We here may sit, and see Him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

III.

p One day amidst the place,
Where our dear LORD hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasure and of sin.

IV.

f My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit, and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

THIS PRIMAL DAY, THE SPRING OF TIME.

Sunday.

Die parente temporum.

No. 31.



I.

f THIS primal day, the spring of Time,
When, putting forth His pow'r sublime,
The Sire ALMIGHTY, Source of all,
Framed by His word this earthly ball;

II.

When, death defeating, from the grave
Uprose the SON, a world to save;
When God's good Spirit came t'inspire
The souls of men with gifts of fire;

III.

mf May Charity, with ardent glow,
On every heart profusely flow,
While we with voice triumphant sing
High praise to our life-giving KING.

IV.

p O FATHER, Who hast fixed on me
The stamp of Thy Divinity,
Teach all my thoughts on Thee to rest;
No love but Thine to fill my breast.

V.

O SON, throughout this mortal strife,
Grant me to share Thy death, Thy life;
To live devote to Thee above,
A sacrifice of burning love.

VI.

O Fount of gifts from heav'n's fair shrine,
Thyself a gift still more divine,
Be Thou a torch of quenchless light!
Inflame my breast to seek Thy sight!

VII.

f O SOVEREIGN of my heart, to Thee,
Thrice holy, do I bend my knee;
Thine ever through each passing hour,
I love Thee with my utmost power.

O LORD OF HOLY REST, WE PRAY.

Sunday.

No. 32.



I.

mf O LORD of holy Rest, we pray
In this Thy house, on this Thy day!
Own Thou, as grateful sacrifice,
The songs which from our lips arise.

III.

mf No more fatigue, no more distress;
Nor sin, nor hell, shall reach the place;
No groans to mingle with the songs,
Which warble from immortal tongues.

II.

f Thine earthly Sabbaths, LORD, we love; *cres.*
But there's a nobler rest above:
To that our lab'ring souls aspire,
With ardent pangs of strong desire.

IV.

No rude alarms of raging foes;
No cares to break the long repose;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

V.

f O long-expected day, begin!
Rise o'er these realms of woe and sin!
dim. We fain would leave this weary road,
p And sleep in death, to rest with God.

BLEST DAY OF GOD, MOST CALM, MOST BRIGHT.

Sunday.

No. 33.



I.

mf BLEST day of God, most calm, most bright,
The first and best of days:
The toiler's rest, the faint's delight,
A day of joy and praise:
f My SAVIOUR's face did make thee shine,
His rising thee did raise;
This made thee heavenly and divine
Beyond all other days.

II.

mf The first-fruits do a blessing prove
To all the sheaves behind;
And they, that do a Sabbath love,
A happy week shall find:
f My LORD on thee His Name did fix,
Which makes thee rich and gay;
Amidst His golden candlesticks
My SAVIOUR walks this day.

III.

mf Thou, LORD, Who daily feed'st Thy sheep,
Mak'st them a weekly feast;
Thy flocks assemble in their folds
On this Thy day of rest.
f Right dear and welcome to my soul
Are these sweet feasts of love;
But what a Sabbath shall I keep,
When I shall rest above!

IV.

f This day must I for God appear;
For, LORD, this day is Thine:
Oh, let me spend it in Thy fear!
The day shall then be mine.
It is my preparation-day;
And when my soul is dreft,
These Sabbaths shall deliver me
To mine eternal rest.

JESUS CALLS US 'MID THE TUMULT.

St. Andrew. or General.

No. 34.



I.

p JESUS calls us 'mid the tumult,
Reigning o'er life's troubled sea;
Ever sweet His voice resoundeth,
Saying, "Christian, follow Me."

III.

mf JESUS calls us from the worship,
Paid to lucre's golden store;
Luring us from every idol,
Saying, "Christian, love Me more."

II.

As, of old, St. Andrew heard it
By the Galilean lake,
Turned from home, and toil, and kin-
dred,
Leaving all for His dear sake.

IV.

p 'Midst our joys, and pains, and sorrows,
Days of toil, and hours of ease,
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,
"Christian, love Me more than
these."

V.

cres. JESUS calls us: by Thy mercies,
SAVIOUR, may we hear Thy call;
Give our hearts to Thy obedience,
f Serve and love Thee best of all!

HARK! A TRUMPET VOICE OF WARNING.

En clara Vox.

Advent.

No. 35.



I.

f HARK! a trumpet voice of warning
Pealeth through the realms of Night:
"Chafe afar the dreams of darkness:
Christ descends in flames of light."

III.

mf Lo! the Lamb, with free remission,
Comes to earth to cleanse and save:
Let us kneel with tears of sorrow,
His forgiving love to crave.

II.

Let the soul shake off her torpor,
Bound no more by mortal clay;
Bursts the Star of Morn in brightness,
Quenching every baneful ray.

IV.

p Then, when next He beams in splendor,
Girding round the world with dread,
He above His ransomed people
Shall a shield of mercy spread.

V.

f Might and honour, praise and glory,
Give the FATHER and the SON:
Join the SPIRIT in the homage,
Long as endless ages run.

THE LORD OF MIGHT, FROM SINAI'S BROW.

Advent.

No. 36.



I.

f THE LORD of might, from Sinai's brow,
Gave forth His voice of thunder;
And Israel lay on earth below,
Outstretched in fear and wonder:
Beneath His feet was pitchy night,
And at His left hand, and His right,
The rocks were rent in sunder.

II.

p THE LORD of Love, on Calvary,
A meek and suffering stranger,
Upraised to heaven His languid eye,
In Nature's hour of danger:
For us He bore the weight of woe,
For us He gave His Blood to flow,
And met His FATHER's anger.

III.

p THE LORD of Love, the LORD of Might,
The KING of all created,
cres. Shall back return to claim His right,
On clouds of glory seated;
f With trumpet-sound, and angel-song,
And hallelujahs loud and long,
O'er death and hell defeated.

BLEST FRAMER OF THE STARRY HEIGHT.

Creator alme fiderum.

No. 37.

Advent.



I.

mf BLEST Framers of the starry height,
Thy people's everlasting Light,
f Good JESU, Saviour of us all,
O listen as we humbly call.

IV.

f When once Thy Name, in glorious power,
Comes ringing on the midnight hour,
The stooping hosts of Heaven and Hell
With trembling knee their terror tell.

II.

Left Earth, betrayed by wiles of Hell,
Should perish, Thou hast broke the spell ;
And, fired by love, unfailing, sure,
For sin-sick man art found the cure.

V.

p Avert Thy wrath we humbly pray,
Great Judge of that tremendous Day :
With weapons of Thy heav'nly grace
Defend us from the foeman's face.

III.

p To blot away that common sin,
Which stained the world without, within,
Thou, Cross-ward, from the Virgin's shrine,
Art hastening, spotless Lamb, divine.

VI.

f Might, honour, majesty, and praise,
To God the Father high we raise ;
With God the Spirit laud the Son,
Till rolling ages cease to run.

LO! HE COMES WITH CLOUDS DESCENDING.

Advent.

No. 38.



I.

mf Lo! He comes with clouds descending,
Once for favoured sinners slain;
Thousand thousand saints attending
Swell the triumph of His train:
f Hallelujah!
Jesus, King of kings shall reign!

II.

p Every eye shall now behold Him,
Robed in dreadful majesty;
Those, who set at nought and sold Him,
Pierced, and nailed Him to the tree,
pp Deeply wailing,
Shall the true MESSIAH see.

III.

mf Those dear tokens of His Passion
Still His dazzling Body bears,
Cause of endless exultation
To His ransomed worshippers:
f With what rapture
Gaze we on those glorious scars!

IV.

ff Yes, Amen, let all adore Thee!
High on Thine eternal Throne!
SAVIOUR, take the power and glory,
Claim the Kingdom for Thine Own:
O come quickly!
Everlasting God, come down!

GREAT GOD, WHAT DO I SEE AND HEAR !

Advent.

No. 39.



I.

p GREAT GOD, what do I see and hear!
The end of things created!
The Judge of mankind doth appear,
On clouds of glory seated!
The trumpet sounds! the graves restore
The dead, which they contained before:
Prepare, my soul, to meet Him!

II.

mf The dead in Christ are first to rise,
And greet th' Archangel's warning,
To meet the Saviour in the skies
On this tremendous morning:
No gloomy fears their souls dismay;
His presence sheds eternal day
On those prepared to meet Him.

III.

p But sinners, filled with guilty fears,
Behold His wrath prevailing;
In woe they rise, and find their tears
And sighs are unavailing:
The day of Grace is past and gone;
They trembling stand before the Throne,
All unprepared to meet Him.

IV.

cres. But let not dread my bosom wring,
A load of horror bearing;
A wondrous fight doth comfort bring:
f The Judge my nature wearing!
p Beneath His Cross I view the day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
And thus prepare to meet Him.

HARK! HARK THE SOUND! THE SAVIOUR COMES.

Advent.

No. 40.



I.

f HARK! hark the sound! the SAVIOUR comes, *p* He comes, the broken heart to bind,
 The SAVIOUR, promised long;
 Let every heart prepare a throne,
 And every voice a song!

III.

The bleeding soul to cure,
 And with the treasures of His grace
 T' enrich the humble poor.

II.

f He comes, the prisoners to release,
 In Satan's bondage held:
 The gates of brass before Him burst,
 The iron fetters yield.

IV.

f Our glad Hosannas, PRINCE OF PEACE,
 Thy welcome shall proclaim,
 And Heav'n's eternal arches ring
 With Thy beloved Name.

O COME, EMMANUEL, O COME!

Advent.

Veni, veni Emmanuel.

No. 41.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of three systems of staves. The first system includes a tempo marking '♩ = 80.' The music is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The melody is primarily in the treble clef, with piano accompaniment in the bass clef. The score includes repeat signs and a double bar line in the middle of each system.

I.

mf O COME, EMMANUEL, O come!
Thy captive ransom from her doom!
p In exile Israel doth mourn,
Of Thee, the Son of God, forlorn.
f Rejoice! rejoice! EMMANUEL
Is born for thee, O Israel!

II.

mf Come, Rod of Jesse! Save Thine Own,
Beneath the feet of Satan thrown!
O snatch them from the pit of Hell,
And break the Tempter's darkest spell!
f Rejoice! rejoice! EMMANUEL
Is born for thee, O Israel!

V.

O come, O come, great LORD of might!
Who once, from Sinai's flaming height,
Didst give the universe Thy law,
'Mid glory, majesty, and awe!
f Rejoice! rejoice! EMMANUEL
Is born for thee, O Israel!

III.

mf Come, come, thou bright and Morning Star!
O bring us comfort from afar!
Disperse the gloomy clouds of night,
And put the dreadful shades to flight.
f Rejoice! rejoice! EMMANUEL
Is born for thee, O Israel!

IV.

mf Come, Key of David! speed Thy way!
Unlock the realms of heavenly day!
Celestial paths of safety show,
And close each road to Hell below.
f Rejoice! rejoice! EMMANUEL
Is born for thee, O Israel!

LO! HE COMES! LET ALL ADORE HIM!

Advent.

No. 42.



I.

mf Lo! He comes! Let all adore Him!
 'Tis the God of grace and truth!
 Go! prepare the way before Him!
 Make the rugged places smooth!
f Lo! He comes, the mighty LORD!
 Great His work, and His reward.

II.

mf Let the valleys all be raised;
 Go, and make the crooked straight;
 Let the mountains be abased;
 Let all Nature change its state;
 Through the desert mark a road;
 Make a highway for our God.

III.

Where the thorn and briar flourished,
 Trees shall there be seen to grow,
 Planted by the LORD, and nourished,
 Stately, fair, and fruitful too:
 They shall rise on every side;
 They shall spread their branches wide.

IV.

Down the hills, and lofty mountains,
 Rivers shall be seen to flow;
 There the LORD will open fountains,
 Thence supply the plains below:
f As He passes, every land
 Shall confess His powerful hand.

THOU JUDGE OF QUICK AND DEAD.

Advent, or General.

No. 43.



I.

p THOU JUDGE of quick and dead,
Before Whose bar severe,
With holy joy, or guilty dread,
We all shall soon appear;
Our souls do Thou prepare
For that tremendous day,
And fill us now with watchful care,
And stir us up to pray;

II.

To pray, and wait the hour,
That awful hour unknown,
When, robed in majesty and pow'r,
Thou shalt from heaven come down,
Th' immortal Son of Man,
To judge the human race,
With all Thy FATHER's dazzling train,
With all Thy glorious grace.

III.

To damp our earthly joys,
To increase our holy fears,
For ever let th' Archangel's voice
Be sounding in our ears
The solemn midnight cry:
f "Ye dead, the JUDGE is come:
Arise, and meet Him in the sky,
And meet your instant doom!"

IV.

p Oh! may we all be found
Obedient to Thy word,
Attentive to the trumpet's sound,
And looking for our LORD!
cres. Oh! may we thus insure
A lot among the blest,
And watch a moment, to secure
An everlasting rest!

DAY OF WRATH! THAT AWFUL DAY.

Dies ira! Dies illa!

No. 44-

Advent.

The musical score is written for two staves, likely representing a piano and organ accompaniment. It is in 4/4 time, as indicated by the 'C' time signature. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The tempo is marked '♩ = 66'. The score consists of three systems of music, each with a repeat sign at the end. The first system is marked 'I.', the second 'II.', and the third 'III.'.

I.

- p* Day of wrath! that awful Day,
Earth in ashes doomed to lay!
Seers foretold the dread display!
ff How the world with fear shall shake,
When the Judge shall Heav'n forsake,
Strict account of all to take!

II.

- f* Thrills the trump's amazing tone
Through the tumbs of ages flown,
Calling all before the throne.
p Death and Nature stand aghast,
While Creation, through the vast,
Wakes to answer for the past.

III.

- mf.* Then the Record shall be spread,
Whence the stern arraign is read,
Sealing doom to quick and dead.
When the Judge His seat hath ta'en,
Bursts to light what hid hath lain,
Naught shall unavenged remain.

IV.

- p* Wretch, what plea then shall I name?
What defender dare to claim,
When the just scarce 'scape the flame?
cres. King of awful majesty,
Bringing rescue full and free,
Fount of pity rescue me.

V.

pp Think, good JESU, think, I pray,
 Thou for me didst tread Thy way :
 Let me not be lost that day.
 Weary cam'st Thou me to gain ;
 Sav'dst me through the Crofs of pain :
 Such Thy toil be not in vain.

Part II. VI.

p Righteous Judge, when vengeance cries,
 Grant forgiveness from the skies,
 Ere the Reck'ning Day arise.
cres. Groaning I lament my sin ;
 Blush my cheeks at guilt within ;
dim. May my prayer Thy mercy win !

VII.

p Thou from crime didst Mary clear ;
 Lentest to a thief Thine ear ;
cres. E'en to me gav'st hope to cheer.
 Though my prayers can nothing earn,
 LORD, to me in pity turn,
 Left in deathless fire I burn.

VIII.

p Grant me with Thy sheep to stand,
mf Severed from the sinful band,
p Safely set on Thy right hand.
mf When the cursed, dumb with shame,
 Sentenced are to piercing flame,
p With the blest O call my name.

IX.

cres. Low in prayer my knees are bent ;
dim. Crushed to dust, my heart is rent ;
p Be my stay when life is spent.
cres. That shall be a day of tears,
 When the guilty one appears,
 Risen from ashes, pale with fears.



X.

As he meets his Judge distressed,
p Spare him, JESU ever blest !
pp Grant to all eternal rest !

ZION, AT THY SHINING GATES.

Advent.

No. 45.



I.

f ZION, at thy shining gates,
Lo! the King of Glory waits;
Haste thy Monarch's pomp to greet,
Strew thy palms before His feet!

IV.

Give us grace Thy yoke to wear;
Give us strength Thy Cross to bear;
Make us Thine in deed and word,
Thine in heart and life, O LORD.

II.

CHRIST, for Thee their triple light,
Faith, and Hope, and Love unite;
This the beacon we display,
To proclaim Thine Advent Day.

V.

Kill in us the carnal root,
That the SPIRIT may bear fruit;
Plant in us Thy lowly mind;
Keep us faithful, loving, kind.

III.

p Come, and give us peace within;
Loose us from the bands of sin;
Take away the galling weight,
Laid on us by Satan's hate.

VI.

f So, when Thou shalt come again,
Judge of angels and of men,
We, with all Thy saints, shall sing
Hallelujahs to our King.

BEHOLD! THE BAPTIST'S WARNING SOUNDS.

Jordanis oras prævia.

No. 46.

Advent.



I.

f BEHOLD! the Baptist's warning sounds
Thrill through the Jordan's winding
bounds:
As rings his herald voice on high,
Let listless slumber quickly fly!

IV.

p Thou, JESU, Thou our safety art,
The strength and balm of every heart;
As grass that fades, our mortal race
Lies pining for Thy absent Face.

II.

The heaven, the ocean, and the earth,
Their great Creator's coming birth
See rising on their longing sight,
And greet it with supreme delight.

V.

mf Stretch forth Thy Hand the sick to
heal;
Lift up the fall'n; Thy Face reveal:
Earth's beauty, that in dust hath lain,
Revive, and bid it bloom again.

III.

mf Then cleanse your hearts, to sin a prey;
For GOD approaching smoothes the way;
Prepare for Him a place of rest,
Meet home for such a worthy Guest.

VI.

f To Him, Who comes the world to free,
To SON, and FATHER, honour be;
Thee, gracious SPIRIT, we adore,
From age to age, for evermore.

DAY OF JUDGMENT! DAY OF WONDERS!

Advent.

No. 47.



I.

p DAY of Judgment! Day of wonders!
Hark! the trumpet's awful sound,
cres. Louder than a thousand thunders,
Shakes the vast creation round!
p How the summons
Will the sinner's heart confound!

II.

mf See the Judge, our nature wearing,
Clothed in majesty divine!
You, who long for His appearing,
Then shall say, "This God is mine!"
Gracious SAVIOUR,
Own me in that day for Thine.

III.

f At His call the dead awaken,
Rise to life from earth and sea;
All the pow'rs of Nature, shaken
By His looks, prepare to flee:
p Careless sinner,
What will then become of thee?

IV.

But to those, who have confessed,
Loved and served the LORD below,
cres. He will say, "Come near, ye blessed,
See the kingdom I bestow:
f You, for ever,
Shall My love and glory know."

V.

mf Under sorrows and reproaches,
May this thought our courage raise!
Swiftly God's Great Day approaches;
Sighs shall then be turned to praise:
f We shall triumph
When the world is in a blaze!

THE LORD WILL COME! THE EARTH SHALL QUAKE.

Advent.

No 48.



I.

p THE LORD will come! the earth shall
quake,
The hills their fixèd seat forsake;
And, withering, from the vault of
night
The stars withdraw their feeble light.

III.

f The LORD will come! a dreadful
Form,
With wreath of flame, and robe of
storm,
On cherub wings, and wings of wind,
Anointed Judge of human kind!

II.

cres. The LORD will come! but not the
fame
As once in lowly form He came,
A silent Lamb to slaughter led,
The bruised, the suffering, and the dead.

IV.

p Can this be He, Who wont to stray
A pilgrim on the world's highway;
By power oppressed, and mocked by
pride?
Oh God! is this the Crucified?

V.

f Go, tyrants! to the rocks complain!
Go, seek the mountains cleft in vain!
But Faith, victorious o'er the tomb,
Shall sing for joy: "The LORD is
come!"

O SAVIOUR! IS THY PROMISE FLED?

Advent, or General.

No. 49.



I.

p O SAVIOUR! is Thy promise fled?
Nor longer might Thy grace endure
To heal the sick, and raise the dead,
And preach the Gospel to the poor?

II.

mf Come! JESUS, come! return again;
With brighter beam Thy servants
bless,
Who long to feel Thy perfect reign,
And share Thy kingdom's happiness.

III.

p A feeble race, by passion driven,
In darkness and in doubt we roam,
cres. And lift our anxious eyes to heaven,
Our hope, our harbour, and our
home.

IV.

Yet, 'mid the wild and wintry gale,
When death rides darkly o'er the sea,
And strength and earthly daring fail,
Our prayers, REDEEMER, rest on
Thee.

V.

Come! JESUS, come! and as of yore
The Prophet went to clear Thy way,
A harbinger Thy feet before,
A dawning to Thy brighter day;

VI.

cres. So now may grace, with heavenly shower,
Our stony hearts for truth prepare;
Sow in our minds the seed of power,
Then come, and reap Thy harvest
there!

LORD, GIVE US OF THAT FERVENT LOVE.

St. Thomas.

No. 50.



I.

mf LORD, give us of that fervent love,
That warm effusion from above,
Which filled Thy servant's breast,
When hearing Thou must quit his view,
He mourned that he no pathway knew,
To trace Thee to Thy Rest.

II.

p When Thou wert nailed, and pierced, *cres.*
and dead,
Upon the cursed tree that spread
Its arms to paling light,
Still loving Thee, he sadly wept
Those bleeding scars the steel had left,
Deep graven on his sight.

III.

Then, sorely haunted by the view,
When found the tidings, glad and true,
That Thou art raised again :
"Save I can see and feel," he cries,
"Those wounds, fast printed on mine eyes,
The tidings found in vain."

IV.

f Thou callest him, as mute he stands,
To feel and see Thy Side, Thine Hands :
"My LORD! my GOD!" breaks out :
"Thee, Thomas, fight to Faith doth
draw ;
More blest are they who never saw,
Yet never knew a doubt."

V.

p Good LORD, Who didst descry the spot,
Where he was marred by carnal blot,
Though loving to the last ;
cres. O grant, by Faith we may be stayed,
His soft rebuke our saving aid,
f On Truth our anchor cast.

HARK! THE HERALD ANGELS SING.

Christmas.

No. 51.

The musical score is written for piano and features four systems of staves. Each system consists of a treble and bass staff joined by a brace. The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The tempo is marked '♩ = 88'. The score begins with a piano introduction. The lyrics are printed below the staves, starting with 'ff Hark! the he - rald an - gels sing . . . Glo - ry to the new - born King!'. The music includes various ornaments such as trills and grace notes, and dynamic markings like 'ff' and 'cres.'.

I.
f HARK! the herald angels sing
 Glory to the new-born King!
 Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
 God and sinners reconciled!
p Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
 Join the triumph of the skies;
cres. Universal Nature say,
 CHRIST the LORD is born to-day.

II.
f CHRIST, by highest Heaven adored;
 CHRIST, the everlasting LORD;
 Late in time behold Him come,
 Offspring of a Virgin's womb!
p Veiled in flesh the Godhead see!
 Hail, th' incarnate Deity!
cres. Pleased as Man with men t'appear,
 Jesus our IMMANUEL here!

III.
f Hail! the heavenly PRINCE OF PEACE!
 Hail! the SUN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS!
 Light and life to all He brings,
 Risen with healing in His wings.
p Mild He lays His glory by,
 Born that man no more may die,
cres. Born to raise the sons of earth,
 Born to give them second birth.

IV.
mf Come, DESIRE OF NATIONS, come,
 Fix us in Thy humble home!
 Rise, the Woman's conqu'ring Seed,
 Bruise in us the Serpent's head!
p Now display Thy saving Power,
 Ruined nature now restore;
cres. Now in mystic union join
 Thine to ours, and ours to Thine!

DRAW NEAR, ALL YE FAITHFUL.

Christmas.

Adeste Fideles.

No. 52.



I.

mf DRAW near, all ye faithful, joyful and triumphant,
O haste ye, O haste ye, now to Bethlehem!
See there the Infant, born the King of Angels!
p O come let us adore Him, O come let us adore Him,
cres. O come let us adore Him, the CHRIST, the Lord!

II.

mf For He, God of God, He, Light of Light eternal,
Hath not in His love abhorred the Virgin's womb:
Hail Him, true God, begotten, not created!
O come, &c.

III.

f Now sing loud Hosannas, all ye choirs of Angels!
Now sing all ye blissful sons of Heav'n above!
Glory to God be given in the highest!
O come, &c.

IV.

f To Thee, bless'd JESU, born this happy morning,
Be glory ascribed by all on earth below!
WORD of the FATHER, now for man Incarnate!
O come, &c.

ALL MY HEART WITH JOY IS SPRINGING.

Christmas.

Fröhlich soll, mein Herze springen.

No. 53.



I.

f ALL my heart with joy is springing,
While in air
Everywhere
Angel choirs are fingering.
Hark! I hear the joyful ditty:
"CHRIST," they say,
"Came to-day,
Born in David's city!"

II.

mf To this lower world descendeth
From above
He, Whose love
All our sorrows endeth.
He, Who breath and being gave us,
Quits the skies,
Lives and dies,
In our flesh to save us.

III.

p CHRIST, our LAMB, so meek and loving,
Dries our tears,
Calms our fears,
All our sins removing;
CHRIST, our LAMB, Who suffers for us,
He can quell
Death and Hell,
And to peace restore us.

IV.

mf Hark! from yon dark manger lowly
Breezes soft
Seem to waft
Gentle words and holy:
cres. "Sigh no more! away with sadness!
Ye are dear!
I am here;
ff Bringing hope and gladness!"

* Lines 4 and 8 are repeated *pp* by the three under voices.

MERCY TRIUMPHS, CHRIST IS BORN.

Christmas.

No. 54.



I.

f MERCY triumphs, CHRIST is born !
Seraphs hail this happy morn !
Echo loud their solemn cry :
ff "Glory be to GOD on high !"

IV.

Light and mercy cheer the tomb !
Hallelujah ! CHRIST is come !
Let all earth's redeemèd cry :
ff "Glory be to GOD on high !"

II.

f Praise to GOD, and peace on earth ;
Such the tidings of His birth :
Him we worship, Him we blefs,
PRINCE of PEACE and Righteousness.

V.

p SON of MAN, He murmured not,
Bore with us, and shared our lot ;
f SON of GOD, we know Him well,
By each sign the prophets tell.

III.

Promised Branch of JESSÉ's stem,
CHRIST is born in Bethlehem !
We have pardon, we have peace ;
Darkness, guilt, and terror cease.

VI.

p His the love to feel our woe ;
f His the might to quell our foe :
Unto Him, in earth and heaven,
ff Be all praise and honour given !

ANGELS FROM THE REALMS OF GLORY.

Christmas.

No. 55.



I.

f ANGELS from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth!
Ye, who sang Creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth:
f Come and worship,
Worship CHRIST, the new-born King!

II.

mf Shepherds, in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with man is now residing,
Yonder shines the infant-light:
f Come and worship,
Worship CHRIST, the new-born King!

III.

mf Sages, leave your contemplations,
Brighter visions beam afar;
Seek the great Desire of nations,
Ye have seen His natal star:
f Come and worship,
Worship CHRIST, the new-born King!

IV.

mf Saints, before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord, descending,
In His Temple shall appear;
f Come and worship,
Worship CHRIST, the new-born King!

V.

p Sinners, wrung with true repentance,
Doomed for guilt to endless pains,
Justice now revokes the sentence,
Mercy calls you: break your chains;
f Come and worship,
Worship CHRIST, the new-born King!

BRIGHT AND JOYFUL IS THE MORN.

Christmas.

No. 56.



I.

f BRIGHT and joyful is the morn,
For to us a Child is born;
From the highest realms of Heaven,
Unto us a Son is given.

III.

Wonderful in counsel He,
The incarnate DEITY;
Sire of ages ne'er to cease,
KING of KINGS, and PRINCE of PEACE.

II.

On His shoulder He shall bear
Power and Majesty, and wear
On His vesture, and His thigh,
Names most awful, names most high.

IV.

p Come and worship at His feet,
Yield to CHRIST the homage meet;
From His manger to His throne,
Homage due to GOD alone.

V.

f Glory be to GOD on high!
Earth, uplift the joyful cry!
Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,
FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.

WHILE SHEPHERDS WATCHED THEIR FLOCKS.

Christmas.

No. 57.



I.

mf WHILE shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the LORD came down,
And glory shone around.
f "Fear not," said he; (for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind;)
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

II.

"To you, in David's town, this day
Is born of David's line,
The SAVIOUR, Who is CHRIST the LORD;
And this shall be the sign:
"The heavenly Babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapt in swaddling bands,
And in a manger laid."

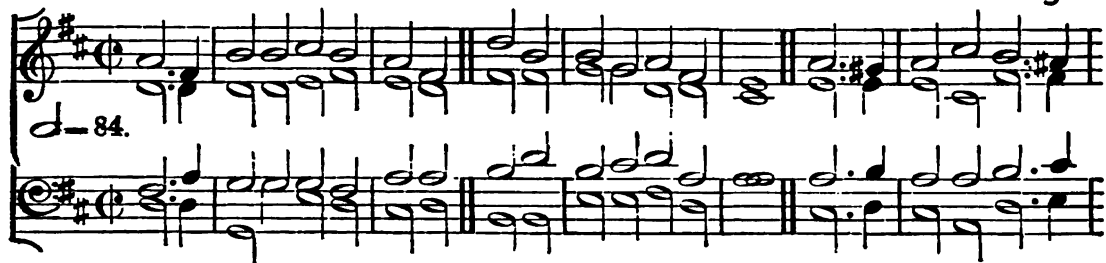
III.

p Thus spake the Seraph; and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, and thus
Addressed their joyful song:
f "All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good will henceforth from Heaven to men
Begin, and never cease!"

HARK! WHAT MEAN THOSE HOLY VOICES.

Christmas.

No. 58.



I.

p HARK! What mean those holy voices,
Sweetly warbling in the skies?
cres. Sure th' angelic host rejoices;
Loudest hallelujahs rise.
f Hallelujah!

II.

mf Listen to the wondrous story,
Which they chant in hymns of joy:
f Glory in the highest, glory;
Glory be to God most high.
Hallelujah!

III.

p Peace on earth, good will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found;
cres. Souls redeemed and sins forgiven,
Loud our golden harps shall sound
Hallelujah!

IV.

f CHRIST is born, the great Anointed!
Heaven and earth His glory sing!
Glad receive Whom God appointed
For your Prophet, Priest, and King.
Hallelujah!

V.

mf Hasten, mortals, to adore Him;
Learn His Name, and taste His joy,
Till in heaven you sing before Him,
f Glory be to God most High!
Hallelujah!

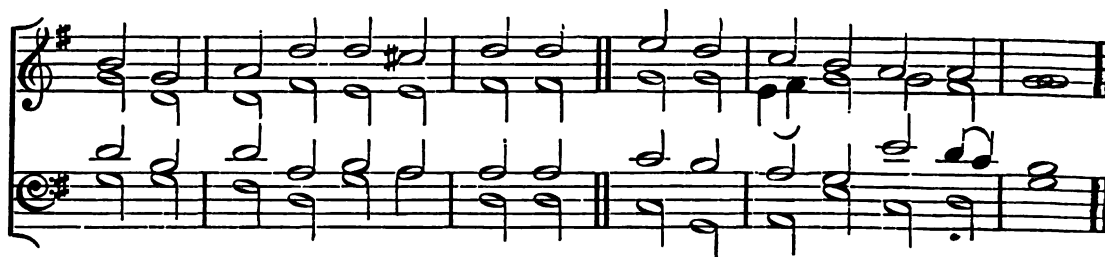
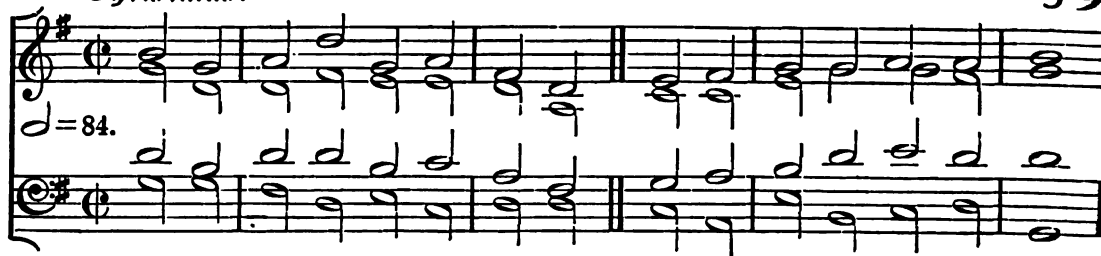
VI.

mf Let us learn the wondrous story
Of our great REDEEMER's birth;
cres. Spread the brightness of His glory,
Till it cover all the earth.
Hallelujah!

COME! THOU LONG-EXPECTED JESUS!

Christmas.

No. 59



I.

mf COME! Thou long-expected JESUS!
 Born to set Thy people free!
 From our cares and sins release us;
 Let us find our rest in Thee.

III.

Born, Thy people to deliver!
 Born a Child, and yet a King!
 Born, to reign in us for ever!
 Now Thy gracious Kingdom bring.

II.

f Israel's strength and consolation!
 Hope of all the earth Thou art!
 Blest desire of every nation!
 Joy of every longing heart!

IV.

p By Thine Own Eternal SPIRIT,
 Rule in all our hearts alone;
cres. By Thine all-sufficient merit,
f Raise us to Thy glorious Throne!

O JESU, SAVIOUR OF US ALL.

Jesu Redemptor omnium.

Christmas.

No. 60.



I.

p O Jesu, Saviour of us all,
With God the Father One,
His equal ere the world began,
Now born His only Son:

II.

Our peace and glory, Lord, art Thou,
Sole hope of man distressed,
O hear the prayers that pour to Thee
From each devoted breast.

III.

Thyself for us in mortal form
Thou freely didst enshrine:
Then grant that we, too, may partake
Thy Nature all Divine.

IV.

To that exalted grace advanced,
Thy brethren shield from harm,
Left they relapse to former sin,
Unaided by Thine arm.

V.

cres. The land, the heav'ns, the ocean vast,
In rival strains shall raise
To Him, Who gave Thee to the world,
Glad songs of holy praise;

VI.

f And we, for whom Thou once wast born.
Thou life's eternal Spring,
Will magnify this glorious day,
And hymns of triumph sing.

VII.

f O Jesu, Virgin-born, with Thee,
The Father we adore!
O HOLY GHOST, to Thee be praise
Both now and evermore!

CHIEF OF MARTYRS! HE WHOSE NAME.

O qui tuo dux Martyrum.

St. Stephen.

No. 61.



I.

mf CHIEF of Martyrs! he whose name
Doth a mystic crown proclaim:
Not of flow'rs that see decay,
Weave we this his crown to-day.

IV.

p CHRIST for him a victim bled;
He for CHRIST his blood first shed:
First Confessor, whose last breath
Flies to own Him GOD in death.

II.

Bright the stones, which wound him, gleam,
Sprinkled with his life's red stream;
Radiant o'er his faintly head,
Stars could ne'er such lustre shed.

V.

First upon the path is he,
Marked across the crimson sea!
Forth he leads the martyr-band;
Lo! they follow close at hand.

III.

Where his brow receives the blows,
Flashing light divinely glows;
Bursting forth, each holy ray
Doth an angel-face betray.

VI.

f Virgin-born, to Thee we raise,
With the Father, endless praise;
God the Spirit we adore,
Now, henceforth, for evermore!

St. John.

No. 62.



I.

p THY dear disciple on the sea,
A son of labour rude and fore,
cres. Leaves ship and fire, O LORD, for Thee,
p And loving stands upon the shore.

II.

mf Thus, toil and love in sweet embrace,
He lives to cheer Thy weary breast,
A meet companion in Thy race:
Thy bosom, pillow of his rest.

III.

Though there he lay in wistful love,
He courts no languor, dull and weak;
cres. But soars an eagle, sinks a dove;
All fervid, soft, sublime and meek.

IV.

p That tender heart, that ardent mind,
Such honour reaped as none have
known:
Thy dying lips to him consigned
Thy blessed Mother for his own.

V.

Full long the toil of life his lot:
"Peace! let him tarry till I come!"
"Come, LORD! draw near this lonely
spot,
And take Thy waiting martyr home."

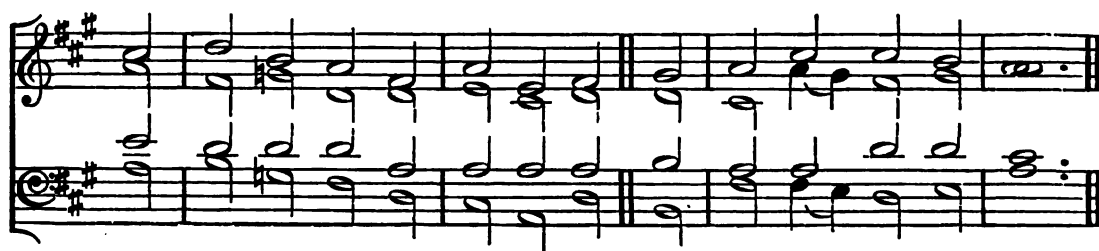
IV.

p Thus calm, may we abide the hour,
Thy Face revealing from above;
cres. Still zealous, tho' with waning power;
f While strength declines, still firm in
love.

TO THEE, ALL GLORY, LORD.

Holy Innocents.

No. 63.



I.

f To Thee all glory, LORD!
Who from this world of sin,
By cruel Herod's ruthless sword,
Those precious ones didst win.

IV.

f To Thee be praise for all
The ransomed infant band,
Who since that hour have heard Thy call,
And reached the quiet land.

II.

To Thee all glory, LORD!
For now, all grief unknown,
They wait in patience their reward,
The martyr's heav'nly crown.

V.

mf Oh! that our hearts within,
Like theirs, were pure and bright;
Oh! that as free from wilful sin,
We shrink not from Thy fight!

III.

p Baptized in their own blood,
Earth's untried perils o'er,
They passed unconsciously the flood,
And safely gained the shore.

VI.

p LORD, help us every hour,
Thy cleansing grace to claim;
cres. In life to glorify Thy power,
In death to praise Thy Name.

BLEST DAY, ON WHICH THE SAVIOUR SHED.

Felix dies, quam proprio.

Circumcision.

No. 64.



I.

f BLEST day, on which the SAVIOUR shed
High sanctity, as first He bled !
Blest day, whereon He first began
The task to ransom fallen man !

IV.

In love the sinner's lot He shares,
His punishment, unguilty, bears ;
Law-framer, now to Law the slave,
That He from Law might sinners save.

II.

p Scarce born to light, and life, and woe,
His infant blood is seen to flow ;
The foretaste of a deadly strife ;
The opening of a loving life.

V.

Before that wound, which it had made,
The cancelled Law is seen to fade ;
A purer Law begins to reign,
The Love, which deathless shall remain.

III.

mf Earth now His home, with fervid will
His FATHER's mandates to fulfil,
He quick forestalls His day decreed,
And learns, a Victim, how to bleed.

VI.

p LORD JESUS, from our hearts, we pray,
What is not Thine O take away ;
cres. Thy Name, Thy Law, for ever rest
Deep graven on our inmost breast !

LET TYRANTS TAKE THEIR HAUGHTY NAMES.

Victis sibi cognomina.

No. 65.

Circumcision.



I.

f LET tyrants take their haughty names
From nations forced to bleed ;
A nobler title CHRIST assumes
From those that He hath freed.

IV.

To suffer for that sacred Name,
We count the highest prize ;
For death is bitter now no more,
But sweet in loving eyes.

II.

None other name than this is giv'n
For mortals to adore ;
A Name through which the dead revive,
And live for evermore.

V.

p Thou, Who dost love to be invoked,
Blest SAVIOUR of us all !
In Thy great Name we make our boast :
O hear us when we call !

III.

p The purchase, made at such a cost,
When all His blood was spilt,
Are we again, in mad affront,
To cancel by our guilt ?

VI.

f Great JESU, from the Virgin born,
We glory give to Thee ;
The FATHER and the SPIRIT praise,
Till ages cease to be.

JESUS! NAME OF WONDROUS LOVE.

Circumcision, or General.

No. 66.



I.

f JESUS! Name of wondrous love!
Name, all other names above!
Unto which must every knee
Bow in deep humility.

IV.

mf JESUS! Name of mercy mild,
Given to the holy Child,
When the cup of human woe
First He tasted here below.

II.

p JESUS! Name decreed of old,
To the maiden Mother told,
Kneeling in her lowly cell,
By the Angel Gabriel.

V.

ff JESUS! only Name that's given
Under all the mighty heaven,
Whereby man, to sin enslaved,
Bursts his fetters, and is saved.

III.

cres. JESUS! Name of priceless worth
To the fallen sons of earth,
For the promise that it gave,
"Jesus shall His people save."

VI.

f JESUS! Name of wondrous love!
Human Name of GOD above!
dim. Pleading only this, we flee,
p Helpless, O our God, to Thee.

HOW SWEET THE NAME OF JESUS SOUNDS.

Circumcision, or General.

No. 67.



I.

p How sweet the Name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

IV.

Jesus! my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

II.

It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
To weary spirits rest.

V.

Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

III.

mf Dear Name! the rock on which I build, *f* Till then I would Thy love proclaim
My shield and hiding-place;
My never-failing treaty, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

VI.

Till then I would Thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of Thy Name
Refresh my soul in death!

LORD, LET ME KNOW MY TERM OF DAYS.

New Year, or General.

Psalm 39.

No 68.



I.

p LORD, let me know my term of days,
How soon my life will end ;
The num'rous train of ills disclose,
Which this frail state attend.

IV.

p The dreadful burden of Thy wrath
In mercy soon remove ;
Left my frail flesh too weak to bear
The heavy load should prove.

II.

My life Thou know'ft is but a span,
A cypher sums my years ;
And every man, in best estate,
But vanity appears.

V.

mf LORD, hear my cry, accept my tears,
And listen to my prayer ;
Who sojourn like a stranger here,
As all my fathers were.

III.

cres. Why then should I on worthless toys
With anxious care attend ?
f On Thee alone my steadfast hope,
Shall ever, LORD, depend.

VI.

p O spare me yet a little time ;
My wasted strength restore ;
Before I vanish quite from hence,
And shall be seen no more.

FATHER, LET ME DEDICATE.

New Year.

No. 69.



I.

mf FATHER, let me dedicate
 All this year to Thee,
 In whatever worldly state
 Thou wilt have me be.
p Not from sorrow, pain, or care,
 Freedom dare I claim;
cres. This alone shall be my prayer:
f "Glorify Thy Name!"

II.

mf Can a child presume to choose
 Where or how to live?
 Can a Father's love refuse
 All the best to give?
 More Thou givest every day
 Than the best can claim;
 Nor withholdest ought that may
f "Glorify Thy Name!"

III.

mf If in mercy Thou wilt spare
 Joys that yet are mine;
 If on life, serene and fair,
 Brighter rays may shine;
 Let my heart, while glad it sings,
 Thee in all proclaim;
 And, whate'er the future brings,
f "Glorify Thy Name!"

IV.

p If Thou callest to the Cross,
 And its shadow come,
 Turning all my gain to loss,
 Shrouding heart and home,
cres. Let me think how Thy dear Son
 To His glory came,
 And, in deepest woe, pray on,
f "Glorify Thy Name!"

A FEW MORE YEARS SHALL ROLL.

New Year.

No. 70.

The musical score is written for piano on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). It begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a common time signature (C). The tempo is marked as '76.' (quarter note = 76). The score consists of three systems of music. The first system has a repeat sign at the end. The second system also has a repeat sign at the end. The third system concludes with a double bar line. The melody is primarily in the treble clef, with accompaniment in the bass clef. There are several trills and grace notes throughout the piece.

I.

mf A few more years shall roll,
 A few more seasons come,
 And we shall be with those that rest,
 Asleep within the tomb.
p Then, gracious Lord, prepare
 Our souls for that dread day;
cres. O wash us in Thy precious blood,
 And take our sins away.

II.

mf A few more struggles here,
 A few more partings o'er,
 A few more toils, a few more tears,
 And we shall weep no more.
p Then, gracious Lord, prepare
 Our souls for that bright day;
cres. O wash us in Thy precious blood,
 And take our sins away.

III.

mf Yet but a little while,
 And He shall come again,
 Who died that we might live, Who lives
 That we with Him may reign.
p Then, gracious Lord, prepare
 Our souls for that glad day :
cres. O wash us with Thy precious blood,
 And take our sins away.

FOR THY MERCY AND THY GRACE.

New Year.

No. 71.



I.

mf FOR Thy mercy and Thy grace,
Faithful through another year,
Hear our song of thankfulness,
FATHER, and REDEEMER, hear!

III.

p Who of us death's awful road
In the coming year shall tread?
With Thy rod and staff, O God,
Comfort Thou his dying bed.

II.

In our weakness and distress,
Rock of Strength, be Thou our Stay!
In the pathless wilderness
Be our true and living way!

IV.

mf Keep us faithful, keep us pure,
Keep us evermore Thine own!
Help, O help us to endure!
Fit us for the promised crown!

V.

f So within Thy palace gate
We shall praise, on golden strings,
Thee, the only Potentate,
LORD of lords, and KING of kings!

HARP, AWAKE! TELL OUT THE STORY.

New Year.

No. 72.



I.

f HARP, awake! tell out the story
Of our love, and joy, and praise;
Lute, awake! awake our glory!
Join a thankful song to raise!
mf Join we, brethren faithful-hearted,
Lift the solemn voice again
O'er another year departed
Of our threescore years and ten.

II.

mf Gracious SAVIOUR, Thou hast lengthened,
And hast blest our mortal span,
And in our weak hearts hast strengthened
What Thy grace alone began!
p Still, when danger shall betide us,
Be Thy warning whisper heard;
Keep us at Thy feet, and guide us
By Thy SPIRIT, and Thy Word!

III.

f Let Thy favour and Thy blessing
Crown the year we now begin;
Let us all, Thy strength possessing,
Grow in grace, and vanquish sin!
p Storms are round us, hearts are quailing,
Signs in heaven, and earth, and sea;
cres. But when heaven and earth are failing,
f SAVIOUR! we will trust in Thee.

WHY SHOULD THE CRUEL HEROD FEAR?

Epiphany.

Crudelis Herodes, Deum.

No. 73.



I.

mf WHY should the cruel Herod fear
That CHRIST, the King, is coming near?
He takes no realms of earth away,
Who gives the realms of heavenly day.

III.

In waters of the crystal flood,
Lo! dips the Holy Lamb of GOD:
The sins, which ne'er in Him were traced,
From us, by washing, He effaced.

II.

The Magi track the leading star,
Which they had witnessed from afar;
To Light by light they onward press,
And by their gift their GOD confess.

IV.

A wondrous Power is brought to fight:
Lo! water reddens 'neath the light!
And, at the word of Force Divine,
Its nature changes into wine.

V.

f All glory be to JESU's Name,
A bright Epiphany Who came;
To FATHER, SPIRIT, high we raise,
From age to age, unceasing praise.

ALL HAIL! THE LORD'S ANOINTED.

Epiphany.

No. 74.



I.

f All hail! the Lord's Anointed,
Great David's greater Son!
Who, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To let the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

II.

mf Down He shall come like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And joy and hope, like flowers,
Shall deck His path to birth;
Before Him, on the mountains,
Shall peace, the herald, go,
And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

III.

f Down kings shall fall before Him,
And gold and incense bring;
All nations shall adore Him,
His praise all people sing;
To Him shall prayer unceasing,
And daily vows ascend,
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end.

IV.

ff O'er every foe victorious,
He on His throne shall rest,
From age to age more glorious,
All blessing, and all blest:
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His Name shall stand for ever:
That Name to us is Love.

OF NOBLE CITIES THOU ART QUEEN.

Epiphany.

O sola magnarum urbium.

No. 7



I.

f Of noble cities thou art Queen ;
Thou, Bethlehem, alone hast seen
Salvation's Captain, from the sky,
Incarnate in a cradle lie.

II.

The Star, before whose lustre bright
The vanquished Sun hath paled his light,
Proclaims that God has come to earth,
A fleshly Form of human birth.

III.

mf The Magi saw Him ! straight they pour
Their Eastern off'rings from their store,
And, prostrate, with their prayers unfold
Myrrh, frankincense, and royal gold.

IV.

The treasure speaks the King of kings ;
The incense God before us brings ;
And, mystic sign of deathly woes,
The myrrh His sepulchre foreshows.

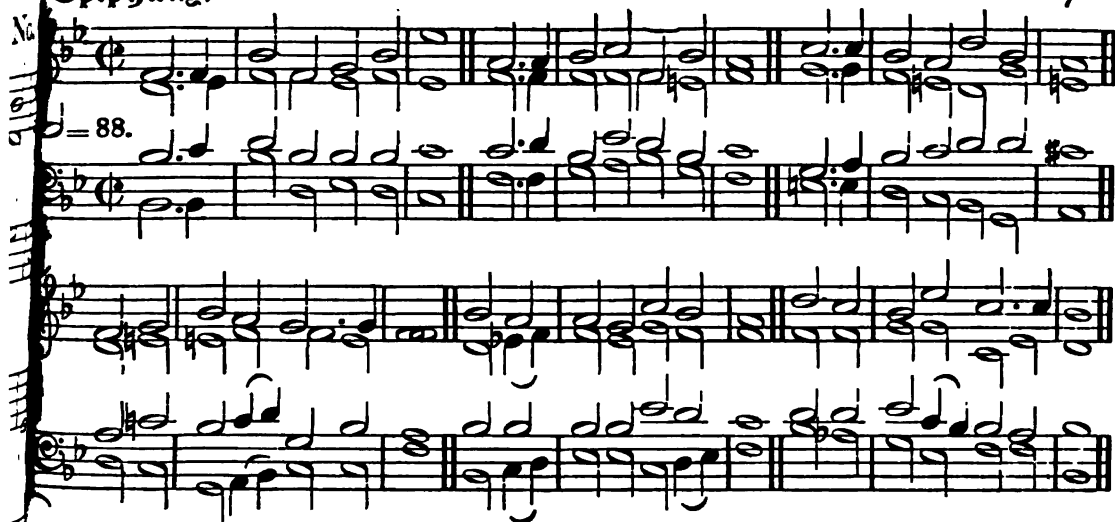
V.

f All glory be to Jesu's Name,
A bright Epiphany Who came ;
To FATHER, SPIRIT, high we raise,
From age to age, unceasing praise.

AS WITH GLADNESS MEN OF OLD.

Epiphany.

No. 76.



I.

f AS with gladness men of old
Did the guiding star behold ;
As with joy they hailed its light,
Leading onward, beaming bright ;
So, most gracious GOD, may we
Evermore be led by Thee.

II.

As with joyful steps they sped
To that lowly manger-bed,
There to bend the knee before
Him, Whom heaven and earth adore ;
So may we, with willing feet,
Ever seek Thy mercy-seat.

III.

As they offered gifts most rare
At that manger, rude and bare ;
So may we, with holy joy,
Pure, and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
CHRIST, to Thee, our heavenly King.

IV.

p Holy JESUS ! every day
Keep us in the narrow way ;
And, when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

V.

cres. In the heavenly country bright,
Need they no created light ;
f Thou its Life, its Joy, its Crown,
Thou its Sun, which goes not down ;
There for ever may we sing
Alleluias to our King !

H

WHAT STAR IS THIS THAT BEAMS SO BRIGHT.

Epiphany.

Quæ stella, sole pulchrior.

No. 77.



I.

IV.

mf WHAT Star is this that beams so bright,
And dims the sun with fairer light?
f It marks a new-born Monarch's rise,
His cradle pointing from the skies.

f Love never knows of dull delay;
No toil, no risk, obstructs their way:
Their home, their kin, their native land,
At once they quit at God's command.

II.

V.

mf See now fulfilled the Prophets' cry!
"Lo! Jacob's star ascends on high!"
Arrested at the heav'nly blaze,
Starts forth the East in deep amaze.

p O CHRIST, while beams the Star of grace,
Alluring us to seek Thy face,
Upon our slothful spirits shine,
Nor let them quench the light divine.

III.

VI.

Without, the Star informs their fight;
Within, there shines a brighter light,
Which leads them, by its gentle force,
To trace the marvel to its source.

f To Thee, O FATHER, Radiance bright,
To Thee, O SON, the Nations' Light,
Be praise eternal, and to Thee,
O SPIRIT, equal glory be.

GOD OF MERCY, GOD OF GRACE.

Epiphany.

No. 78.

The musical score is written for two voices (Soprano and Alto) and piano accompaniment. It consists of three systems of staves. The first system includes a tempo marking of $\text{♩} = 84$. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The melody is primarily in the soprano part, with the alto part providing harmonic support. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a more active bass line in the left hand.

I.

p God of mercy, God of grace,
Shew the brightness of Thy face ;
cres. Shine upon us, SAVIOUR, shine ;
Fill Thy Church with light divine ;
And Thy saving health extend
Unto earth's remotest end.

II.

f Let the people praise Thee, LORD !
Be by all that live adored !
Let the nations shout and sing
Glory to their SAVIOUR KING !
At Thy feet their tribute pay,
And Thy holy will obey !

III.

f Let the people praise Thee, LORD !
Earth shall then her fruits afford ;
God to man His blessing give ;
Man to GOD devoted live ;
All below, and all above,
One in joy, and light, and love.

SONS OF MEN, BEHOLD FROM FAR!

Epiphany.

No. 79.



I.

f Sons of men, behold from far!
Hail the long-expected star!
Jacob's star, that gilds the night,
Guides bewildered Nature right.

IV.

mf Nations all, far off and near,
Haste to see your God appear!
Haste! for Him your hearts prepare;
Meet Him manifested there!

II.

p Fear not hence that ill should flow,
Wars or pestilence below;
Wars it bids and tumults cease,
Ush'ring in the Prince of Peace.

V.

cres. Here behold the Day-spring rise,
Pouring eyesight on your eyes!
God in His Own light survey,
Shining to the perfect day!

III.

p Mild He shines on all beneath,
cres. Piercing through the shades of death;
Scatt'ring error's wide-spread night,
f Kindling darkness into light.

VI.

f Sing, ye morning stars again,
God descends on earth to reign;
Deigns for man His life t'employ:
Shout, ye sons of God, for joy!

THE RACE, THAT LONG IN DARKNESS PINED.

Epiphany.

No. 80.



I.

f THE race, that long in darkness pined,
Have seen a glorious light;
The people dwell in day, who dwelt
In death's surrounding night.

IV.

To us a Child of hope is born,
To us a SON is given:
The tribes of earth shall Him obey,
Him all the hosts of heaven.

II.

To hail Thy rise, Thou better Sun,
The gathering nations come,
With joy, as when the reapers bear
The harvest-treasures home.

V.

His Name shall be the Prince of Peace,
For evermore adored,
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The great and mighty LORD!

III.

mf For Thou our burden hast removed,
And quelled th' oppressor's sway,
As quick as slaughtered squadrons fell
In Midian's evil day.

VI.

ff His power increasing still shall spread,
His reign no end shall know:
His throne shall justice guard above,
And peace abound below.

BRIGHTEST AND BEST OF THE SONS OF THE MORNING.

Epiphany.

No. 81.

The musical score is written for two staves, Treble and Bass clef, in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. The tempo is marked as 92. The score consists of three systems of music. The first system has a tempo marking of 92. The second system has a tempo marking of 92. The third system has a tempo marking of 92. The score ends with a double bar line.

I.

mf BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning!
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us Thine aid!
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant REDEEMER is laid!

III.

mf Say, shall we yield Him in costly devotion
Odors of Edom, and off'rings divine?
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?

II.

p Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining;
Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall;
cres. Angels adore Him, in slumber reclining,
f Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all!

IV.

cres. Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gifts would His favor secure;
f Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

HALLELUJAH! SONG OF SWEETNESS.

Alleluia, dulce carmen.

Sunday before Septuagesima.

No. 82.



I.

f HALLELUJAH! song of sweetness,
Strain of joy that never dies!
Hallelujah is the chorus,
Dear to choirs above the skies!
Hark! from all the blest in Heaven
Evermore the anthem flies!

II.

Salem! Mother! oh, how gladly
Thou dost Hallelujah sing!
Hallelujah is the homage,
Which Thy happy children bring!
p Drooping exiles by her waters,
Tears from us doth Babel wring.

III.

Hallelujah we deserve not
Always here to lift on high;
Our transgressions check the utt'rance,
As we Hallelujah cry:
Hastes the hour for deeply mourning
Sins that heavy on us lie.

IV.

mf Thee, in this our adoration,
Blessed Trinity, we pray:
Grant us in the realms of glory
Vision of Thine Easter Day;
cres. There to sing to Thee with rapture
f Hallelujah's sweetest lay.

SONGS OF PRAISE THE ANGELS SANG.

Septuagesima, or General.

No. 83.



I.

f Songs of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
When JEHOVAH's work begun,
When He spake, and it was done.

IV.

p And can man alone be dumb,
Till that glorious kingdom come?
f No; the Church delights to raise
Psalms and hymns, and songs of praise.

II.

Songs of praise awoke the morn,
When the PRINCE of PEACE was born;
Songs of praise arose, when He
Captive led captivity.

V.

mf Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice;
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

III.

Heaven and earth must pass away:
Songs of praise shall crown that day;
GOD will make new heavens and earth:
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

VI.

f Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then, amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

THERE IS A BOOK WHO RUNS MAY READ.

Septuagesima, or General.

No. 84.



I.

mf THERE is a Book, who runs may read,
Which Heav'nly truth imparts,
And all the lore its scholars need,
Pure eyes and Christian hearts.

IV.

p The moon above, the Church below,—
A wondrous race they run ;
But all their radiance, all their glow,
Each borrows of its Sun.

II.

The works of God, above, below,
Within us and around,
Are pages in that Book, to show
Where God Himself is found.

V.

f The SAVIOUR lends the light and heat,
That crowns His holy hill ;
The saints, like stars, around His seat,
Perform their courses still.

III.

f The glorious sky, embracing all,
Is like the Maker's love,
Wherewith encompassed, great and small
In peace and order move.

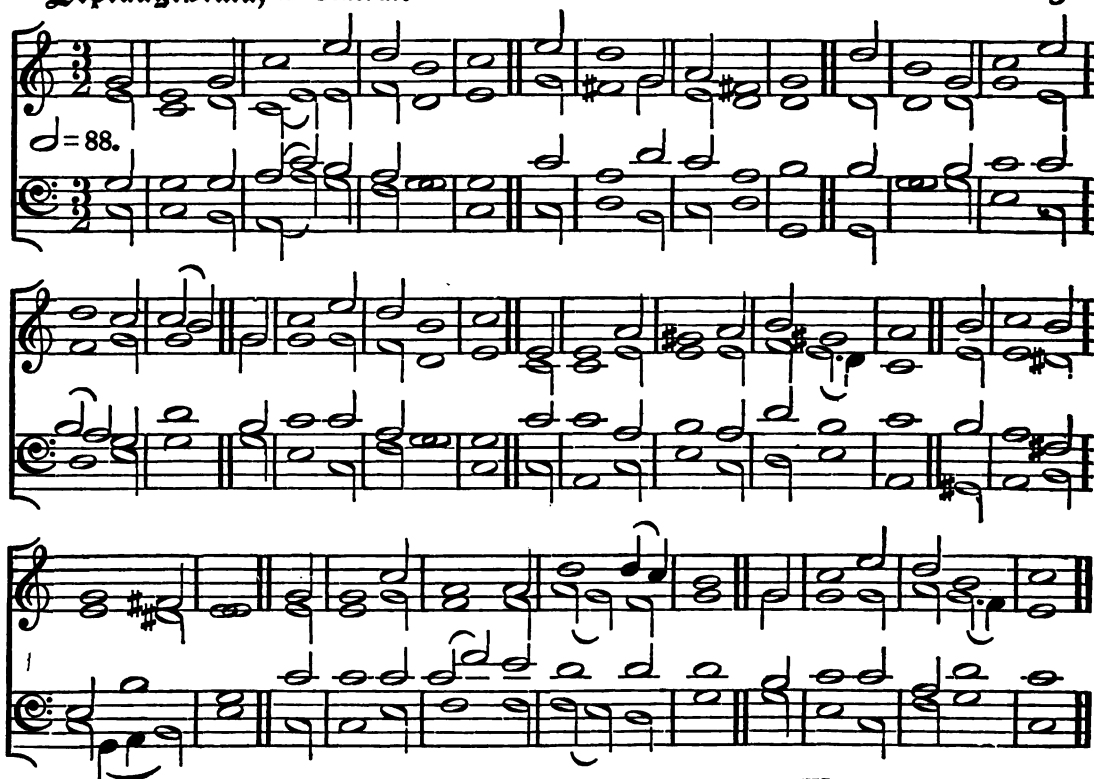
VI.

p Thou, Who hast giv'n me eyes to see—
And love this sight so fair,
crs. Give me a heart to find out Thee,
f And read Thee everywhere.

I SING TH' ALMIGHTY POWER OF GOD.

Septuagesima, or General.

No. 85.



I.

f I sing th' Almighty pow'r of God,
That made the mountains rise,
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.

mf I sing the wisdom that ordained
The sun to rule the day;
cres. The moon shines full at His command,
And all the stars obey.

II.

f I sing the goodness of the LORD,
That filled the earth with food;
He formed the creatures with His word,
And then pronounced them good.

p LORD, how Thy wonders are displayed,
Where'er I turn my eye!
cres. If I survey the ground I tread,
Or gaze upon the sky,

III.

mf There's not a plant or flow'r below,
But makes Thy glories known;
And clouds arise and tempests blow,
By order from Thy throne.

p Thy creatures, num'rous as they be,
Are subject to Thy care:
cres. There's not a place where we can flee,
But God is present there.

IV.

f In heaven He shines with beams of love,
With wrath in hell beneath;
'Tis on His earth I stand or move,
And 'tis His air I breathe.

mf His hand is my perpetual guard;
He keeps me with His eye:
f Why should I then forget the LORD,
Who is for ever nigh?

THE LORD, HE GAVE THE WORD!

Septuagesima, or General.

No. 86.



I.

f THE LORD, He gave the Word!
mf The Void quick heard the sound,
 And Matter straight from nothing rose,
 Fast riveted in dead repose,
 Till rings a voice around:
f Light beams afar!
 Sun, moon, and star!
 Lo! in the rear
 See Man appear,
 Thrice noble form! God's image dear!

II.

f The LORD, He gave the Word!
mf Loud rose the preachers' cry!
 The heathen tremble at the tone,
 And Satan shudders on his throne;
 The powers of darkness fly!
f Each idol stoops;
 All evil droops;
 No foes remain;
 The LORD doth reign;
 The world is His from mount to plain.

III.

f The LORD, He gave the Word!
 The sound is heard within:
p Soft steals the SAVIOUR to the heart,
 To calm and cure the bleeding smart,
 And blot away its sin:
f Then rend the skies
 With pealing cries!
 High songs of praise
 Triumphant raise!
 The Lord extol to endless days!

GOOD LORD! WHO HAST THE WEIGHTY WOES.

Seragesima, or General.

No. 87.



I.

p GOOD LORD, Who hast the weighty woes
Of galling trial borne,
cres. Regard Thy servants' bitter throes,
While wrestling with their cruel foes,
p Dejected, wasted, worn.

IV.

Vouchsafe us patience, loving LORD,
To ease this mortal strife;
Oh! utter forth Thy sovereign word,
That Cherubim may sheathe the sword,
Which guards the Tree of Life.

II.

Remember that once happy spot,
Within whose tainted pale
The serpent, jealous at their lot,
Contrived to fix a lasting blot
On man and woman frail.

V.

mf Grant us to eat its golden fruits,
And drink the living stream,
That washes by its holy roots,
As high it lifts its healing shoots,
To greet the heavenly beam.

III.

Thus lost, O woman's Holy Seed,
When comes the Tempter nigh,
Confound his counsel, thwart his deed,
Left we, his fallen victims, bleed,
And 'neath his rancour die.

VI.

f May we, our race of trial run,
Safe landed on the shore,
Thy glorious triumph now begun,
An Eden lost, an Eden won,
p Find rest for evermore!

ALMIGHTY GOD, THY WORD IS CAST.

Sexagesima, or General.

No. 88.



I.

mf ALMIGHTY GOD, Thy word is cast
Like seed upon the ground :
Oh ! may it grow in humble hearts,
And righteous fruits abound.

III.

Let not the world's deceitful cares
The rising plant destroy,
But may it in obedient minds
Produce the fruits of joy.

II.

Let not the foe of CHRIST and man
This holy seed remove ;
But give it root in praying souls
To bring forth fruits of love..

IV.

p Let not Thy word, in mercy sent
To raise us to Thy throne,
Return to Thee, and sadly tell,
That we reject Thy Son.

V.

f Great GOD ! come down, and on Thy word
Thy mighty pow'r bestow,
That all who hear the joyful sound
Thy saving grace may know.

LO! STEALS APACE THE WELCOME TIDE.

En tempus acceptabile.

No. 89.

Quinquagesima.



I.

mp Lo! Steals apace the welcome tide,
Sweet safety's dawning hour,
When Mercy's gate will open wide
To catch the mourner's shower.

II.

Then use with ever softened zest
Thy words, thy food, thy sleep;
Check mirth, and with a keener breast
Thy daily vigil keep.

III.

p Let grief, unbofomed from the heart,
On tears, that gushing fall,
Feed sadly, yet, despite the smart,
Approach the JUDGE of all.

IV.

mf With zeal pursue the path that leads
To dwellings cold and rude,
Where droop the poor, where sorrow
bleeds,
And CHRIST is faint for food.

V.

Here, stretching forth a lavish hand,
Let love her wealth outpour;
Consign it to a heavenly land,
Left death should seize the store.

VI.

p LORD, consecrate us all to Thee,
With newly kindled love,
That purer thoughts, where'er we be,
May flame to heav'n above.

VII.

f THREE-ONE, to Thee high praise we give;
Thee widely we proclaim;
Grant we through taintless fast may live,
True warriors for Thy Name.

GRACIOUS SPIRIT, HOLY GHOST.

Quinquagesima, or General.

1 Cor. xiii.

No. 90.



I.

p GRACIOUS SPIRIT! HOLY GHOST!
Taught by Thee, we covet most
cres. Of Thy gifts at Pentecost
p Holy, heav'nly Love.

II.

p Faith, that mountains could remove,
Tongues of earth, or Heav'n above,
cres. Knowledge, all things, empty prove
p Without heav'nly Love.

III.

p Though I as a martyr bleed,
Give my goods the poor to feed,
cres. All is vain if Love I need:
p Therefore give me Love.

IV.

pp Love is kind, and suffers long,
Love is meek, and thinks no wrong,
cres. Love, than death itself more strong:
p Therefore give us Love.

V.

p Prophecy will fade away,
Melting in the light of day;
cres. Love will ever with us stay:
p Therefore give us Love.

VI.

p Faith will vanish into sight;
Hope be emptied in delight:
cres. Love in Heav'n will shine more bright:
p Therefore give us Love.

VII.

mf Faith, and Hope, and Love we see,
Joining hand in hand, agree:
cres. But the greatest of the three,
f And the best, is Love.

. Transposed a note lower, this Melody may be sung in Unison.

THE SOLEMN TIME OF HOLY FAST.

Solemne nos jejunii.

No. 91.

Lent.



I.

p THE solemn time of holy fast
To mourning sadly calls:
Lo! weeps the priest! with tearful cries
Resound the temple walls.

II.

In vain ascend the tones of grief,
God's angered ear to seek,
Unless the language of the soul
An inward sorrow speak.

III.

In vain the sprinkled ashes fall,
The robe is rent in vain,
Unless the broken heart is torn
With wounds of keenest pain.

IV.

pp Then let us kneel in deepest woe
To stay the wrath of God!
Who, knowing all our guilty deeds,
Uplifts His threat'ning rod.

V.

p O righteous Judge! our Father, Friend!
To punishment be flow;
Vouchsafe us time to mend our lives;
Repentant hearts bestow.

VI.

cres. Blest THREE in ONE! Great ONE in THREE!
Grant us, Thy suffer'ing race,
To reap from these, our lowly fasts,
f Undying fruits of grace.

FORTY DAYS AND FORTY NIGHTS.

Lent.

No. 92.



I.

p FORTY days and forty nights
Thou wast wand'ring in the wild;
Forty days and forty nights
Fasting, tempted, undefiled.

II.

Sunbeams scorching all the day;
Chilly dewdrops nightly shed;
Prowling beasts about Thy way:
Stones Thy pillow, earth Thy bed.

III.

mf Shall we not some hardship bear,
From the joys of earth abstain,
Fasting with unceasing prayer,
Glad with Thee to suffer pain?

IV.

Then if Satan with his wiles
Flesh or spirit shall assail,
Armed against his frowns and smiles,
May we never faint nor fail!

V.

p Holy peace and truth divine,
Joy and gladness, light and love,
Shall like angels round us shine,
Precious tokens from above.

VI.

cresc. Keep us, then, O SAVIOUR dear,
f Ever constant by Thy side,
That with Thee we may appear
Glorious at our Easter-tide.

MY GOD, MY GOD, MY LIGHT, MY LOVE.

Lent, or General.

No. 93.



I.

mf My God, my God, my Light, my Love,
Mine all in all to me,
Wilt Thou a gracious FATHER prove
To souls that hang on Thee?

II.

My God, my God, my Light, my Love,
For Thee I thirst alone;
The sweetest waters on the earth
My soul accounts as none.

III.

p My God, my God, my Light, my Love, *mf* My God, my God, my Light, my Love,
Mine only, only Friend,
I seek, I long, I look for Thee:
Why wilt Thou not attend?

IV.

My God, my God, my Light, my Love,
Oh! whither art Thou gone?
Either be near unto me here,
Or lift me to Thy Throne.

V.

My God, my God, my Light, my Love,
Canst Thou that soul forsake,
That follows Thee with restless cries,
And longs to overtake?

VI.

mf My God, my God, my Light, my Love,
Come, come, with me abide;
Rejoice me with Thy presence, LORD;
I know no joy beside.

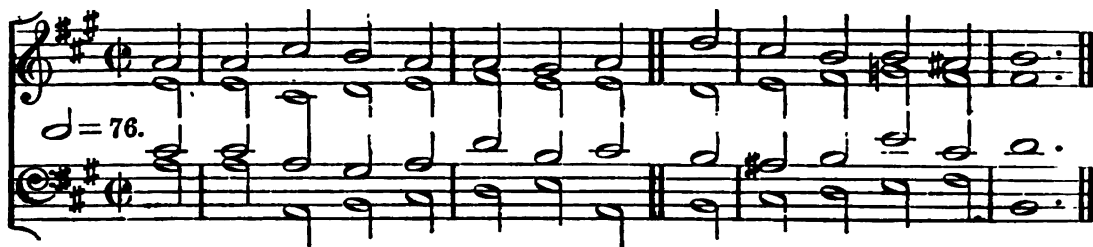
VII.

p My God, my God, my Light, my Love,
Hear Thou my mournful cry:
cres. The God of Love hears from above;
He will not see me die.

COME, LET US TO THE LORD OUR GOD.

Lent. or General.

No. 94.



I.

mp COME, let us to the LORD our GOD
With contrite hearts return ;
Our GOD is gracious, nor will leave
The desolate to mourn.

IV.

Our hearts, if GOD we seek to know,
Shall know Him and rejoice ;
His coming like the morn shall be,
Like morning songs His voice.

II.

His voice commands the tempest forth,
And stills the stormy wave ;
And though His arm be strong to smite,
'Tis also strong to save.

V.

p As dew upon the tender herb,
Diffusing fragrance round ;
As show'rs that usher in the spring,
And cheer the thirsty ground :

III.

mf The night of sorrow long hath reigned ;
The dawn shall bring us light ;
For GOD appears, and we shall rise
With gladness in His fight.

VI.

f So shall His presence bless our souls,
And shed a joyful light ;
That hallowed morn shall chase away
The sorrows of the night.

IN THE HOUR OF TRIAL.

Lent, or General.

No. 95.



I.

p IN the hour of trial,
 JESUS, pray for me,
cres. Left by base denial
 I depart from Thee ;
p When Thou seest me waver,
 With a look recall,
cres. Nor for fear or favor
 Suffer me to fall.

II.

mf With forbidden pleasures
 Would this vain world charm ;
 Or its sordid treasures
 Spread to work me harm ;
p Bring to my remembrance
 Sad Gethsemane,
 Or, in darker semblance,
 Cross-crowned Calvary.

III.

mf Should Thy mercy send me
 Sorrow, toil, and woe ;
 Or should pain attend me
 On my path below ;
 Grant that I may never
 Fail Thy hand to see ;
 Grant that I may ever
 Cast my care on Thee.

IV.

p When my last hour cometh,
 Fraught with strife and pain ;
 When my dust returneth
 To the dust again ;
cres. On Thy truth relying,
 Through that mortal strife,
pp JESUS, take me dying
 To eternal life.

FROM LOWEST DEPTHS OF WOE.

Lent, or General.

Psalms 130.

No. 96.



I.

p FROM lowest depths of woe
To God I sent my cry :
cres. LORD, hear my supplicating voice,
And graciously reply.

II.

Should'st Thou severely judge,
Who can the trial bear ?
But Thou forgiv'st, lest we despond,
And quite renounce Thy fear.

III.

My soul with patience waits
For Thee, the living LORD ;
My hopes are on Thy promise built,
And never-failing word.

IV.

My longing eyes look out
For Thy enliv'ning ray,
More duly than the morning watch
To spy the dawning day.

V.

f Let Israel trust in God,
No bounds His mercy knows :
The plenteous source and spring, from
whence
Eternal succour flows ;

VI.

Whose friendly streams to us
Supplies in want convey :
A healing spring, a spring to cleanse,
And wash our guilt away.

WHEN OUR HEADS ARE BOWED WITH WOE.

Lent, or General.

No. 97.



I.

p WHEN our heads are bowed with woe,
When our bitter tears o'erflow,
When we mourn the lost, the dear,
cres. Gracious SON of Mary, hear !

IV.

pp Thou hast bowed the dying head ;
Thou the blood of life hast shed ;
Thou hast filled a mortal bier ;
cres. Gracious SON of Mary, hear !

II.

p Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn ;
Thou our mortal griefs hast borne ;
Thou hast shed the human tear ;
cres. Gracious SON of Mary, hear !

V.

p When the heart is sad within,
With the thought of all its sin ;
When the spirit shrinks with fear,
cres. Gracious SON of Mary, hear !

III.

p When the fullen death-bell tolls
For our own departed souls !
When our final doom is near,
cres. Gracious SON of Mary, hear !

VI.

p Thou the shame, the grief hast known,
Though the sins were not Thine Own :
Thou hast deigned their load to bear :
cres. Gracious SON of Mary, hear !

O LORD, TURN NOT THY FACE FROM ME.

Lent, or General.

No. 98.



I.

p O LORD, turn not Thy face from me,
Who lie in woeful state,
Lamenting all my sinful life
Before Thy mercy-gate;
A gate which opens wide to those
That do lament their fin;
cres. Shut not that gate against me, LORD,
But let me enter in.

II.

p And call me not to strict account,
How I have sojourned here;
For then my guilty conscience knows
How vile I shall appear.
So come I to Thy mercy-gate,
Where mercy doth abound,
Imploring pardon for my fin,
To heal my deadly wound.

III.

mf Good LORD, I mercy, mercy ask,
This is the total sum;
For mercy, LORD, is all my suit:
LORD, let Thy mercy come!
f To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
The God, Whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

O WILT THOU PARDON, LORD.

Τῶν ἁμαρτιῶν μου τὴν πληθύν.

Lent, or General.

No. 99.



I.

p O WILT Thou pardon, LORD,
A sinner such as I,
Although Thy book his crimes record
Of such a crimson dye?

II.

p So deep are they engraved!
So terrible their fear!
The righteous scarcely shall be saved,
And where shall I appear?

III.

mf My soul, make all things known
To Him, Who all things sees:
That so the LAMB may yet atone
For thine iniquities.

IV.

p O Thou Physician blest,
Make clean my guilty soul,
And me, by many a sin oppressed,
Restore, and keep me whole.

V.

f I know not how to praise
Thy mercy and Thy love;
But deign Thy servant to upraise,
And I shall learn above.

HAVE MERCY, LORD, ON ME.

Lent, or General.

Psalms 51.

No. 100.



I.

p HAVE mercy, LORD, on me,
As Thou wert ever kind;
Let me, oppressed with loads of guilt,
Thy wonted mercy find.

IV.

Withdraw not Thou Thy help,
Nor cast me from Thy fight,
Nor let Thy HOLY SPIRIT take
Its everlasting flight.

II.

mf Wash off my foul offence,
And cleanse me from my sin;
For I confess my crime, and see
How great my guilt has been.

V.

mf The joy Thy favour gives
Let me again obtain;
And Thy free SPIRIT's firm support
My fainting soul sustain.

III.

p A broken spirit is
By God most highly prized;
By Him a broken, contrite heart
Shall never be despised.

VI.

f To GOD, the FATHER, SON,
And SPIRIT, glory be;
As was, and is, and shall be so,
To all eternity.

LORD, WHEN WE BEND BEFORE THY THRONE.

Lent, or General.

No. 101.



I.

mp LORD, when we bend before Thy throne,
And our confessions pour,
Teach us to feel the sins we own,
And hate what we deplore.

III.

cres. When we disclose our wants in prayer,
May we our wills resign;
And not a thought our bosom share,
Which is not wholly Thine.

II.

p Our broken spirits, pitying, see,
And penitence impart;
Then let a kindling glance from Thee
Beam hope upon the heart.

IV.

Let faith each meek petition fill,
And waft it to the skies;
And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still,
That grants it or denies.

V.

f When our responsive tongues essay
Their grateful hymns to raise,
Grant that our souls may join the lay,
And mount to Thee in praise.

THERE IS A FOUNTAIN, FILLED WITH BLOOD.

Lent, or General.

No. 102.



I.

mf THERE is a Fountain, filled with blood,
 Drawn from EMMANUEL's veins;
 And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
 Lose all their guilty stains.

III.

p O LAMB of GOD! Thy precious Blood
 Shall never lose its power,
 Till all the ransomed Church of God
 Be saved, to sin no more.

II.

The dying thief rejoiced to see
 That Fountain in his day;
 And there may I, as well as he,
 Wash all my sins away.

IV.

mf E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
 Thy flowing wounds supply,
 Redeeming love has been my theme,
 And shall be till I die.

V.

f Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
 I'll sing Thy power to save,
dim. When this poor, lisping, stammering tongue
p Lies silent in the grave.

JESUS, CAST A LOOK ON ME.

No. 103.

Lent, or General.



I.

p JESUS, cast a look on me ;
Give me sweet simplicity :
Make me poor, and keep me low,
Seeking only Thee to know ;

II.

cres. Weanèd from my lordly self ;
Weanèd from the miser's pelf ;
Weanèd from the scorner's ways ;
Weanèd from the lust of praise.

III.

All that feeds my busy pride,
Cast it evermore aside ;
dim. Bid my will to Thine submit ;
Lay me humbly at Thy feet.

IV.

p Make me like a little child,
Of my strength and wisdom spoiled,
Seeing only in Thy light,
Walking only in Thy might ;

V.

pp Leaning on Thy loving breast,
Where a weary soul may rest ;
Feeling well the peace of God,
Flowing from Thy precious blood.

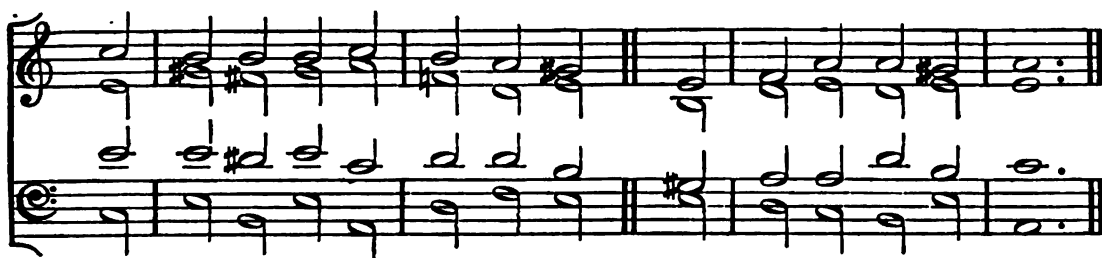
VI.

mf In this posture let me live,
And hosannas daily give :
In this temper let me die,
f And hosannas ever cry !

WHEN RISING FROM THE BED OF DEATH.

Lent. or General.

No. 104.



I.

mf WHEN rising from the bed of death,
O'erwhelmed with guilt and fear,
I see my Maker face to face,
p O how shall I appear!

II.

mf If yet, while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be sought,
My heart with inward horror shrinks,
And trembles at the thought.

III.

When Thou, O LORD, shalt stand disclosed
In majesty severe,
And sit in judgment on my soul,
p O how shall I appear!

IV.

mf But Thou hast told the troubled soul,
Who does her sins lament,
The timely tribute of her tears
Shall endless woe prevent.

V.

p Then see the sorrows of my heart,
Ere yet it be too late,
And add my SAVIOUR's dying groans,
To give those sorrows weight.

VI.

f For never shall my soul despair
Her pardon to procure,
Who knows Thy only SON has died
To make that pardon sure.

GOD, MY FATHER, HEAR ME PRAY.

Lent, or General.

No. 105.



I.

mf GOD, my FATHER, hear me pray,
Wash my crimson guilt away;
Wretched, helpless, lost, undone,
Hear me for Thy blessed Son.
p LORD, unnumbered sins are mine,
cres. But eternal love is Thine.

II.

p GOD, my SAVIOUR, look on me;
All my guilt I cast on Thee!
Give my troubled spirit peace;
Bid my fears and sorrows cease.
p LORD, unnumbered sins are mine,
cres. But eternal love is Thine.

III.

mf GOD my Comforter, my Light,
Strengthen me with holy might,
Make Thy dwelling in my heart;
Faith, and joy, and hope impart.
p LORD, unnumbered sins are mine,
cres. But eternal love is Thine.

IV.

f Blessed, glorious Trinity!
Holy, everlasting THREE!
p Hear, O hear my earnest prayer,
And my soul for heaven prepare.
LORD, unnumbered sins are mine,
cres. But eternal love is Thine.

SAVIOUR, WHEN IN DUST TO THEE.

Lent, or General.

No. 106.



I.

p SAVIOUR, when in dust to Thee
 Low we bend th' adoring knee;
 When repentant to the skies
 Scarce we lift our weeping eyes;
p cres. Oh! by all Thy pains and woe,
 Suffered once for man below,
 Bending from Thy Throne on high,
pp Hear our solemn Litany!

II.

p By Thy helpless infant years,
 By Thy life of want and tears,
 By Thy days of sore distress
 In the savage wilderness;
 By the dread mysterious hour,
 Of th' insulting Tempter's power;
 Turn, oh! turn a favouring eye;
pp Hear our solemn Litany!

III.

p By the threatenings of despair;
 By Thine agony of prayer;
 By the cross, the nail, the thorn,
 Piercing spear, and torturing scorn;
 By the gloom that filled the skies,
 O'er the dreadful Sacrifice;
 Listen to our humble cry;
pp Hear our solemn Litany!

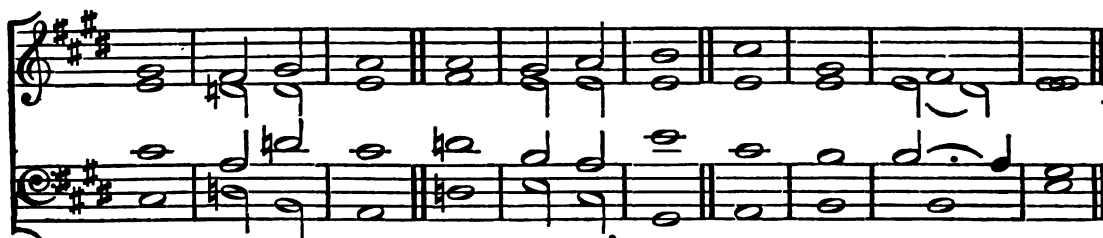
IV.

p By Thy deep expiring groan;
 By the sad sepulchral stone;
 By the vault, whose dark abode
 Held in vain the rising God;
cres. Oh! from earth to heaven restored,
 Mighty re-ascended Lord,
 Listen, listen to the cry
pp Of our solemn Litany!

HEAR ME, O GOD!

No. 107.

Lent, or General.



I.

p HEAR me, O GOD!
A broken heart
Is my best part;
Ufc still Thy rod,
That I may prove
Therein Thy love.

II.

mf If Thou hadst not
Been stern to me,
But left me free,
I had forgot
Myself and Thee,
In vanity.

III.

For sin's so sweet,
As minds ill bent
Rarely repent,
Until they meet
Their punishment
With bosoms rent.

IV.

p Who more can crave
Than Thou hast done,
That gav'st a Son
To free a slave,
First made of nought,
With all since bought?

V.

f Sin, death, and hell,
His glorious Name
Quite overcame;
Yet I rebel,
And slight the same,
And quench His flame.

VI.

p But I'll come in
Before my loss
Me farther tofs,
cres. As sure to win
Through that blest Tree,
That shelters me.

LORD, IN THIS THY MERCY'S DAY.

Lent, or General.

No. 108.



I.

p LORD, in this Thy mercy's day,
cres. Ere it pass for aye away,
dim. On our knees we fall and pray.

IV.

p By Thy night of agony,
By Thy supplicating cry,
By Thy willingness to die,

II.

Holy Jesu, grant us tears,
Fill us with heart-searching fears,
Ere that awful doom appears.

V.

By Thy tears of bitter woe
For Jerusalem below,
Let us not Thy love forego.

III.

mf LORD, on us Thy Spirit pour,
Kneeling lowly at the door,
dim. Ere it close for evermore.

VI.

mf Grant us 'neath Thy wings a place,
Lest we lose this day of grace,
cres. Ere we shall behold Thy face.

/s

K

IN THE HOUR OF MY DISTRESS.

Lent, or General.

No. 109.



I.

p In the hour of my distress,
When temptations me oppress,
And when I my sins confess,
pp Sweet SPIRIT, comfort me.

II.

p When I lie within my bed,
Sick in heart, and sick in head,
And with doubts discomfited,
pp Sweet SPIRIT, comfort me.

III.

p When the house doth sigh and weep,
And the world is drowned in sleep,
Yet mine eyes the watch do keep,
pp Sweet SPIRIT, comfort me.

IV.

p When the Judgment is revealed,
And that opened which was sealed,
When to Thee I have appealed,
pp Sweet SPIRIT, comfort me.

HEAL ME, O MY SAVIOUR, HEAL.

Lent, or General.

No. 110.



I.

p HEAL me, O my SAVIOUR, heal ;
Heal me as I suppliant kneel ;
cres. Heal me, and my pardon seal.

III.

mf Thou the true Physician art ;
Thou, O CHRIST, canst health impart,
Binding up the bleeding heart.

II.

p Fresh the wounds that sin hath made ;
Hear the prayers I oft have prayed,
And in mercy send me aid.

IV.

Other comforters are gone ;
Thou canst heal, and Thou alone :
Thou for all my sin atone.

V.

p Heal me, then, my SAVIOUR, heal ;
Heal me as I suppliant kneel ;
cres. To Thy mercy I appeal.

ART THOU WEARY? ART THOU LANGUID?

Lent, or General.

Κόπον τε καὶ νάμαρον.

No. III.



I.

p ART thou weary? art thou languid?
cres. Art thou sore distressed?
mf "Come to Me," faith One, "and coming,
p "Be at rest!"

II.

p Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
cres. If He be my Guide?
p "In His feet and hands are wound-prints,
 "And His side."

III.

p Is there diadem, as Monarch,
cres. That His brow adorns?
mf "Yea, a crown, in very surety,
p "But of thorns."

IV.

p If I find Him, if I follow,
cres. What His guerdon here?
p "Many a sorrow, many a labor,
 "Many a tear."

V.

p If I still hold closely to Him,
cres. What hath He at last?
mf "Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
 "Jordan past."

VI.

p If I ask Him to receive me,
cres. Will He say me nay?
mf "Not till earth, and not till heaven
 "Pass away."

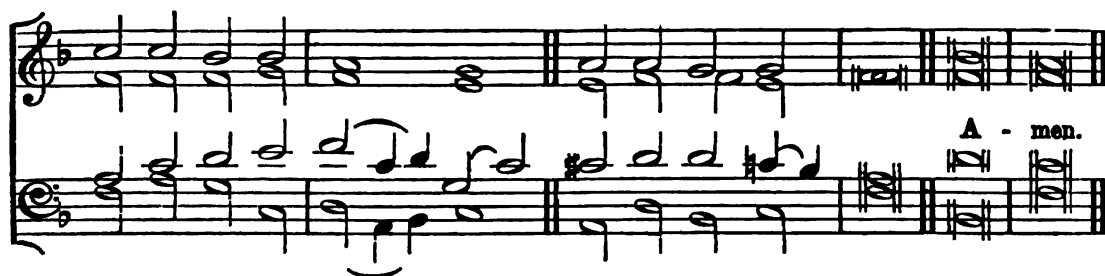
VII.

p Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
cres. Is He sure to bless?
mf "Angels, Martyrs, Prophets, Virgins,
f "Answer, 'Yes.'"

WHERE THE MOURNER WEEPING.

Lent, or General.

No. 112.



I.

p WHERE the mourner weeping
Sheds the secret tear,
God His watch is keeping,
Though none else be near.

IV.

p When in grief we languish,
He will dry the tear,
Who His children's anguish
Soothes with succor near.

II.

mf He will never leave thee;
All thy wants He knows,
Feels the pains that grieve thee,
Sees thy hidden woes.

V.

cres. All our woe and sadness
In this world below,
Balance not the gladness,
We in Heav'n shall know.

III.

Raise thine eyes to Heaven
When thy spirits quail,
When, by tempests driven,
Heart and courage fail.

VI.

p JESU, holy SAVIOUR,
cres. In the realms above,
Crown us with Thy favor,
f Fill us with Thy love.

THE KINGLY BANNERS ONWARD STREAM.

Vexilla Regis prodeunt.

Passion Sunday.

No. 113.



I.

mf THE kingly banners onward stream,
And shines the Cross with mystic beam,
Where man's Creator, born to save,
His mortal flesh for mortals gave.

IV.

mf The tree so fair, so bright, so blest,
In royal purple richly drest,
Is chosen from a precious seed,
To bear those sacred Limbs that bleed.

II.

p There wounded sore doth He appear,
Deep stricken by the pointed spear,
Outpouring water mixed with blood,
That He might wash us in the flood.

V.

p Thy Cross, dear LORD, our only stay,
We hail on this Thy Passion Day!
In holy hearts Thy grace increase,
And sinners from their guilt release.

III.

cres. Fulfilled is that which Prophets sung!
The Cross, whereon the SAVIOUR hung,
The mark for scorn, the bed of pain,
f Is now a throne, whence CHRIST doth reign.

VI.

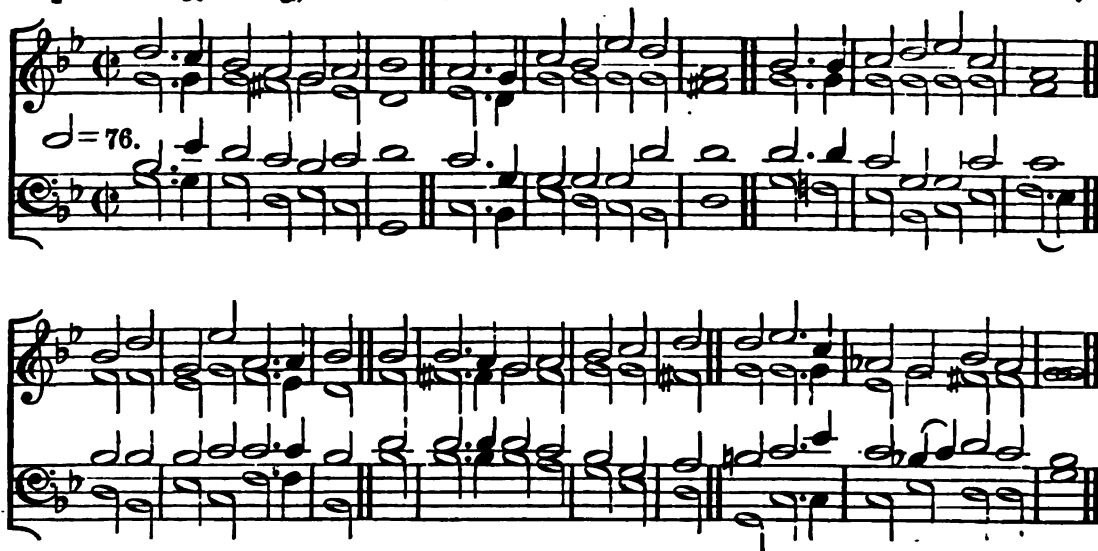
f Eternal THREE, great GOD most high,
Let all that breathe Thy praises cry!
Whom Thy mysterious Cross hath won,
Rule Thou while countless ages run.

FROM THE DEEPS OF GRIEF AND FEAR.

From Psalm 130.

Passion Sunday, or General.

No. 114.



I.

p FROM the deeps of grief and fear,
 LORD, to Thee my soul repairs :
 From Thy heav'n bow down Thine ear ;
 Let Thy mercy meet my prayers.
cres. Oh ! if Thou mark'st what's done amiss,
 What soul so pure can see Thy bliss ?

III.

p As a watchman waits for day,
 Looks for light, and looks again ;
 When the night grows old and gray,
 For relief he calls amain :
f So look, so wait, so long, mine eyes,
 To see my LORD, my Sun, arise !

II.

mf But with Thee sweet mercy stands,
 Sealing pardons, working fear :
 Wait, my soul, wait on His hands ;
 Wait, mine eye ; oh ! wait mine ear :
cres. If He His eye, or tongue affords,
 Watch all His looks, catch all His words.

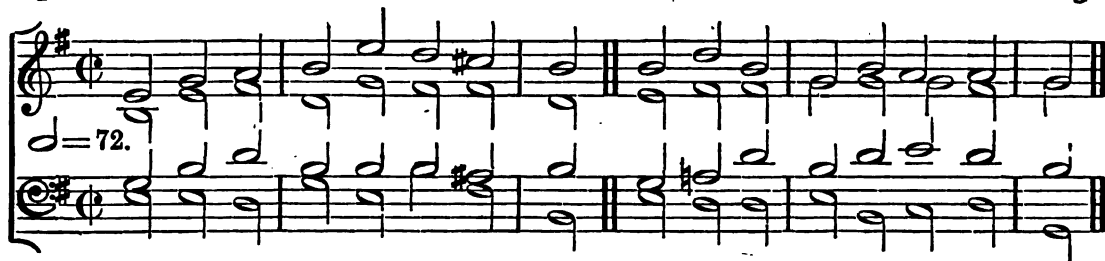
IV.

p Wait ye faints, wait on our LORD ;
 From His tongue sweet mercy flows ;
 Wait upon His Cross, His Word ;
 On that tree Redemption grows :
f He will redeem His Israel
 From sin and wrath, and death and hell.

WHEN AT THY FOOTSTOOL, LORD, I BEND.

Passion Sunday, or General.

No. 115.



I.

IV.

p WHEN at Thy footstool, LORD, I bend, *mf* O think upon Thy holy Word,
And plead with Thee for mercy there, And every plighted promise there;
Think of the sinner's dying Friend, How prayer should evermore be heard,
And for His sake receive my prayer. And how Thy glory is, to spare.

II.

V.

O think not of my shame and guilt, *p* O think not of my doubts and fears,
My thousand stains of deepest dye; My strivings with Thy grace divine;
Think of the blood which Jesus spilt, But think on Jesus's woes and tears,
And let that blood my pardon buy. And let His merits stand for mine.

III.

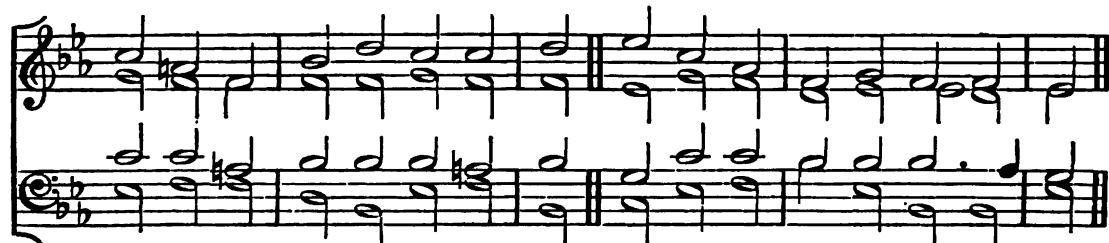
VI.

Think, LORD, how I am still Thy Own, *mf* Thine eye, Thine ear, they are not dull;
The trembling creature of Thy hand; Thine arm can never shortened be;
Think how my heart to sin is prone, Behold me here, my heart is full;
And what temptations round me stand. Behold and spare, and succour me!

WAKE, O MY SOUL! AWAKE AND RAISE.

Passion Sunday, or General.

No. 116.



I.

f WAKE, O my soul! awake and raise
Thine every part to sing His praise,
Who from His sphere of glory fell,
To raise thee up from death and hell:
p See how His soul, vexed for thy sin,
Weeps blood without, feels hell within!

II.

mf Wake, O mine eyes! awake, and view
These two twin lights, whence heavens drew
Their glorious beams, whose gracious sight
Fills you with joy, with life, and light;
p See how, with clouds of sorrow drowned,
They wash with tears thy sinful wound!

III.

mf Wake, O mine ear! awake, and hear
That powerful voice, which fills thy fear,
And brings from heaven those joyful news,
Which heaven commands, which hell subdues;
p Hark! how His ears, heaven's mercy-seat,
Foul slanders with reproaches beat!

IV.

f Wake, O my heart! tune every string!
Wake, O my tongue! awake and sing!
Think not a thought in all thy lays;
Speak not a word but of His praise;
p Tell how His tongue with gall they drowned,
Think how for thee His heart they wound!

RIDE ON! RIDE ON IN MAJESTY!

Palm Sunday, or General.

No. 117.



I.

f Ride on! ride on in majesty!
Hark! all the tribes Hosanna cry!
Thine humble beast pursues his road,
With palms and scattered garments
strowed.

III.

f Ride on! ride on in majesty!
dim. The wingèd squadrons of the sky
Look down with sad and wondering
eyes,
To see th' approaching Sacrifice.

II.

f Ride on! ride on in majesty!
dim. In lowly pomp ride on to die!
cres. O CHRIST, Thy triumphs now begin
f O'er captive death and conquered sin.

IV.

f Ride on! ride on in majesty!
dim. Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh,
cres. The FATHER, on His sapphire throne,
Expects His Own anointed Son.

V.

f Ride on! ride on in majesty!
dim. In lowly pomp ride on to die!
Bow Thy meek Head to mortal pain!
ff Then take, O GOD, Thy power and reign!

WHO COMES FROM EDM, WITH HIS ROBES.

Monday before Easter.

No. 119.



I.

mf Who comes from Edom, with His robes
From Bozrah crimson grained?
f It is the LORD, Who quits the fight;
His robes with blood are stained.

IV.

For Thou the winepress once didst tread,
Weighed down by bitter throes;
The callous people saw the strife,
And left Thee to Thy woes.

II.

mf For us, O CHRIST, that war was waged;
For us that Blood was spilt;
For us Thy vest was purple dyed,
While washing out our guilt.

V.

Our stony heart O take away,
A tender spirit shed,
To weep for Thee, Who wept for us,
To bleed, since Thou hast bled.

III.

p May we in Thine affliction mourn,
As Thou hast mourned in ours!
May we attend Thee in the pangs
Of Thy forsaken hours!

VI.

mf Grant us the bliss of Thy redeemed,
To lean upon Thy breast;
The Angel of Thy Presence send,
p And take us to Thy rest.

OH! IS IT NAUGHT TO YOU THAT TREAD.

Tuesday before Easter.

No. 120.



p I.
OH! is it naught to you that tread
Along this path of sighs and woes,
To see a weary, guiltless Head
A mark for angry, taunting foes?

II.
The cheeks, where tears have set their trace,
Await the hands that pluck the hair;
From shame He hideth not His Face;
What wrong too vile for scorn to dare!

III.
His back receives the cruel blow;
The ploughers make their furrows long;
Scant pity do the smiters know:
His Frame is weak, their arms are strong.

pp IV.
Why, bleeding LAMB? why wounded thus?
Was ever sorrow like to Thine?
Oh! 'tis Thy FATHER's love to us,
That pours on Thee His wrath divine.

V.
Though angels weep, they start not up;
Thou cravest succour; there is none:
"My FATHER, take away this cup!
Yet not My will, but Thine be done!"

p VI.
Good LORD! we suffer in Thy woes;
Our tears are shed to swell Thine Own;
When Thou art scourged, we feel the blows;
When anguished, echo back Thy groan.

VII.
While thus we share Thy bitter pangs,
In all Thy travails sore distressed,
In hope on Thee our spirit hangs
To reach with Thee our Easter rest.

O MOURN, THOU RIGID STONE!

Lugete dura marmora!

Wednesday before Easter.

No. 121.



I.

mf O mourn, thou rigid stone,
Ye rocks, let tears arise,
O lights celestial, moan,
Ye winds, break forth in sighs!
dim. Behold earth's GLORY sinking fast:
p For love of man He breathes His last!

II.

mf O Sacrifice sublime
To love's resistless power!
p He dies! oh, cruel crime!
Dark fight! oh, bitter hour!
cres. What mortal could conceive the thought?
For sinners God to death is brought!

III.

p Those pangs that love hath borne,
In anguish will I weep;
My sins so grievous mourn,
The cause of woe so deep:
cres. The mercy of that woe and love
My soul to love and woe shall move.

IV.

mf Go, Sion, go and see,
From honored Jesse born,
Thy King abased for thee,
And crowned with cruel thorn!
p Thy Bridegroom wail with flowing eyes,
pp Now slain beneath the darkened skies.

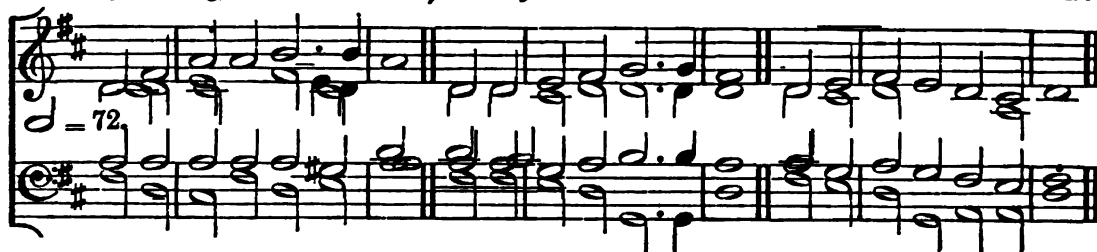
V.

mf What force of love there glows
In Jesus as He dies!
How sore the stress of woes,
As suff'ring all He lies!
p Then mourn, unless thy heart is stone;
cres. Return His love with all thine own.

ACCORDING TO THY GRACIOUS WORD.

Thursday before Easter, or Holy Communion.

No. 122.



I.

mf ACCORDING to Thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying LORD,
p I will remember Thee.

II.

mf Thy Body, broken for my sake,
My Bread from Heaven shall be;
Thy testamental cup I take,
p And thus remember Thee.

III.

p Gethsemane can I forget,
Or there Thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
pp And not remember Thee?

IV.

p When to the Cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my sacrifice!
I must remember Thee.

V.

mf Remember Thee, and all Thy pains,
And all Thy love to me;
f Yes, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember Thee.

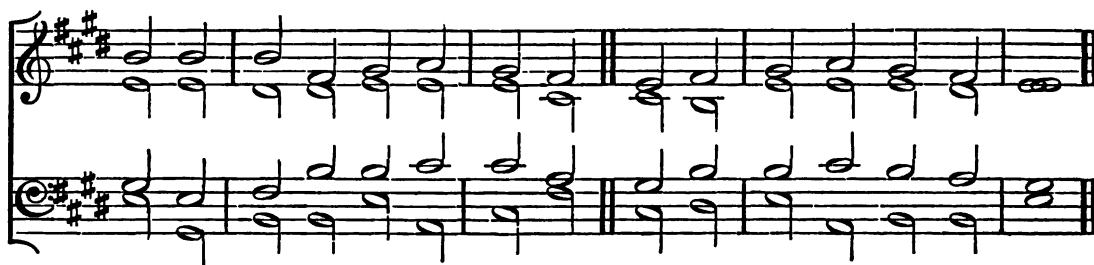
VI.

p And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
When Thou shalt in Thy Kingdom come
pp Good LORD, remember me!

SWEET THE MOMENTS, RICH IN BLESSING.

Good Friday.

No. 123.



I.

mp SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the Crofs I spend ;
Life, and health, and peace poffeffing,
From the finner's dying Friend.

· III.

mp Truly bleffed is this ftation ;
Low before the Crofs to lie ;
When I fee Divine compaffion.
Floating in His languid eye.

II.

mf Here I'll fit, for ever viewing
Mercy's ftreams in ftreams of blood ;
Precious drops, my foul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with GOD.

IV.

cres. Here it is I find my heavèn,
While upon the Lamb I gaze ;
Loving much for much forgiven,
Ever refting on His grace.

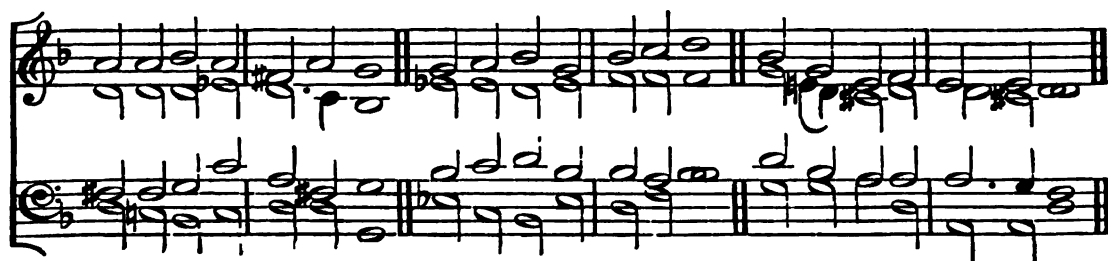
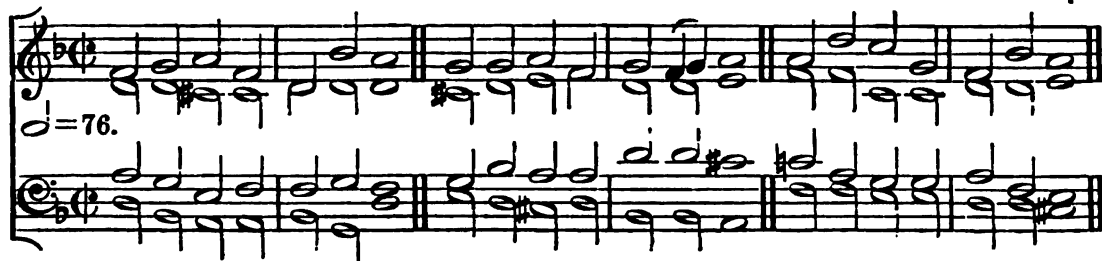
V.

p Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears His feet I'll bathe ;
Conftant ftill, in faith abiding,
Life deriving from His death.

GO TO DARK GETHSEMANE.

Good Friday.

No. 124.



I.

p GO to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel the Tempter's power ;
cres. Your REDEEMER's conflict see,
dim. Watch with Him one bitter hour ;
cres. Turn not from His griefs away ;
p Learn of Him to watch and pray.

III.

p Calvary's mournful mountain view ;
There the LORD of Glory see,
Made a sacrifice for you,
Dying on th' accursed Tree :
cres. "It is finished !" hear Him cry !
p Learn of JESUS CHRIST to die.

II.

p See Him at the Judgment-hall,
Beaten, bound, reviled, arraigned !
Mark Him meekly bearing all !
Mark the pangs His soul sustained !
cres. Shun not suffering, shame, or loss ;
p Learn of CHRIST to bear the Cross.

IV.

p Early to the tomb repair,
Where they laid His breathless clay ;
Angels keep their vigils there :
Who hath taken Him away ?
f CHRIST is ris'n ! He seeks the skies :
p SAVIOUR, teach us so to rise. *L*

THE CROSS, UPRAISED ON CALVARY'S HEIGHT.

Good Friday.

No. 125.



I.

p THE Cross, upraised on Calv'ry's height,
The dead REDEEMER's bier,
From which the sun withdrew his light,
And hid him as in fear,
cres. No more, O LORD, shall darkly frown,
f But ever shine in mercy down.

II.

p The Marys, round that sacred Wood,
Dissolved in bitter grief,
Dejected, broken-hearted, stood,
Their suff'ring past relief;
We now would kneel in sorrow there;
Do Thou each kneeling sinner spare.

III.

p cres. We cling to that atoning Tree,
Whence we had gone astray,
We rest our earnest hopes on Thee,
O cast us not away!
Thy precious Blood, of nameless price,
Hath flowed our costly Sacrifice.

IV.

mf We love Thee, LORD, our sins forsake;
We plead Thy Blessed Death;
Thy wand'ers to Thy bosom take,
Breathe o'er them living breath;
cres. For Thou hast won them sweet release,
f Thy Cross is pardon, light, and peace.

V.

p Then loathe thyself, disown thy deeds,
cres. As if discarded dross,
Uproot the best like worthless weeds,
Vaunt nothing save the Cross;
f It stood thy staff, thy star on high:
pp Low lay thee by the Cross, and die.

MY GOD, I LOVE THEE, YET MY LOVE.

O Deus, ego amo Te.

Good Friday, or General.

No. 126.



I.

mf MY GOD, I love Thee, yet my love
Springs not from hope of bliss above,
Nor since, who love Thee not, Thine ire
Doth punish with eternal fire.

II.

p THOU JESU, Thou hast on the Tree
In all my guilt embracèd me,
For me hast borne the nails, the spear,
Unmeasured scorn, the burning tear.

III.

Thou hast endured unnumbered woes,
The sweat of blood, the thorns, the throes,
Yea, death itself, and all for me,
That I, a sinner, might be free.

IV.

mf Then why should I not love Thee well?
Thy wondrous love no lip can tell!
It fills the earth, it fills the skies,
It melts the heart, it never dies.

V.

'Tis not for sake of heav'nly joy,
Nor fearing Thou shouldst me destroy,
Not drawn by any hoped reward,
That I would love Thee, gracious LORD:

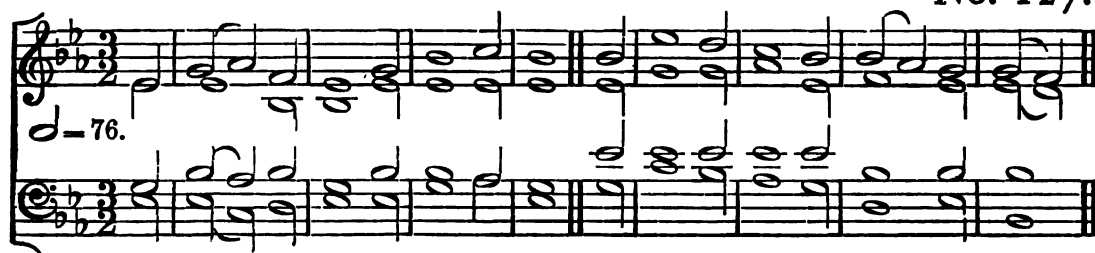
VI.

p But 'tis that Thou first lovedst me,
That I with all my soul love Thee,
cres. And will love Thee, love Thee alone,
f Who art my King, my God, my own.

WHEN I SURVEY THE WONDROUS CROSS.

Good Friday, or General.

No. 127.



I.

p WHEN I survey the wondrous Cross,
On which the PRINCE of GLORY died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

III.

p Behold His head, His hands, His feet !
Flow love and sorrow mingled down !
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?

II.

mf Forbid it, LORD, that I should boast, *cres.* Were all the realm of nature mine,
Save in the death of CHRIST, my GOD :
All those vain things, that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

IV.

That were a present far too small ;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

O SACRED HEAD, NOW WOUNDED.

Good Friday, or General. O Haupt voll Blut und Wunden.

No. 128.



I.

p O SACRED HEAD! now wounded,
With grief and shame weighed down,
Now scornfully surrounded
With thorns, Thine only Crown!
cres. O SACRED HEAD! What glory,
What bliss till now was Thine!
Yet, though despised and gory,
f I joy to call Thee mine.

II.

mf What Thou, my LORD, hast suffered
Was all for sinners' gain:
Mine, mine was the transgression,
But Thine the deadly pain.
Lo! here I fall, my SAVIOUR!
'Tis I deserve Thy place;
cres. Look on me with Thy favor,
Vouchsafe to me Thy grace.

III.

f The joy can ne'er be spoken,
Above all joys beside,
When in Thy Body broken
I thus with safety hide.
dim. LORD of my life, desiring
Thy glory now to see,
Beside Thy Cross expiring,
I'd breathe my soul to Thee.

IV.

p Be near me when I'm dying;
Oh! shew Thy Cross to me;
And to my succour flying,
cres. Come, LORD, and set me free!
p When strength and comfort languish
Amidst the final throes,
Release me from my anguish
By Thine Own pain and woes.

BY THE CROSS, SAD VIGIL KEEPING.

Passion-tide.

Stabat Mater dolorosa.

No. 129.

The musical score is written for two staves, likely representing a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is common time (C). The tempo is marked '♩ = 72'. The score is divided into three systems. The first system contains the first two staves of music. The second system contains the next two staves. The third system contains the final two staves, which end with a double bar line and the text 'A - men.' written below the staff.

I.

p By the Cross, sad vigil keeping,
 Stood the mournful Mother weeping,
 Where her Son in torture hung:
cres. Lo! her soul His anguish sharing,
 Bitter load of sorrow bearing,
 By the sword is pierced and wrung.

II.

p Oh! how sad and sore distressed
 Now was she, that Mother blessed
 Of the sole-begotten One!
cres. How she mourned, how she grieved,
 How with trembling she perceived
 Crushed with woe, her glorious Son!

III.

mf Who, with Jesu's Mother gazing
 On His passion, so amazing,
 Born of woman, would not weep?
p Who, on Jesu's Mother thinking,
 From those horrors never shrinking,
 Would not share her sorrow deep?

IV.

p For His people's sins afflicted,
 She beheld Him bound, convicted,
 Now with thorns and scourges rent;
pp Saw Him as He lingered dying,
 All forlorn, in anguish crying,
 Till His spirit forth He sent.

V.

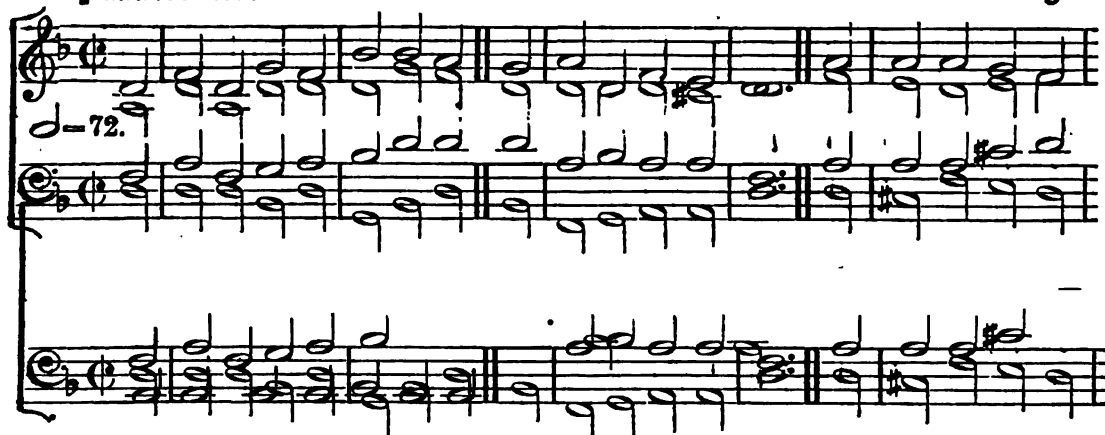
mf Fountain of divine affection,
 May I feel her deep dejection,
 With her griefs in sad accord!
cres. Let my heart, with ardor glowing,
 With Thy love be ever flowing,
 Closely knit to Thee, my LORD!

O'ERWHELMED BENEATH A LOAD OF GRIEF.

Passion-tide.

Servo dolorum turbine.

No. 130.



I.

p O'ERWHELMED beneath a load of grief,
With cruel scorn assailed,
Our dear REDEEMER on the Cross,
In bitter pain is nailed.
Sore wounded, from His hands and feet
Outflows a fount of blood!
His face, His limbs, His breast, are steeped
In that most sacred flood.

II.

He weeps, He prays, He groans, He dies!
His Mother's stricken heart
A ruthless sword hath deeply pierced,
With agonizing smart.
The graves are opened, rocks are rent;
The land, the ocean shake;
The temple's veil is torn in twain:
All hear the cry, and quake.

III.

Sun, moon, and stars withdraw their light;
See startled nature pale!
Then, ransomed sinners, share the woe;
Your SAVIOUR's death bewail.
In mourning stand beneath the Cross;
Anoint those feet so fair;
O bathe them with a flood of tears,
And wipe them with your hair.

IV.

mf Thou, Sacrifice of deathless love,
Hast washed the sinner white,
And by Thy life-imparting blood,
Made us the sons of light.
Then, Jesus, be our peace and joy,
Our life, our precious prize;
Our lamp to lead us on the path,
Our crown above the skies.

WE SING THE PRAISE OF HIM WHO DIED.

Passion-tide, or General.

No. 131.



I.

mf We sing the praise of Him Who died,
Of Him Who died upon the Cross;
The sinner's hope let men deride;
For this we count the world but loss.

III.

f The Cross, it takes our guilt away;
It holds the fainting spirit up;
It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
And sweetens every bitter cup.

II.

Inscribed upon the Cross, we see
The shining letters, "God is love:"
He bears our sins upon the Tree;
He brings us mercy from above.

IV.

It makes the coward spirit brave,
And nerves the feeble arm for fight;
It takes its terror from the grave,
And gilds the bed of death with light.

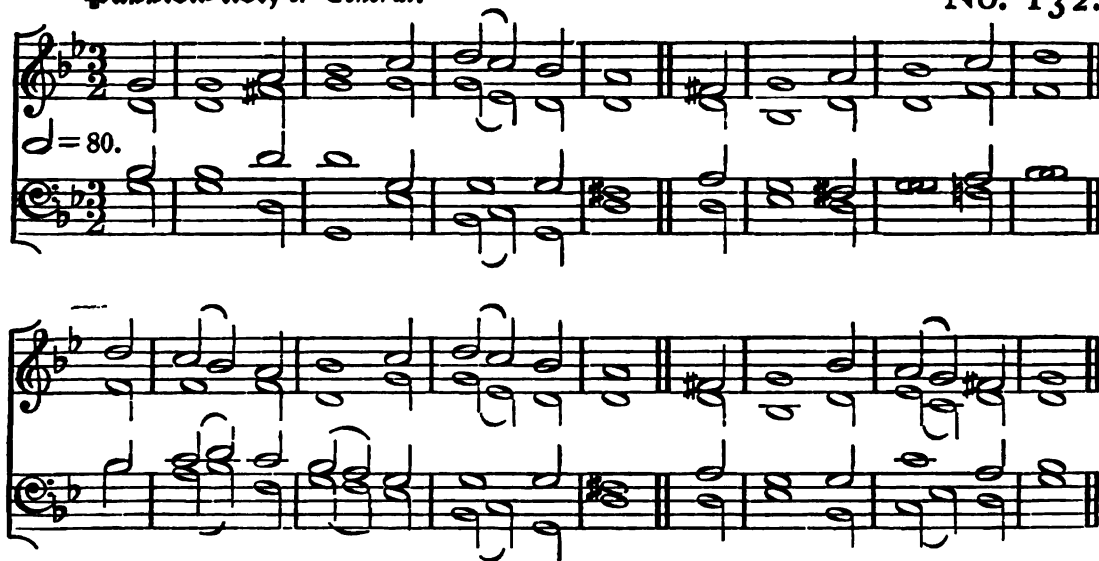
V.

p The balm of life, the cure of woe,
The measure and the pledge of love;
The sinner's refuge here below,
The angels' theme in heaven above.

ALAS! AND DID MY SAVIOUR BLEED?

Passion-tide, or General.

No. 132.



I.

p ALAS! and did my SAVIOUR bleed?
And did my Sovereign die?
Would He devote that sacred Head
For such a worm as I?

III.

mf The sun might well in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When CHRIST, the mighty Maker, died
For man, the creature's sin!

II.

Was it for crimes that I had done,
He groaned upon the Tree?
cres. Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

IV.

p Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While His dear Cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes in tears.

V.

mf But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
cres. Here, LORD, I give myself away:
dim. 'Tis all that I can do.

JESU, MEEK AND LOWLY.

Passion-tide, or General.

No. 133.



I.

p JESU, meek and lowly,
SAVIOUR, pure and holy,
On Thy love relying,
Hear me humbly crying.

IV.

p LORD, Thy wounds are streaming,
Bright with mercy beaming,
Blood for sinners flowing,
Pardon free bestowing.

II.

mf Prince of life and power,
My salvation's tower,
On the Cross I view Thee,
Calling sinners to Thee.

V.

cres. Fountain rich in blessing,
CHRIST's dear love expressing;
Thou my aching sadness
Turnest into gladness.

III.

There behold me gazing
At the sight amazing!
dim. Falling down before Thee,
Helpless I adore Thee.

VI.

p LORD, in mercy guide me,
Be Thou e'er beside me,
cres. In Thy ways direct me,
'Neath Thy wings protect me.

NOT ALL THE BLOOD OF BEASTS.

Passion-tide, or General.

No. 134.



I.

mf NOT all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

III.

p My faith would lay her hand
On that dear Head of Thine,
While, like a penitent, I stand,
And there confess my sin.

II.

f But CHRIST, the heavenly LAMB,
Takes all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.

IV.

My soul looks back to see
The burdens Thou didst bear,
When hanging on the cursed Tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.

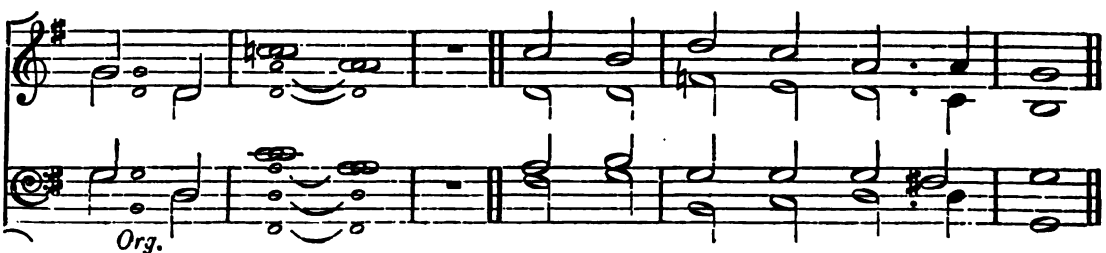
V.

f Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the LAMB with cheerful voice,
And sing His bleeding love.

HARK! THE VOICE OF LOVE AND MERCY.

Passion-tide, or General.

No. 135.



I.

p HARK! the voice of love and mercy
 Sounds aloud from Calvary;
 See! it rends the rocks in funder,
 Shakes the earth, and veils the sky;
f "It is finished!"
p Hear the dying SAVIOUR cry.

II.

f "It is finished!" Oh! what joyance
 Do these wondrous words afford;
 Heavenly blessings, without measure,
 Flow to us from CHRIST the LORD:
 "It is finished!"
 Saints, the dying words record.

III.

mf Finished all the types and shadows
 Of the ceremonial law;
 Finished all that GOD had promised;
 Death and hell no more shall awe:
f "It is finished!"
 Saints, from hence your comfort draw.

IV.

f Tune your harps anew, ye Seraphs!
 Join the triumph to proclaim!
 All on earth, and all in heav'n,
 Join to praise the SAVIOUR's name:
ff Hallelujah!
 Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

GLORY! GLORY! LORD, TO THEE.

Viva! viva! Gesu.

Passion-tide. or General.

No. 136.



I.

p GLORY! glory! LORD, to Thee,
Who for us upon the Tree
Didst, amid the sharpest pains,
Pour Thy blood from streaming veins.

IV.

mf See the blood of Abel rise,
Claiming vengeance from the skies:
p Jesu's blood, our blest release,
Pleads for mercy, pardon, peace.

II.

Jesu's blood, with merit rife,
Flows, the soul's immortal life:
Blessèd be His gracious love,
Passing all below, above!

V.

f When its praise, exalted high,
Rings through earth, and mounts the sky,
Heaven rejoices, trembles Hell,
Sinking 'neath its broken spell.

III.

f Evermore the song we raise;
This, His precious blood we praise;
Which redeemed from endless pain
Sinners, held in Death's domain.

VI.

ff Let us, then, in concert sing!
Every earnest power bring!
Chanting this thrice-glorious flood!
Jesu's ever sacred blood!

FOR EVER HERE MY REST SHALL BE.

Passion-tide.

No. 137.



I.

p For ever here my rest shall be,
Close by Thy bleeding side;
This all my hope, and all my plea:
For me the SAVIOUR died.

II.

pp My dying SAVIOUR, and my God,
Thou Fount for guilt and sin,
Me ever sprinkle with Thy blood,
And cleanse, and keep me clean.

III.

cres. O wash me, make me thus Thine Own;
O wash me! mine Thou art;
O wash me! not my feet alone,
My hands, my head, my heart.

IV.

mf Th' atonement of Thy blood apply,
Till faith to fight improve;
f Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

ALL IS O'ER; THE PAIN, THE SORROW.

Easter Even.

No. 138.



I.

p ALL is o'er; the pain, the sorrow,
Human taunts, and fiendish spite;
mf Death shall be despoiled to-morrow
Of the prey he grasps to-night;
p Yet once more to seal his doom,
CHRIST must sleep within the tomb.

II.

p Close and still the cell that holds Him,
While in brief repose He lies;
Deep the slumber that enfolds Him,
Veiled awhile from mortal eyes:
Slumber such as needs must be
After hard-won victory.

III.

mf Fierce and deadly was the anguish,
Which on yonder Cross He bore;
How did soul and body languish,
Till the toil of death was o'er!
f But that toil, so fierce and dread,
Bruised and crushed the serpent's head.

IV.

pp All night long, with plaintive voicing,
Chant His requiem soft and low;
cres. Loftier strains of loud rejoicing
From to-morrow's harps shall flow:
ff "Death and hell at length are slain,
CHRIST hath triumphed, CHRIST doth
reign!"

WEEPING AS THEY GO THEIR WAY.

Easter Even.

No. 139



I.

p WEeping as they go their way,
Their dear LORD in earth to lay,
Late at even : who are they ?

IV.

p All is over ! fought the fight !
cres. Heaviness is for a night ;
mf Joy comes with the morning light.

II.

These are they, who watched to see
Where He hung in agony,
Dying on th' accursed Tree.

V.

pp Leave we, deep His grave within,
Shame, and doubt, and every sin,
Would we rise His crown to win.

III.

pp All is over ! in the tomb
Sleeps He, as in Death's dark womb,
Till the dawn of Easter come.

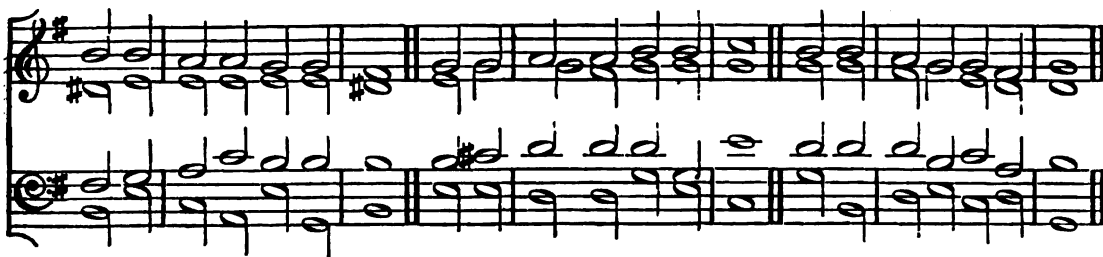
VI.

mf Glory to the LORD Who gave
His pure Body to the grave,
All from sin and death to save.

RESTING FROM HIS WORK TO-DAY.

Easter Eben.

No. 140.



I.

pp RESTING from His work to-day,
In the tomb the SAVIOUR lay;
Sleeps His Form, from head to feet,
Swathèd in the winding-sheet,
Lying in the rock alone,
Hid beneath the sealèd stone.

III.

mf So with Thee, till life shall end,
I would solemn vigil spend :
Let me hew Thee, LORD, a shrine
In this rocky heart of mine,
Where, in pure embalmèd cell
None but Thou may ever dwell.

II.

p Late that mournful eve was seen,
Spent with watch, the Magdalene ;
Early morn beheld her rise,
Wending on, with tearful eyes,
Towards the holy garden glade,
Where her buried LORD was laid.

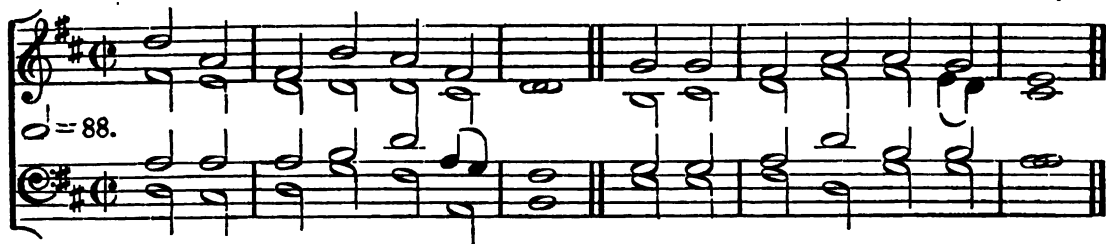
IV.

Myrrh and spices will I bring,
Poor affection's offering :
Close the door from sight and sound
Of the busy world around ;
dim. And in patient watch remain,
Till my LORD appear again. *M*

EASTER-DAY IS HERE, AND WE.

Easter Day.

No. 141.



I.

f EASTER-DAY is here, and we
To our JESUS bow the knee;
Easter-day with joy is come
To the tenants of the tomb.

II.

JESUS lives, He lives for aye;
Death's dark shadows melt away;
Hell hath tried the LORD to hold;
Hell defeated we behold.

III.

mf Death, and Hell, and shades of night,
Cannot hold the LORD of light;
f Our great CAPTAIN triumphs well,
He hath burst the bars of Hell.

IV.

mf Death and Hell are desolate;
Shattered is the brazen gate;
f Broken are the bonds of death,
For our JESUS triumpheth.

V.

f Come, ye faints, with one accord,
Join the triumph of the LORD;
Bruised is the Serpent's head;
JESUS lives, and Death is dead.

VI.

ff Death is dead, for JESUS lives;
Gift of life to all He gives;
JESUS died that death might die;
JESUS wins the victory.

AGAIN THE LORD OF LIFE AND LIGHT.

Easter Day.

No. 142.



I.

f AGAIN the LORD of Life and Light
Awakes the kindling ray,
Unseals the eyelids of the morn,
And pours increasing day.

IV.

The pow'rs of darkness leagued in vain
To bind His soul in death;
He shook their kingdom when He fell
With His expiring breath.

II.

p Oh! what a night was that, which wrapt
The heathen world in gloom!
f Oh! what a Sun, which broke this day,
Triumphant from the tomb!

V.

p And still for erring, guilty man
A BROTHER's pity flows;
And still His bleeding heart is touched
With mem'ry of our woes.

III.

Ten thousand differing lips shall join
To hail this welcome morn,
Which scatters blessings from its wings
To nations yet unborn.

VI.

ff To Thee, my SAVIOUR, and my King,
Glad homage let me give,
And stand prepared like Thee to die,
With Thee that I may live!

THE BANQUET OF THE LAMB IS LAID.

Easter Day.

Ad regias Agni dapes.

No. 143.



I.

mf THE Banquet of the Lamb is laid
For us, in robes of white arrayed ;
cres. The Red Sea past, then let us sing
To CHRIST, our great and glorious King!

II.

p His love divine, with mercy rife,
Vouchsafes His blood, the cup of life ;
Our loving Priest for us hath given
His precious Body, food from Heaven.

III.

cres. Where blood is on the lintels poured,
The Angel drops his deadly sword :
Flies fundered ocean, while the foe
Is swallowed in the depths below.

IV.

p The LORD is now our Paschal Feast,
Our Paschal Lamb, from death released,
Sincerity's unleavened Bread
For souls, to Sin and Satan dead.

V.

f True Victim from the starry skies,
Beneath Thy feet Hell vanquished lies !
The chains of death are burst in twain,
The prize of Life is won again.

VI.

As Hell is now in ruin laid,
His banners Jesu hath displayed,
Unveiling, with extinguished ray,
The Prince of Darkness to the day.

VII.

p That Thou may'st be our Easter joy,
To fail us never, ne'er to cloy,
cres. O free us, now this blessed Morn,
From death of sin, to life new-born.

JESUS CHRIST IS RISEN TO-DAY.

Easter Day.

No. 144.

The musical score is written for four voices (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) and piano accompaniment. It is in the key of D major (two sharps) and 4/4 time. The tempo is marked '♩ = 72'. The score consists of four systems, each with a vocal line and a piano line. The piano part features a prominent bass line with many eighth and sixteenth notes. The vocal parts enter in a staggered fashion, creating a rich harmonic texture. The piece concludes with a final chord in the piano part.

I.

f JESUS CHRIST is risen to-day, Hallelujah!
Our triumphant holy day, Hallelujah!
p Who did once upon the Cross, Hallelujah!
Suffer to redeem our loss. Hallelujah!

II.

f Hymns of praise then let us sing, Hallelujah!
Unto CHRIST our heavenly King, Hallelujah!
Who endured the Cross and grave, Hallelujah!
Sinners to redeem and save. Hallelujah!

III.

p But the pain which He endured, Hallelujah!
Our salvation has procured: Hallelujah!
f Now above the sky He's King, Hallelujah!
Where the Angels ever sing Hallelujah!

IV.

f Sing we to our God above, Hallelujah!
Praise eternal as His love: Hallelujah!
Praise Him, all ye heavenly host, Hallelujah!
FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST! Hallelujah!

ANGELS, ROLL THE ROCK AWAY.

Easter Day.

No. 145.



I.

f ANGELS, roll the rock away!
Death, yield up the mighty Prey!
See! the SAVIOUR quits the tomb,
Glowing with immortal bloom.
f Hallelujah! (*p*) Hallelujah!
f CHRIST the LORD is ris'n to-day!

II.

f Shout, ye Seraphs! Angels, raise
Your eternal song of praise!
Let the earth's remotest bound
Echo to the blissful sound!
f Hallelujah! (*p*) Hallelujah!
f CHRIST the LORD is ris'n to-day!

III.

f Holy FATHER, holy SON,
Holy SPIRIT, THREE IN ONE,
Glory, as of old, to Thee,
Now and evermore shall be!
f Hallelujah! (*p*) Hallelujah!
f CHRIST the LORD is ris'n to-day!

CHRIST THE LORD IS RISEN TO-DAY.

Easter Day.

No. 146.



I.

f CHRIST the LORD is ris'n to-day
Sons of men and angels say :
Raise your joys and triumphs high,
Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply.

IV.

mf Lives again our glorious King ;
Where, O Death, is now thy sting ?
Once He died, our souls to save :
Where, thy victory, O grave ?

II.

ff Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won :
Lo ! our Sun's eclipse is o'er ;
Lo ! He sets in blood no more.

V.

f Hail the LORD of earth and heaven !
Praise to Thee by both be given !
Thee we greet triumphant now !
Hail, the Resurrection Thou !

III.

f Vain the stone, the watch, the seal ;
CHRIST hath burst the gates of hell !
Death in vain forbids His rise,
CHRIST hath opened Paradise.

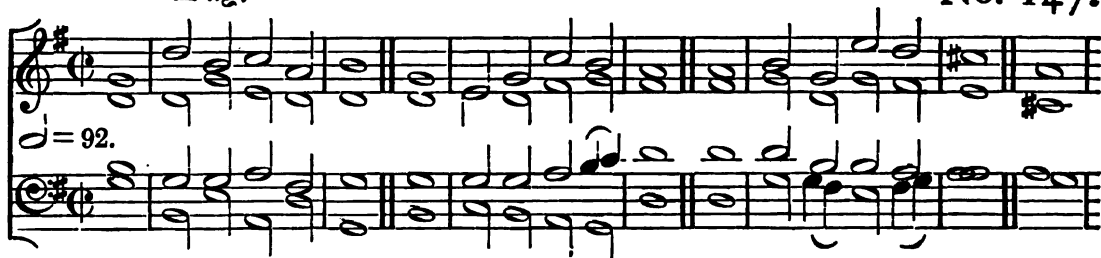
VI.

ff King of Glory ! Soul of Bliss !
Everlasting life is this ;
Thee to know, Thy pow'r to prove ;
Thus to sing, and thus to love !

THE HAPPY MORN IS COME.

Easter Day.

No. 147.



I.

f THE happy morn is come;
The SAVIOUR leaves the grave;
His glorious work is done;
Almighty now to save:
ff Captivity is captive led,
Since Jesus liveth that was dead.

II.

f What foe on us shall lay
The charge of sin and guilt?
All sin is done away,
Since His rich blood was spilt:
ff Captivity is captive led,
Since Jesus liveth that was dead.

III.

mf Lo! sinners now can dare
To God to venture near;
Now Justice must declare
No cause remains for fear:
f Captivity is captive led,
Since Jesus liveth that was dead.

IV.

f Since CHRIST the ransom paid,
The glorious work is done;
On Him our help is laid;
The victory is won:
ff Captivity is captive led,
Since Jesus liveth that was dead.

V.

f All hail! triumphant Lord!
The Resurrection Thou!
We blest Thy sacred Word;
Before Thy throne we bow:
ff Captivity is captive led,
Since Jesus liveth that was dead.

THE LORD HATH QUELLED THE REBEL POWERS.

Easter-tide.

No. 148.



I.

mf THE LORD hath quelled the rebel Powers,
That held Him in those mournful hours,
When dead and tombed He lay :
f Their spell is broken, we are freed ;
The Crucified is ris'n indeed ;
Bright Angels led the way.

II.

p The grave accounts Him now its own ;
The watch is posted, sealed the stone ;
And all is still around ;
f But grave, and guard, and stone, and seal,
The quickened Captive's power feel,
While rocks the trembling ground.

III.

mf As He forsakes the empty tomb,
The knell of Death, and Satan's doom,
In tones of triumph ring ;
f The toil is o'er, the strife is done,
The fight is fought, the battle won :
Forth comes our conq'ring King !

IV.

p Great LORD ! Thou first-fruits of the dead,
Rouse us from this our mortal bed,
Where held in chains we lie !
Oh ! tear the bands of sin away,
And raise us, ransomed sons of day,
No more to sink and die !

V.

mf Uplifted on the wings of Grace,
We fly to seek Thy glorious face,
And there to feast our eyes :
f Now, Grave, what conquest canst thou sing ?
Now, Death, where is thy poignant sting ?
Your Victor rules the skies !

YE CHOIRS OF NEW JERUSALEM.

Chorus novæ Jerusalem.

No. 149.

Easter-tide.



I.

p YE choirs of new Jerusalem,
Your sweetest praises bring,
With gladsome mind, and sober joy,
This feast of Easter sing.

II.

cres. For CHRIST, the victor Lion, stands
Above the Dragon slain;
With ringing voice He wakes from death
The slaves that owned its reign.

III.

mf Accursed Hell's devouring depths
Resign their wrested prey:
March forth the squadrons, disenthralled;
Their SAVIOUR leads the way.

IV.

f In splendor does He triumph now:
The glory all His Own;
He makes the mighty universe
One realm, one church, one throne.

V.

p We warriors, while we laud the King,
Bow humbly in His fight,
And crave from Him celestial rank
Within His Palace bright.

VI.

f To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
The GOD Whom we adore,
Through ages, passing mortal thought,
Be glory evermore.

COME, SEE THE PLACE, WHERE JESUS LAY.

Easter-tide.

No. 150.



I.

mf COME, see the place, where Jesus lay,
For He hath left His gloomy bed :
What Angel rolled the stone away?
What Spirit brought Him from the
dead ?

III.

p Those, who His image here partake,
Though worms in dust their flesh
consume,
Shall sleep in Jesus, and awake
To life eternal from the tomb.

II.

f By His omnipotence He rose ;
By His Own Spirit lives again,
To crush for ever all His foes,
To raise for ever ruined men.

IV.

Dead, while they live, are Adam's race,
By nature, since their father's fall ;
cres. But lo ! the messengers of grace
Proclaim the gospel-hope to all.

V.

f Hear it, ye dead of every clime,
Before the second death begins ;
Come forth to this new life in time,
This resurrection from your sins !

HE IS RISEN! HE IS RISEN!

Easter-tide.

No. 151.



I.

f HE is risen! He is risen!
 Tell it with a joyful voice!
 He has burst His three days' prison,
 Let the whole wide earth rejoice:
ff Death is conquered, man is free,
 CHRIST has won the victory.

II.

mf Come, ye sad and fearful-hearted,
 Smiling, glad, with radiant brow;
 Lent's long shadows have departed,
 All His woes are over now:
f All the passion that He bore,
 Sin and pain, can vex no more.

III.

mf Come, with high and holy hymning,
 Chant our LORD's triumphant lay;
 Not one darksome cloud is dimming
 Yonder glorious morning ray,
f Breaking o'er the purple East;
 Brighter far our Easter feast.

IV.

f He is risen! He is risen!
 He has opened Heaven's gate;
 We are free from death's dark prison,
 Risen to a holier state;
ff While a brighter Easter beam
 On our longing eyes shall stream.

COME ONCE MORE, WITH SONGS DESCENDING.

Easter-tide.

Adeste Calitem Chori.

No. 152.



I.

f COME once more, with songs descending,
Angels, come our joy to share;
Lo! what pow'r the tomb is rending!
Free among Death's captives there,
p cres. CHRIST is rising!
f Lo! He leaves the Sepulchre!

II.

f Vain the Soldiers watching round Him,
Through the hours of darkness lone;
Vain the jealous care that bound Him
Deep within the sealed stone:
p cres. Vain their madness!
f All their toil is now undone.

III.

f If He will, with seals unbroken
He can leave the silent tomb:
Not more wondrous was the token,
At His birth first seen to come,
p cres. When He issued
f From the spotless Virgin's womb.

IV.

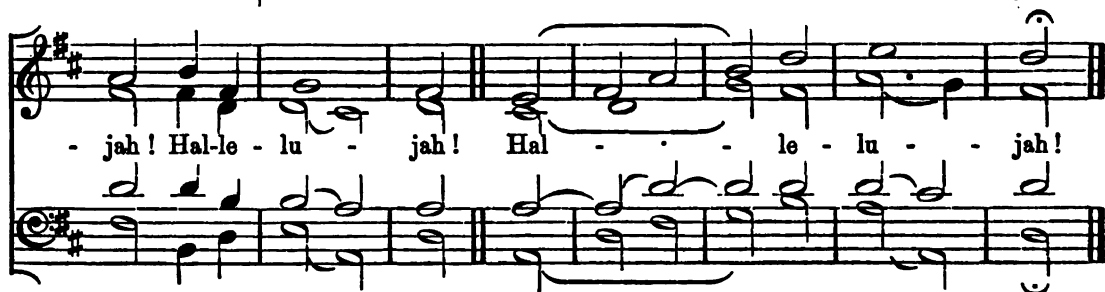
p LORD, with Thee in daily dying
May we die, and with Thee rise;
Every earthly love denying,
May we lift to Thee our eyes,
cres. Thee adoring,
f With our hearts above the skies!

THE STRIFE IS O'ER, THE BATTLE DONE!

Easter-tide.

Finita jam sunt praelia.

No. 153.



I.

mf THE strife is o'er, the battle done!
cres. The victory of life is won;
 The song of triumph has begun,
f Hallelujah!

II.

p The pow'rs of Death have done their worst,
cres. But CHRIST their legions hath dispersed;
 Let shout of holy joy outburst,
f Hallelujah!

III.

p The three sad days are quickly sped;
cres. He rises glorious from the dead:
 All glory to our risen Head!
f Hallelujah!

IV.

mf He closed the yawning gates of hell,
 The bars from heav'n's high portals fell;
cres. Let hymns of praise His triumphs tell!
f Hallelujah!

V.

p LORD! by the stripes which wounded Thee,
 From Death's dread sting Thy servants free,
cres. That we may live, and sing to Thee,
f Hallelujah!

JESUS LIVES! NO LONGER NOW.

Jesus lebt! mit Ihm auch ich.

Easter-tide, or General.

No. 154.



I.

f **JESUS lives! no longer now**
Can thy terrors, Death, appal us;
JESUS lives! by this we know
Thou, O Grave, canst not enthrall us.
ff **Hallelujah!**

III.

mf **JESUS lives! for us He died;**
Then, alone to JESUS living,
Pure in heart may we abide,
Glory to our SAVIOUR giving.
ff **Hallelujah!**

II.

f **JESUS lives! henceforth is death**
But the gate of life immortal:
This shall calm our trembling breath,
When we pass its gloomy portal.
ff **Hallelujah!**

IV.

mf **JESUS lives! our hearts know well**
Nought from us His love shall sever:
f **Life, nor death, nor pow'rs of hell,**
Tear us from His keeping ever.
ff **Hallelujah!**

V.

f **JESUS lives! to Him the throne**
Over all the world is given:
May we go where He is gone,
Rest and reign with Him in heaven!
ff **Hallelujah!**

LORD, IN THY NAME THY SERVANT'S PLEAD.

Rogation Days, or Harvest.

No. 155



I.

f LORD, in Thy name Thy servants plead,
And Thou hast sworn to hear :
The harvest Thine, and Thine the seed,
The fresh and fading year.

IV.

f Thine too by right, and our's by grace,
The wondrous growth unseen,
The hopes that soothe, the fears that bracc,
The love that shines serene.

II.

p Our hope, when Autumn winds blew wild,
We trusted, LORD, with Thee :
And still, now Spring has on us smiled,
We wait on Thy decree.

V.

p So grant the precious things brought forth
By sun and moon below,
That Thee in Thy new heaven and earth
We never may forego.

III.

cres. The former and the latter rain,
The Summer sun and air,
The green ear, and the golden grain,
All Thine, are our's by prayer.

VI.

f TO FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
The GOD Whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

PLE: GOD OF PITY, GOD OF GRACE.

No. 1 Rogation Days, or General.

No. 156.



I.

p GOD of pity, GOD of grace,
When we humbly seek Thy face,
cres. Bend from Heav'n, Thy dwelling-place: *cres.* With a pitying eye behold:
p Hear, forgive and save!

II.

p When we in Thy temple meet,
Spread our wants before Thy feet,
cres. Pleading at Thy mercy-seat;
p Look from Heav'n, and save!

III.

mf When Thy love our hearts shall fill,
When we long to do Thy will,
Turning to Thy holy hill:
p LORD, accept and save!

IV.

p Should we wander from Thy fold,
Should our love to Thee grow cold,
cres. With a pitying eye behold:
p LORD, forgive and save!

V.

p Should the hand of sorrow press,
Earthly cares or want distress,
cres. May our souls Thy peace possess!
p JESU, hear and save!

VI.

mf Whatsoe'er our cry may be,
When we lift our hearts to Thee,
From our burden set us free:
p JESU, hear and save!

SON OF MAN, TO THEE WE CRY.

Rogation Days, or General.

No. 157.



I.

mf Son of Man, to Thee we cry :
By the wondrous mystery
Of Thy dwelling here on earth,
By Thy pure and holy birth,
cres. LORD, Thy presence let us see!
Thou our Light and SAVIOUR be!

II.

p Lamb of GOD, to Thee we cry :
By Thy bitter agony,
By Thy pangs to us unknown,
By Thy Spirit's parting groan,
cres. LORD, Thy presence let us see!
Thou our Light and SAVIOUR be!

III.

mf Prince of life, to Thee we cry :
By Thy glorious Majesty,
f By Thy triumph o'er the grave,
By Thy pow'r to help and save,
LORD, Thy presence let us see!
Thou our Light and SAVIOUR be!

IV.

f LORD of glory, GOD most high,
Man exalted to the sky,
With Thy love our bosom fill ;
Help us to perform Thy will,
cres. Then shall we Thy glory see,
Heaven our home, and we with Thee.

THE SACRED DAY HATH BEAMED.

Ascension-tide.

Optatus votis omnium.

No. 158.



I.

mf THE sacred day hath beamed,
That day of dear desires,
When CHRIST, our GOD, our Hope, uprose
To meet the Heav'nly choirs.

II.

f The LORD on high ascends,
Once more to take His seat:
Celestial Pow'rs rejoicing fly,
His glad return to greet.

III.

The mighty battle gained,
The world's great prince undone,
Before His Father He presents
The mortal palm He won.

IV.

Upborne above the clouds,
Sweet hope He sheds on all;
He flings the gates of Eden back,
Shut fast by Adam's fall.

V.

mf O gladness! that a Child,
Of earthly Virgin's womb,
Should suffer shame, and scourge, and Cross,
And then a throne resume!

VI.

f To our REDEEMER's Name
All thanks and praise be given,
That He hath borne our mortal shape,
To tread the courts of Heaven.

VII.

mf Let Angels deign with us
A common joy to share,
That while His presence they behold,
We still are found His care.

VIII.

p May we, while waiting CHRIST,
To heav'nly works arise,
And ever live such faintly lives,
That we may reach the skies!

HAIL THE DAY THAT SEES HIM RISE.

Ascension-tide.

No. 159.

The musical score is written for two staves, Treble and Bass clef, in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The tempo is marked '♩ = 84'. The melody is in the Treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the Bass staff. The piece consists of two systems of music. The first system ends with a double bar line. The second system ends with a double bar line and the instruction 'f A - men.'.

I.

f HAIL the day that sees Him rise!
Ravished from our wishful eyes!
CHRIST, awhile to mortals given,
Re-ascends His native Heaven.

IV.

p Still for them He intercedes;
His prevailing death He pleads;
Near Himself prepares their place,
SAVIOUR of the human race.

II.

ff There the glorious triumph waits:
"Lift your heads, eternal gates!
Wide unfold the radiant scene;
Take the KING of Glory in!"

V.

cres. Ever upward let us move,
Wafted on the wings of love;
Looking when our LORD shall come,
Longing, panting after home.

III.

mf Him though highest Heaven receives,
Still He loves the earth He leaves;
Though returning to His throne,
Still He calls mankind His Own.

VI.

ff There we shall with Thee remain,
Partners of Thy endless reign;
There Thy face unclouded see,
Find our heaven of heavens in Thee.

O CHRIST, WHO LIFTED TO THE SKY.

Ascension-tide, or General. Nobis Olympo redditus.

No. 160.



I.

f O CHRIST, Who, lifted to the sky,
Preparest us a seat on high,
Sad exiles from the land above,
Oh! draw us home with cords of love.

III.

mp Our eyes unveiled, in blissful state,
Shall view Thee, Oh! how good! how great!
On Thee our ceaseless love shall pour,
And Thee our ceaseless song adore.

II.

Of every good the Fountain, LORD,
Thou soon shalt be our rich reward:
What lasting joys shall then remain,
To match Thy people's briefest pain!

IV.

p Thou ne'er dost quit a favoured race:
In pledge of Thy redeeming grace,
O send Thy Spirit from Thy throne,
To take and seal us for Thine Own.

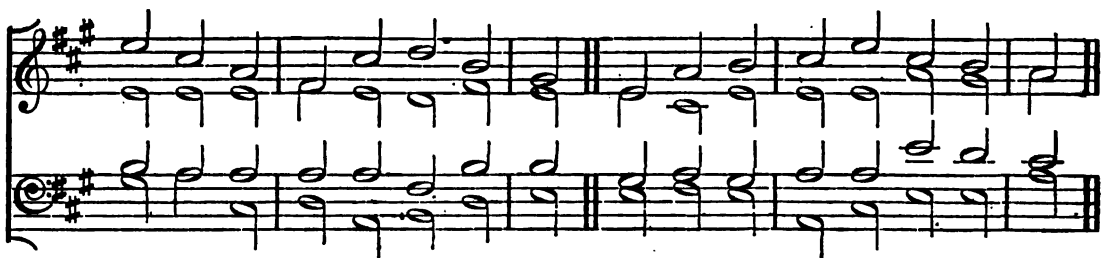
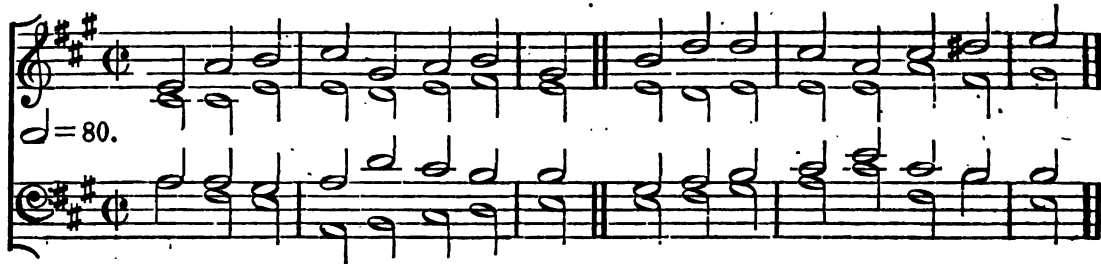
V.

f Thou coming Judge of every tribe,
To Thee all praise do we ascribe,
Whom with the FATHER we adore,
And HOLY SPIRIT evermore.

OUR LORD IS RISEN FROM THE DEAD.

Ascension-tide. or General. From Psalm 24.

No. 161.



I.

f OUR LORD is risen from the dead,
The SAVIOUR is gone up on high,
The pow'rs of hell are captive led,
Dragged to the portals of the sky.

IV.

mf "Who is the King of Glory? Who?
ff The LORD, that all His foes o'ercame,
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew,
And JESUS is the Conqu'ror's name."

II.

mf There His triumphant chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:
f "Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!
Ye everlasting doors, give way!"

V.

mf Lo! His triumphant chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:
f "Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!
Ye everlasting doors, give way!"

III.

"Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold th' etherial scene;
He claims these mansions as His right;
Receive the King of Glory in!"

VI.

mf "Who is the King of Glory? Who?
f The LORD of glorious pow'r possessed,
The KING of saints, and angels too,
God over all for ever blest."

THOU ART GONE UP ON HIGH.

Ascension-tide, or General.

No. 162.

The musical score is written for two staves, Treble and Bass clef, in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The tempo is marked as quarter note = 88. The score consists of three systems of music. The first system has a repeat sign at the end. The second system also has a repeat sign. The third system ends with a double bar line and the instruction 'A - men.' written above the staff.

I.

f Thou art gone up on high
 To mansions in the skies,
 And round Thy throne unceasingly
 The songs of praise arise.
p But we are ling'ring here,
 With sin and care oppressed;
cres. LORD! send Thy promised Comforter,
 And lead us to Thy rest!

II.

f Thou art gone up on high:
p But Thou didst first come down,
 Through earth's most bitter misery
 To pass unto Thy crown;
mf And girt with griefs and fears
 Our onward course must be;
 But only let that path of tears
cres. Lead us at last to Thee!

III.

f Thou art gone up on high;
 But Thou shalt come again,
 With all the bright ones of the sky
 Attendant in Thy train.
p O by Thy saving power
 So make us live and die,
cres. That we may stand, in that dread hour,
f At Thy right hand on high!

REJOICE! THE LORD IS KING.

Ascension-tide, or General.

No. 163.



I.

f Rejoice! the LORD is King,
Your LORD and KING adore!
Give thanks, ye mortals! sing!
And triumph evermore!
f Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice!

II.

f Jesus the SAVIOUR reigns,
The God of truth and love:
When He had purged our stains,
He took His seat above:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice!

III.

mf He sits at God's right hand,
Till all His foes submit,
And bow to His command,
And fall beneath His feet:
f Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice!

IV.

mf He all His foes shall quell,
Shall all our sins destroy,
And every bosom swell
With pure seraphic joy:
f Lift up your heart, lift up your voice.
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice!

V.

f Rejoice in glorious hope;
Jesus the Judge shall come,
And take His servants up
To their eternal home:
f Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice!

THE HEAD, THAT ONCE WAS CROWNED WITH THORNS.

Ascension-tide, or General.

No. 164.



I.

IV.

p THE Head, that once was crowned with
thorns,
Is crowned with glory now ;
cres. A royal diadem adorns
The mighty Victor's brow.

p To them the Cross, with all its shame,
With all its grace, is given ;
cres. Their name an everlasting name,
f Their joy the joy of heaven.

II.

V.

f The highest place that heaven affords
Is His, is His by right :
" The KING of kings, and LORD of lords,"
And heaven's eternal light.

p They suffer with their LORD below,
f They reign with Him above ;
Their profit and their joy to know
The myst'ry of His love.

III.

VI.

The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below,
To whom He manifests His love,
And grants His Name to know.

f The Cross He bore is life and health,
p Though shame and death to Him ;
f His people's hope, His people's wealth,
ff Their everlasting theme.

THY GLORIOUS WORK, O CHRIST, IS DONE.

Ascension-tide, or General. *Opus peregrini Tuum.*

No. 165.



I.

f THY glorious work, O CHRIST, is done!
The battle waged with death is won!
Thou erst didst leave Thy starry throne,
But heaven demands Thee now its own!

II.

With clouds of splendor now arrayed,
Thou look'st on earth below Thee laid;
Now started from their distant posts,
Attend their King unnumbered hosts!

III.

Assembled heav'n in wonder waits!
Fly ope the everlasting gates!
God-man, amid the pealing sky,
Thou tak'st the FATHER's seat on high!

IV.

p O Priest, and Pleader, Fount of Peace,
That blood, which brought us blest release,
Which gushed from out Thine heart of love,
Thou liv'st to offer there above.

V.

cres. 'Tis thence Thy Church, Thy spotless Bride,
Is ever nourished, beautified;
Thy members, thence with life inspired,
Are with Thy hidden SPIRIT fired.

VI.

mf Great Head! where'er Thou dost precede,
Thy Body thither dost Thou lead:
p Oh! may we never swerve nor stray,
But walk where Thou hast marked the way.

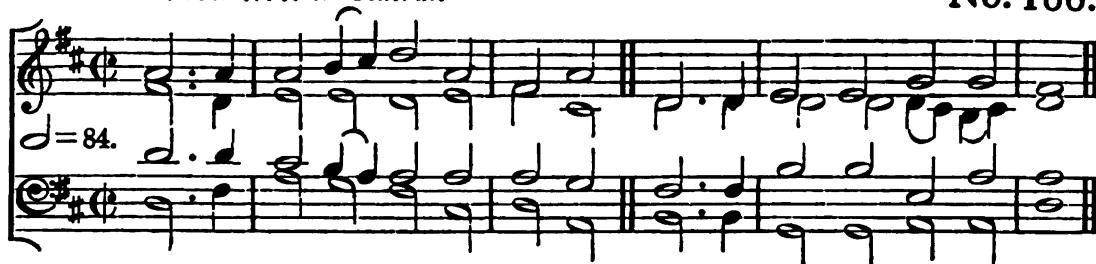
VII.

ff To Thee, O JESU, praise be giv'n,
Returned in triumph into heav'n!
The FATHER, SPIRIT, we adore
Till time shall cease, for evermore!

HARK! TEN THOUSAND HARPS AND VOICES.

Ascension=Ido. or General.

No. 166.



I.

f HARK! ten thousand harps and voices
Sound the note of praise above;
Jesus reigns, and heaven rejoices;
Jesus reigns, the God of love!
See, He sits on yonder throne;
Jesus rules the world alone!

II.

mf Come, ye saints, unite your praises
With the angels round the throne;
Soon, we hope, our Lord will raise us
Whither He Himself is gone:
Meet it is that we should sing,
Glory! glory to our King!

III.

f King of glory, reign for ever!
Thine an everlasting crown!
Nothing from Thy love shall sever
Those whom Thou hast made Thine Own.
Happy objects of Thy grace,
Destined to behold Thy face!

IV.

mf SAVIOUR, hasten Thy appearing;
Bring, oh! bring the glorious day,
When, the awful summons hearing,
Heaven and earth shall pass away!
Then with golden harps we'll sing,
f Glory! glory to our King!

SEE! THE CONQU'RROR MOUNTS IN TRIUMPH!

Ascension-tide, or General.

No. 167.



I.

f See the Conqu'rror mounts in triumph!
 See the King in royal state,
 Riding on the clouds, His chariot,
 To His heav'nly palace gate!
p Hark the choirs of angel voices
cres. Joyful Hallelujahs sing,
f And the portals high are lifted
 To receive their heav'nly King!

II.

mf Who is this that comes in glory,
 With the trump of Jubilee?
f LORD of battles, God of armies,
ff He has gained the victory!
p He, Who on the Cross did suffer,
cres. He, Who from the grave arose,
f He has vanquished sin and Satan,
 He by death has spoiled His foes.

III.

p While He raised His hands in blessing
 He was parted from His friends;
cres. While their eager eyes behold Him,
f He upon the clouds ascends;
mf He, Who walked with God, and pleased Him,
 Preaching truth and doom to come,
f He, our Enoch, is translated
 To His everlasting home.

IV.

mf Now our heav'nly Aaron enters
 With His blood within the veil;
f Joshua now is come to Canaan,
 And the kings before Him quail;
p Now He plants the tribes of Israel
 In their promised resting-place;
cres. Now our great Elijah offers
 Double portion of His grace.

V.

mf Thou hast raised our human nature
 In the clouds to God's right hand;
f There we sit in heav'nly places,
 There with Thee in glory stand!
p Jesus reigns, adored by angels;
cres. Man with God is on the throne:
ff Mighty LORD, in Thine Ascension
 We by faith behold our own.

VI.

f Lift us up from earth to heaven;
 Give us wings of faith and love;
 Gales of holy aspiration,
 Wafting us to realms above;
p That with hearts and minds uplifted,
cres. We with CHRIST our LORD may dwell,
f Where He sits enthroned in glory,
ff In His heav'nly citadel.

WHEN GOD OF OLD CAME DOWN FROM HEAVEN.

Whitsunday.

No. 168.



I.

f WHEN God of old came down from
Heaven,
In power and wrath He came ;
Before His feet the clouds were riven,
Half darkness and half flame.

II.

p But when He came the second time,
He came in power and love ;
Softer than gale at morning prime,
Hovered His Holy Dove.

III.

f The fires, that rushed on Sinai down,
In sudden torrents dread,
p Now gently light, a golden crown,
On every fainted head.

IV.

f And, as on Israel's awe-struck ear
The Voice, exceeding loud,
The trump, that angels quake to hear,
Thrilled from the deep, dark cloud ;

V.

p So, when the Spirit of our God
Came down, His flock to find,
cres. A Voice from Heaven was heard
abroad,
A rushing, mighty wind.

VI.

f It fills the Church of God, it fills
The sinful world around ;
dim. Only in stubborn hearts and wills
No place for it is found.

VII.

p Come, LORD ! come Wisdom, Love, and Power !
Open our ears to hear !
cres. Let us not miss th' accepted hour ;
f Save, LORD, by love or fear.

BLEST SOURCE OF MERCY, TRUTH, AND LOVE.

Whitsunday.

No. 169.



I.

mf BLEST Source of mercy, truth, and love,
O shed Thine influence from above;
And still from age to age convey
The wonders of this sacred day.

II.

f In every clime, by every tongue,
Be God's surpassing glory sung!
Let all the listening earth be taught
The wonders by our SAVIOUR wrought.

III.

p Unfailing Comfort, heavenly Guide,
Still o'er Thy holy Church preside;
Still let mankind Thy blessings prove,
Blest Source of mercy, truth, and love.

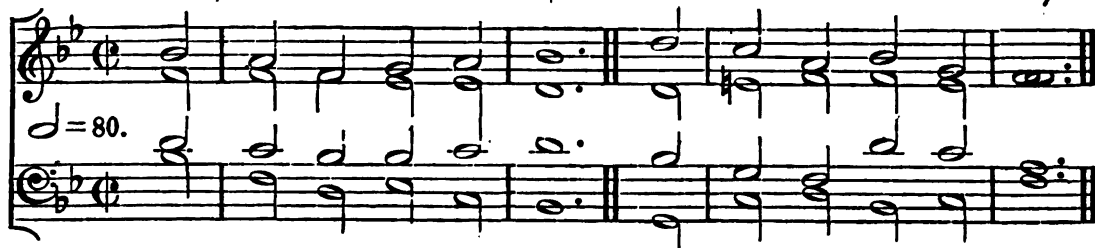
IV.

f O holy FATHER, holy SON,
And HOLY SPIRIT, Three in One,
Thy grace devoutly we implore;
Thy Name be praised for evermore!

COME! HOLY SPIRIT, COME!

Whitsuntide, or General.

No. 170.



I.

p COME! HOLY SPIRIT, come!
Let Thy bright beams arise;
cres. Dispel the darkness from our minds,
And ope our clouded eyes.

III.

mf Revive our drooping faith;
Our doubts and fears remove;
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.

II.

Cheer our desponding hearts,
Thou heavenly Paraclete!
dim. Give us to lie with humble hope
At our Redeemer's feet.

IV.

'Tis Thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life in every part,
And new-create the whole.

V.

cres. Then dwell within our hearts,
Our minds from bondage free;
f Then we shall know, and praise, and love
The FATHER, SON, and Thee!

COME, HOLY SPIRIT, HEAVENLY DOVE.

Whitsuntide, or General.

No. 171.



I.

mf COME, Holy SPIRIT, heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quick'ning powers,
And light a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

III.

In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise:
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

II.

Look, how we grovel here below,
Allured to trifling toys;
Our souls can neither fly, nor go,
To reach eternal joys.

IV.

p Dear LORD, and shall we ever lie
At this poor dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,
And Thine to us so great!

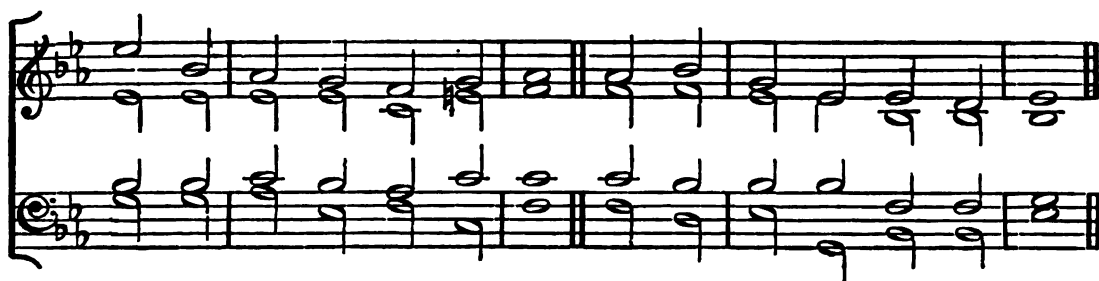
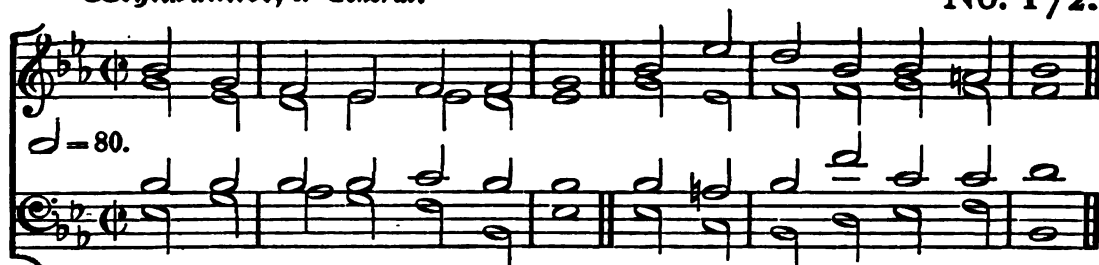
V.

f Come, HOLY SPIRIT, heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quick'ning powers!
Come, shed abroad a SAVIOUR's love,
And that shall quicken ours.

HOLY GHOST, WITH LIGHT DIVINE.

Whitsuntide, or General.

No. 172.



I.

mf HOLY GHOST, with light divine,
Shine upon this heart of mine!
Chase the shades of night away,
Turn the darkness into day!

II.

Let me see my SAVIOUR's face,
Let me all His beauties trace;
Shew those glorious truths to me,
Which are only known by Thee.

III.

p HOLY GHOST, with pow'r divine,
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine;
In Thy mercy pity me;
Set me from my bondage free.

IV.

cres. HOLY GHOST, with joy divine
Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
Yield a sacred, settled peace;
Let it grow, and still increase.

V.

HOLY SPIRIT, all divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine:
f Cast down every idol throne;
Reign supreme, and reign alone!

VI.

p See! to Thee I yield my heart;
Shed Thy life through every part:
cres. Temple pure I fain would be,
Wholly dedicate to Thee.

COME, HOLY GHOST, OUR SOULS INSPIRE.

Whitsuntide, or General. Vent, Creator Spiritus.

No. 173.



I.

III.

p COME, HOLY GHOST, our souls inspire,
And lighten with celestial fire;
cres. Thou the Anointing SPIRIT art,
Who dost Thy sevenfold gifts impart.

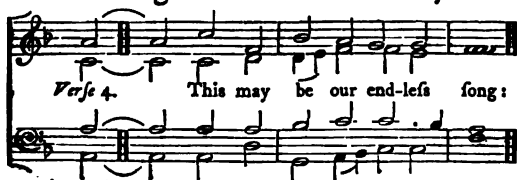
p Anoint and cheer our soiled face
With the abundance of Thy grace;
Keep far our foes, give peace at home:
Where Thou art guide no ill can come.

II.

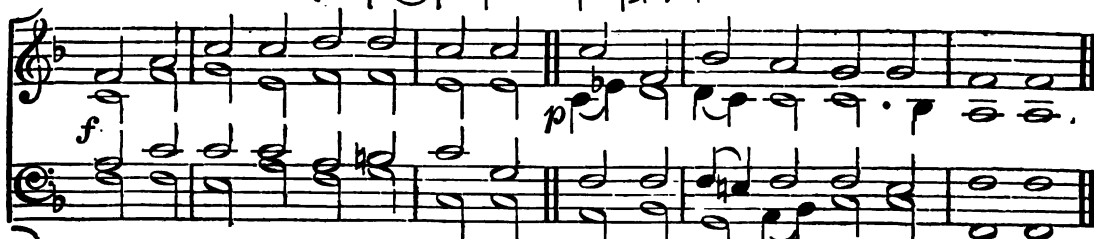
IV.

mf Thy blestèd unction from above,
Is comfort, life, and fire of love:
Enable with perpetual light
The dulness of our blinded fight.

mf Teach us to know the FATHER, SON,
And Thee, of Both, to be but One;
That, through the ages all along,
This may be our endless song:



Verse 4. This may be our end-less song:

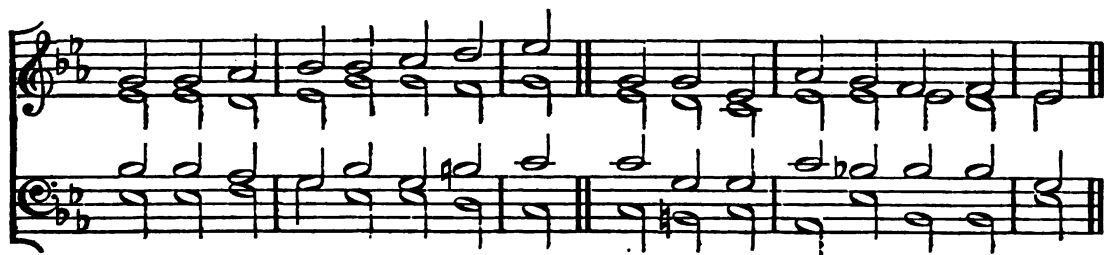


f Praise to Thy eternal merit,
p FATHER, SON, and HOLY SPIRIT!

CREATOR SPIRIT! BY WHOSE AID.

Whitsuntide, or General. Veni, Creator Spiritus.

No. 174.



I.

p CREATOR Spirit! by Whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come, visit every pious mind;
Come, pour Thy joys on human kind;
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make Thy temples worthy Thee!

II.

mf O Source of uncreated light!
The FATHER's promised Paraclete!
Thrice holy Fount! Thrice holy Fire!
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire;
O come! Thy sacred unction bring,
To sanctify us while we sing.

III.

p Refine and purge our earthly parts;
But oh! inflame and fire our hearts!
Our frailties help, and vice control;
Submit the senses to the soul;
And when rebellious they are grown,
Then lay Thy hand, and hold them down.

IV.

f Immortal honours, endless fame,
Attend th'Almighty FATHER's Name!
The SAVIOUR-SON be glorified,
Who for lost man's redemption died:
And equal adoration be,
Eternal Paraclete, to Thee!

OUR BLEST REDEEMER, ERE HE BREATHED.

Whitsuntide, or General.

No. 175.



I.

p OUR blest REDEEMER, ere He breathed
His tender last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter, bequeathed
With us to dwell.

III.

p And His that gentle voice we hear,
As soft as breath of even,
That checks each fault, that calms each
fear,
And speaks of heaven.

II.

mf He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing Guest,
While He can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.

IV.

And every virtue we possess,
And every vict'ry won,
And every thought of holiness,
Are His alone.

V.

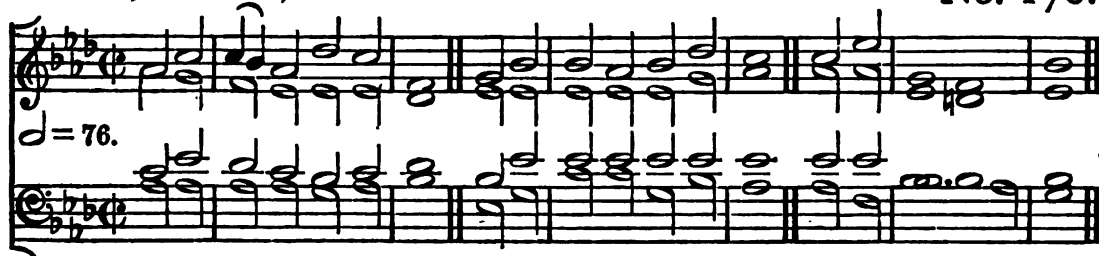
mf Thou Source of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying see;
O make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,
And meet for Thee!

COME, THOU HOLY SPIRIT, NIGH.

Veni Sancte Spiritus.

Whitsun-tide, or General.

No. 176.



I.

p COME, Thou HOLY SPIRIT, nigh;
Leave Thy blissful Throne on high;
Rays of light impart:
Come, Thou FATHER of the poor,
Giver from a lavish store,
Light of every heart!

II.

cres. Thou, of Comforters the best,
Thou the soul's entrancing Guest,
Sweet Refreshment near;
Wearied toilers' restful seat,
Softener of the sultry heat,
Solace 'mid the tear!

III.

f Ever blest, ever bright,
Fill Thy people's hearts with light,
Every corner fill;
Where Thy presence ne'er is traced,
Man is nothing save a waste,
Nought is free from ill.

IV.

p All uncleanness wash away,
Bless with dew the thirsty clay,
Heal the bleeding pain;
Bend the stubborn 'neath Thy will,
Warm the bosom dead and chill,
Truant feet refrain.

V.

f Pour upon Thy faithful race,
Ever leaning on Thy grace,
Sevenfold gifts of love;
Guerdon bright of virtue send;
Bring Salvation's glorious end,
Ceaseless joy above!

COME, MILD AND HOLY DOVE.

No. 177.

Exhibitsuntide, or General.



IV.

If by the way we faint,
Thou reachest forth Thine hand;
If our own weakness makes us fall,
Thou mak'st our weakness stand.

V.

We'll love Thee then, dear LORD!
But Thou must give that love;
We'll humbly beg it of Thy grace;
But Thou our prayers must move.

VI.

For Thine Own Self speak;
For Thou in us dost pray:
We cannot quicker than we ask;
Thy grace knows no delay.

ROUND THE LORD IN GLORY SEATED.

Trinity, or General.

No. 178.



I.

mf ROUND the LORD in glory seated,
Cherubim and Seraphim
Filled His temple, and repeated
Each to each th' alternate hymn :

III.

Heaven is still with glory ringing,
Earth takes up the angels' cry,
"Holy, holy, holy," singing,
"LORD of hosts, the LORD most High!"

II.

f "LORD, Thy glory fills the heaven,
Earth is with its fulness stored;
Unto Thee be glory given,
Holy, holy, holy LORD!"

IV.

mf With His seraph train before Him,
With His holy church below,
Thus conspire we to adore Him,
Bid we thus our anthem flow :

V.

ff "LORD, Thy glory fills the heaven,
Earth is with its fulness stored;
Unto Thee be glory given,
Holy, holy, holy LORD!"

WE GIVE IMMORTAL PRAISE.

Trinity, or General.

No. 179.



I.

f We give immortal praise
 To GOD the FATHER's love,
 For all our comforts here,
 And better hopes above;
p He sent His Own eternal Son
 To die for sins that man had done.

II.

f To GOD the Son belongs
 Immortal glory too,
 Who bought us with His blood
 From everlasting woe;
 And now He lives, and now He reigns,
 And sees the fruit of all His pains.

III.

f To GOD the Spirit's Name
 Immortal worship give,
 Whose new-creating power
 Makes dying sinners live:
 His work completes the great design,
 And fills the soul with joy divine.

IV.

ff Almighty GOD, to Thee
 Be endless honours done;
 The undivided THREE,
 The great mysterious ONE!
 Where reason fails with all her powers,
 There faith prevails, and love adores.

FATHER OF HEAVEN, WHOSE LOVE PROFOUND.

Trinity, or General.

No. 180.



I.

mf FATHER of heaven, Whose love profound,
A ransom for our souls hath found,
p cres. Before Thy throne we sinners bend:
To us Thy pard'ning love extend.

II.

mf Almighty SON! Incarnate WORD!
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, LORD!
p cres. Before Thy throne we sinners bend:
To us Thy saving grace extend.

III.

mf Eternal SPIRIT! by Whose breath
The soul is raised from sin and death,
p cres. Before Thy throne we sinners bend:
To us Thy quick'ning power extend.

IV.

f JEHOVAH! FATHER, SPIRIT, SON!
Mysterious Godhead! THREE in ONE!
p cres. Before Thy throne we sinners bend:
Grace, pardon, life, to us extend.

THREE IN ONE, AND ONE IN THREE.

Trinity, or General.

No. 181.



I.

f THREE in ONE, and ONE in THREE,
Ruler of the earth and sea,
Hear us, while we lift to Thee
Holy chant and psalm.

II.

mf Light of lights! with morning shine;
Lift on us Thy light divine;
And let charity benign
Breathe on us her balm.

III.

mf Light of lights! when falls the even,
Let it close on sin forgiven;
dim. Fold us in the peace of heaven;
pp Shed a holy calm.

IV.

f THREE in ONE, and ONE in THREE,
Dimly here we worship Thee:
With the Saints hereafter we
Hope to bear the palm.

O GOD OF LIFE, WHOSE POWER BENIGN.

Trinity, or General.

No. 182.



I.

p O GOD of life, Whose power benign
cres. Doth o'er the world in mercy shine,
f Accept our praise, for we are Thine.

II.

mf O FATHER, uncreated LORD,
Be Thou in every land adored;
On every soul Thy love be poured.

III.

p O SON of GOD, for sinners slain,
We blest Thee, LORD, Whose dying pain
For us did endless life regain.

IV.

mf O HOLY GHOST, Whose guardian care
Doth us for heavenly joys prepare,
May we in Thy communion share.

V.

p Protect us, FATHER, here below;
Thy mercy, JESU, may we know;
O HOLY GHOST, Thy power bestow.

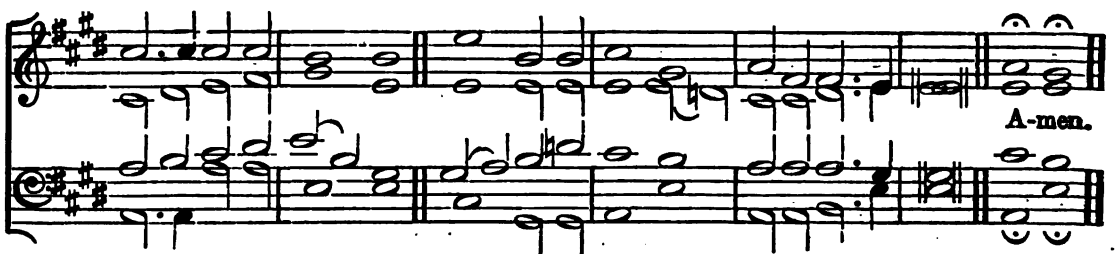
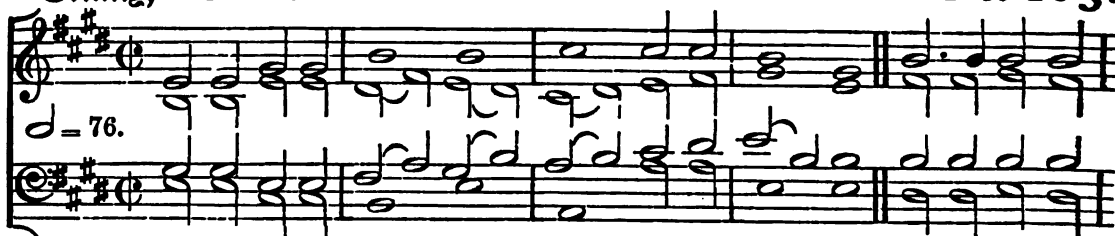
VI.

f O Holy, Blest Trinity!
With faith we sinners bow to Thee:
In us, O God, exalted be!

HOLY, HOLY, HOLY!

Trinity, or General.

No. 183.



I.

p Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!
cres. Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee,
p Holy, Holy, Holy! merciful and mighty;
cres. God in Three Persons, Blest Trinity!

II.

p Holy, Holy, Holy! all the Saints adore Thee,
 Casting down their golden crowns around the
 glassy sea;
cres. Cherubim and Seraphim falling down before
 Thee,
 Which wast, and art, and evermore shalt be.

III.

p Holy, Holy, Holy! though the darkness hide Thee,
cres. Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may
 not see!

p Only Thou art holy; there is none beside Thee,
cres. Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

IV.

p Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!
cres. All Thy works shall praise Thy Name in earth,
 and sky, and sea:

p Holy, Holy, Holy! merciful and mighty!
cres. God in Three Persons, blest Trinity!

THRICE HOLY GOD OF SOVEREIGN MIGHT.

Trinity, or General.

Ter sancte, ter potens Deus.

No. 184.



I.

f THRICE holy GOD, of sovereign might ! *mf* Thy people, new-born from the skies,
Great Three, above created bound !
O Fount of everlasting light,
Thrice blest in joys divine, profound !

IV.

Confess Thee in Thy glorious Name;
Love gains a foretaste of the prize,
Sought out by faith with steadfast aim.

II.

O Unity for ever true !
O Truth, Who art for ever One !
O Love, that blemish never knew !
Of bounteous grace immortal Sun !

V.

p Grant, FATHER, we may do Thy will;
Thy truth, O SON, to us impart;
Our minds with grace, O SPIRIT, fill,
To follow Thee with all our heart.

III.

p Round Thee the clouds their pall suspend, *f* Most holy FATHER, grant our plea,
To hide those unapproached rays,
To which the circling angels bend
In terror, while they burn to gaze.

VI.

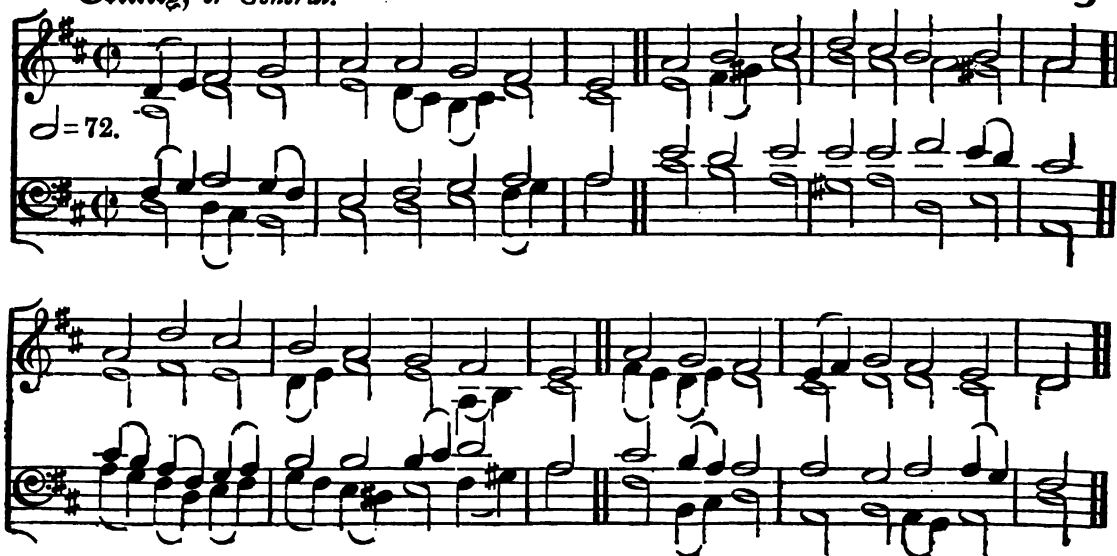
And Thou, the FATHER's only SON,
Thou too, good SPIRIT, Sacred Three,
For ever reigning, ever One !

GREAT GOD, WHO IN THY LIGHT DOST REST.

O Luce Quæ Tua lates.

Trinity, or General.

No. 185.



I.

f GREAT GOD, Who in Thy light dost rest!
Great TRINITY, for ever blest!
We Thee avow, in Thee believe,
To Thee with perfect heart we cleave.

III.

The FATHER wholly in the SON;
The SON and FATHER wholly One;
With SON and FATHER ever found,
The HOLY GHOST with Both is bound.

II.

mf Thrice holy FATHER, Thee we blest!
True GOD, O SON, we Thee confess!
Thou, SPIRIT, Chain of heavenly love,
Dost link the sacred Pair above.

IV.

The SON and SPIRIT we proclaim
In Substance with the SIRE the same,
The THREE ONE Verity most High;
The THREE ONE Love in closest tie.

V.

ff Then give the FATHER endless praise!
To SON and SPIRIT glory raise!
The living GOD, Who bears the sway,
While countless ages wear away!

LAMB OF GOD, WHOSE DYING LOVE.

Holy Communion.

No. 186.



I.

p LAMB of GOD, Whose dying love,
Now Thy Saints recall to mind,
Hear us, blest us from above;
Let us all Thy mercy find.

II.

Let Thy Blood, to us applied,
Every sinner's pardon seal;
All in Thee be sanctified;
Every soul Thy comfort feel.

III.

pp By Thine agony of pain,
By Thy precious Blood, we pray,
Cleanse our hearts from every stain,
Take our load of guilt away.

IV.

cres. Burst our bonds, and set us free;
Bid our fears and sorrows cease;
dim. LORD, remember Calvary!
SAVIOUR, bid us go in peace.

O GOD, UNSEEN, YET EVER NEAR.

Holy Communion.

No. 187.



I.

p O GOD, unseen, yet ever near,
Thy Presence may we feel ;
And, thus inspired by holy fear,
Before Thine altar kneel !

III.

p We come, obedient to Thy Word,
To feast on heavenly food,
Our meat, the Body of the LORD,
Our drink, His precious Blood.

II.

mf Here may Thy faithful people know *cres.* Thus may we all Thy words obey,
The blessings of Thy love, For we, O God, are Thine,
The streams that thro' the desert flow, And go rejoicing on our way,
The manna from above. Renewed with strength divine.

IV.

V.

f TO FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
The God Whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

O GOD OF MERCY, GOD OF MIGHT.

Holy Communion.

No. 188.

The musical score is written for two staves, likely representing a vocal part and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is common time (C). The tempo is marked '♩ = 72'. The score consists of two systems, each with a vocal line and a piano line. The vocal line features a melody with various intervals, including eighth and sixteenth notes. The piano line provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines. The score ends with a double bar line.

I.

p O God of mercy, God of might,
How should frail sinners bear the fight,
If, as Thy pow'r is surely here,
Thine open glory should appear.

IV.

p O agony of wav'ring thought
When sinners first so near are brought!
cres. It is my Maker; dare I stay?
p My SAVIOUR; dare I turn away?

II.

mf For now Thy people are allowed
To scale the mount, and pierce the cloud,
And faith may feed her eager view
With wonders Sinai never knew.

V.

Sweet, awful hour! the only found,
One gentle footstep gliding round,
Off'ring by turns, on Jesu's part,
The Cross to every hand and heart.

III.

Fresh from th' atoning sacrifice,
The world's Creator bleeding lies,
That man, His foe, by whom He bled,
May take Him for his daily bread.

VI.

mf Refresh us, LORD, to hold it fast;
And when Thy veil is drawn at last,
Let us depart where shadows cease,
With words of blessing and of peace.

p

JESU, TO THY TABLE LED.

Holy Communion.

No. 189.



I.

p JESU, to Thy Table led,
cres. Now let every heart be fed
dim. With the true and living Bread.

IV.

p When we taste the mystic Wine,
Of Thy Blood outpoured the sign,
cres. Fill our hearts with love divine!

II.

p While in penitence we kneel,
cres. Thy sweet presence let us feel;
dim. All Thy wondrous love reveal.

V.

p Draw us to Thy wounded Side,
cres. Whence there flowed the healing tide;
dim. There our sins and sorrows hide!

III.

p While on Thy dear Cross we gaze,
Mourning o'er our sinful ways,
cres. Turn our sadness into praise.

VI.

p Lead us by Thy pierced Hand,
cres. Till around Thy throne we stand,
f In the bright and better land!

BY CHRIST REDEEMED, IN CHRIST RESTORED.

Holy Communion.

No. 190.



I.

III.

mf BY CHRIST redeemed, in CHRIST restored, *p* His fearful drops of agony,
 We keep the memory adored, His life-blood shed for us we see;
 And show the death of our dear LORD, *cres.* The Wine shall tell the mystery,
p Until He come. *p* Until He come.

II.

IV.

mf His Body, broken in our stead,
 Is here in this memorial Bread;
 And so our feeble love is fed,
p Until He come.

p And thus that dark betrayal-night,
 With the last Advent we unite;
cres. The shame, the glory, by this rite,
p Until He come.

V.

mf O blest hope! with this elate,
cres. Let not our hearts be desolate;
f But, strong in faith, in patience wait,
p Until He come.

THEE WE ADORE, O HIDDEN SAVIOUR, THEE.

Holy Communion.

No. 191.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of three systems of staves. The first system has a tempo marking of $\text{♩} = 84$. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The score includes dynamic markings: *p* (piano), *pp* (pianissimo), and *mf* (mezzo-forte). The piece concludes with the text 'A - men.' and a final chord.

I.

p THEE we adore, O hidden SAVIOUR, Thee,
Who in Thy Sacrament art pleased to be;
Both flesh and spirit in Thy presence fail,
Yet here Thy presence we devoutly hail.

II.

p O blest memorial of our dying LORD,
Who living Bread to men doth here afford!
O may our souls for ever feed on Thee,
And Thou, O CHRIST, for ever precious be!

III.

p O Fount of goodness! JESU, LORD and God!
Cleanse us unclean with Thy most cleansing Blood!
Increase our faith and love, that we may know
The hope and peace, which from Thy presence flow.

IV.

p O CHRIST, Whom now beneath a veil we see,
May what we thirst for soon our portion be;
To gaze on Thee unveiled, and see Thy face,
The vision of Thy glory and Thy grace!

IN THE NAME OF GOD THE FATHER.

No. 192.

Holy Communion.

The musical score consists of three systems of staves. The first system is marked with a treble and bass clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a common time signature (C). It begins with a tempo marking of '76.' and a repeat sign. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The third system concludes with a final cadence and the marking 'A - men.'.

I.

p In the Name of GOD the FATHER,
 In the Name of GOD the SON,
 In the Name of GOD the SPIRIT,
 ONE in THREE, and THREE in ONE;
 In the Name, which highest angels
 Speak not ere they veil their face,
pp cres. Crying "Holy! Holy! Holy!"
 Come we to this sacred place.

II.

p Here, in figure represented,
 See the Passion once again!
 Here behold the LAMB most Holy,
 As for our redemption slain!
 Here the SAVIOUR'S Body broken,
 Here the Blood which JESUS shed,
p cres. Mystic food of life eternal,
 See for our refreshment spread!

III.

p Here shall highest praise be offered,
 Here shall meekest prayer be poured,
 Here with body, soul, and spirit,
 God Incarnate be adored.
 Holy JESU, for Thy coming
 May Thy love our hearts prepare!
p cres. Thine we fain would have them wholly!
f Enter LORD, and tarry there!

WAKE, MY TONGUE, THE MYST'RY TELLING.

Holy Communion.

Pange, lingua, gloriosi.

No. 193.



I.

f WAKE, my tongue, the myst'ry telling,
 Jesu's glorious Body sing!
 Hymn the Blood, all price excelling,
 Which the Universal King,
 Issue of a royal womb,
 Shed to save a world from doom.

II.

mf Giv'n for us, His birth proceeding
 From a Virgin pure as snow,
 He, a life with sinners leading,
 Came the seed of Truth to sow;
 This, His ling'ring course of woes,
 Bringing to a wondrous close.

III.

p At the final Supper lying
 'Mid the Twelve, that mournful night,
 With the Law's behests complying,
 Joining in the Paschal Rite,
cres. He, to feed His favoured band,
 Gives Himself with His Own hand.

IV.

Bread the Word Incarnate telleth
 By a word His Flesh to veil;
 Wine to be His Blood compelleth,
 Though to trace it sense should fail:
mf Faith sufficeth to impart
 Strength to every guileless heart.

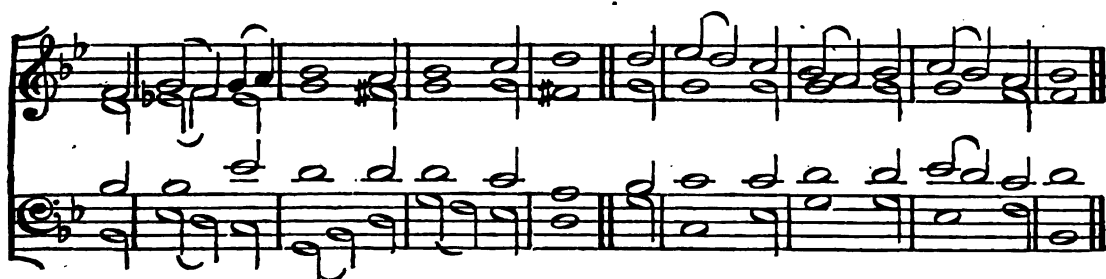
V.

pp Low before the mystic wonder,
 Let us reverence the fight;
cres. Ancient figures fall asunder,
 Yielding to the later Rite:
f Faith! thy needed help we seek!
 Aid us where the sense is weak!

MY GOD, AND IS THY TABLE SPREAD?

Holy Communion.

No. 194.



I.

p My God, and is Thy Table spread?
And does Thy cup with love o'erflow?
Be all Thy children thither led,
And let them all its sweetness know.

III.

mf Why are its dainties all in vain
Before unwilling hearts displayed?
Was not for you the Victim slain?
Are you forbid the children's bread?

II.

f Hail! sacred Feast, which Jesus makes!
Rich banquet of His flesh and blood!
Thrice happy he, who here partakes
That sacred stream, that heavenly food!

IV.

O let Thy Table honoured be,
And furnished well with joyful guests!
And may each soul salvation see,
That here its sacred pledges tastes.

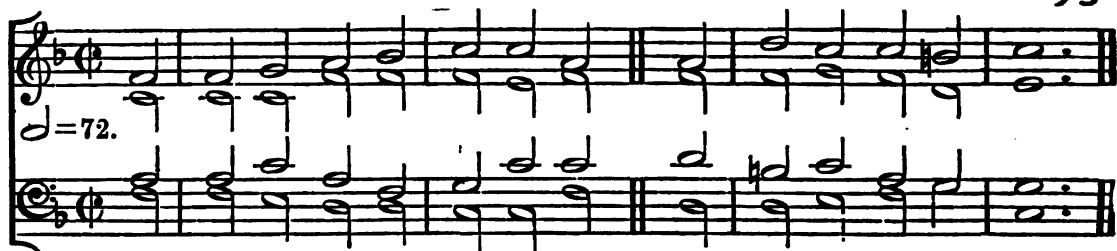
V.

f Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him all creatures here below,
Praise Him above, angelic host,
Praise FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.

LORD JESUS, GOD OF GRACE AND LOVE.

Holy Communion.

No. 195.



I.

p LORD JESUS, God of grace and love,
Revealed on Calvary,
Thou callest from Thy throne above,
"This day remember Me."

III.

p I come, LORD JESUS, at Thy call;
Thy saving help I need;
Convicted, at Thy Cross I fall,
And there my ransom read.

II.

mf I come, Lord JESUS, to fulfil
Thy last divine command:
O! may I ever do Thy will,
And own Thy guiding hand!

IV.

mf I come, LORD JESUS, to Thy feast,
Unworthy though I be;
By Thy redeeming pow'r released,
I rest all hopes on Thee.

V.

p cres. Oh! when I take Thy pledge of love,
Which Thou Thyself hast given,
LORD JESUS, plead my cause above!
p Remember me in heaven!

FOR MERCIES, COUNTLESS AS THE SANDS.

Holy Communion.

No. 196.



I.

mf For mercies, countless as the sands,
Which daily I receive
From JESUS my REDEEMER's hands,
My soul, what canst thou give?

II.

p Alas! from such a heart as mine,
What can I bring Him forth?
My best is stained and dyed with sin;
My all is nothing worth.

III.

mf Yet this acknowledgment I'll make
For all He has bestowed:
Salvation's sacred cup I'll take,
And call upon my God.

IV.

The best return from one like me,
So wretched and so poor,
Is from His gifts to draw a plea,
And ask Him still for more.

LORD, WHEN BEFORE THY THRONE WE MEET.

Holy Communion.

No. 197.



I.

II.

<i>mf</i> LORD, when before Thy throne we meet,	<i>p</i> Thy Body, for our ransom given,
Thy goodness to adore,	Thy Blood, in mercy shed:
From heaven, th' eternal mercy seat,	With this immortal food from heaven,
On us Thy blessing pour,	LORD, let our souls be fed:
<i>cres.</i> And make our inmost souls to be	<i>cres.</i> And as we round Thine Altar kneel,
A habitation meet for Thee.	Help us Thy quickening grace to feel.

III.

mf Be Thou, O HOLY SPIRIT, nigh ;
Accept the humble prayer,
The contrite soul's repentant sigh,
The sinner's heartfelt tear ;
cres. And let our adoration rise
As fragrant incense to the skies.

'GAINST WHAT FOEMEN ART THOU RUSHING?

Conversion of St. Paul. *Quos in hostes, Saule, tendis?*

No. 198.



I.

f 'GAINST what foemen art thou rushing?
Saul, what frenzy goads thy mind?
Why to slaughter harmless victims
Hast thou in thy rage designed?
p cres. CHRIST the Sufferer,
f Soon th' Avenger thou shalt find.

II.

f CHRIST approaches, whelms him, blinds him,
Hurls him helpless to the ground:
p Low before his heavenly Master,
All submissive is he found:
cres. CHRIST's defamer,
f Soon His herald thunders round.

III.

f He, who once with fearful threat'nings
Fetters forged, now filled with dread,
Foe no more to his REDEEMER,
By the hand is gently led:
Wolf of rapine,
p Now a lamb, his fury dead.

IV.

mf How, O LORD, are hearts of marble
Softened by Thy potent Grace!
He, who by Thy people's bloodshed,
Would Thy blessed Name efface,
cres. Soon shall blaze it,
By his life, from race to race.

V.

f Praise the FATHER, Who all creatures
Moulded from His heavenly shrine:
Praise the SON, Who hath redeemed us
By His death, on high to shine;
p cres. Praise the SPIRIT,
Nursing us with Breath divine.

O SION, OPE THY TEMPLE GATES.

Purification.

Templi sacratas pande.

No. 199.



I.

f O SION, ope thy Temple gates ;
The Victim-Priest to enter waits :
Let lifeless shadows fade away
Before the truth's enlight'ning ray !

IV.

See round Him holy ones appear,
More holy now that God is near !
They reap the long expected prize
Of yearning faith, and gazing eyes.

II.

No more shall flocks and herds be slain: *p*
Their blood no more shall steep the fane ;
To win for us the FATHER's grace,
He by the altar takes His place.

V.

Mute Mother of the silent Word !
From thee no living sound is heard ;
Yet still by thee is GOD confessed,
In searching thoughts that fill thy breast.

III.

mf Full conscious of her Charge divine,
The Virgin carries to the shrine
The LORD she bore, and doves she brings,
An off'ring to the KING of kings.

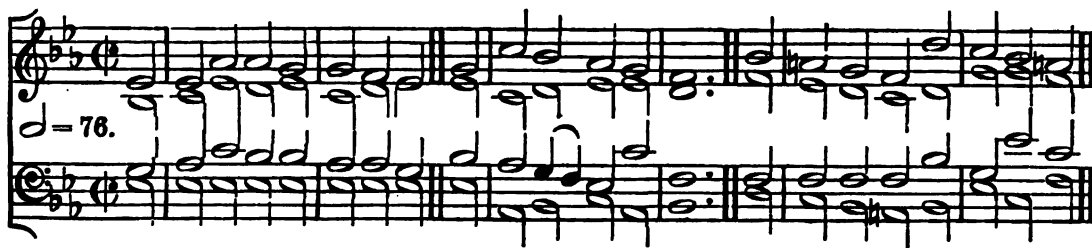
VI.

f O laud the FATHER, laud the SON,
And laud the SPIRIT, THREE in ONE :
To Thee, blest Trinity, we raise
Devoted hearts with ceaseless praise.

WITHIN A CHAMBER, CALM AND STILL.

St. Matthias.

No. 200.



I.

p WITHIN a chamber, calm and still,
The LORD's devoted band,
A dead Apostle's place to fill,
In mournful council stand:
cres. For he, amid his SAVIOUR's woes,
For silver sold Him to His foes.

II.

p Behold the Mother sad appears,
Too sad to find relief;
If they would seek to dry her tears,
The scene renews her grief:
How black, how terrible the deed,
Made them to mourn, and Christ to bleed!

III.

mf LORD! let no treason lurk within,
To quench Thy blessed Light;
But ere it rise arrest the sin,
That sinks the soul in night:
p So guide our hearts and tongues, we pray,
cres. That we may never Thee betray.

IV.

mf Thou canst supply a vacant place,
Repair the mourner's loss;
Close every void with gifts of grace,
And there set up the Cross:
O fill the wastes of sin and pain,
And bid the desert bloom again.

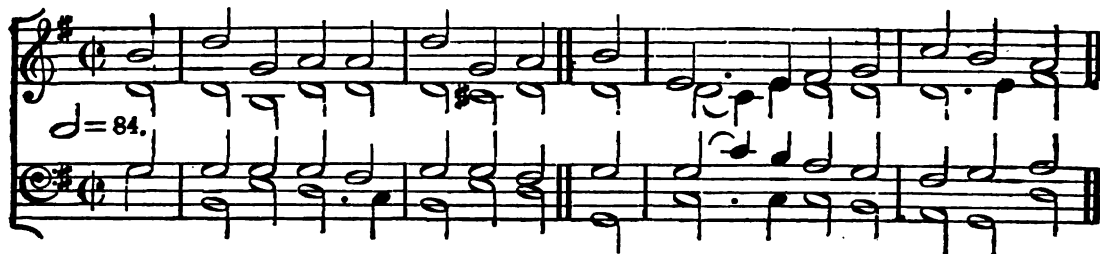
V.

mf So we, while battling here below,
With eyes firm fixed above,
To Thee, our LORD, will ever show
The truest, warmest love:
Within our hearts uprear Thy throne,
f And make them evermore Thine Own.

HAIL! HIGHLY FAVOURED, BLESSED MAID!

Annunciation.

No. 201.



I.

p "HAIL! highly favoured, bleſſed Maid!
On thee the richeſt grace is laid!"

Hear Gabriel exclaim:

cres. "A Son from Heaven ſhalt thou bear,
Great David's honours ſhall He wear,
f Lo! Jeſus is His Name."

II.

mf As Mary ſtands with wiſful eyes,
In calm but earneſt hope ſhe cries:

p "His gracious will be done!"

cres. The ſhadow of the Higheſt ſoars,
The Holy Ghoſt Himſelf outpours,
f And God and Man are one!

III.

mf So, LORD, when Thou doſt ſhow Thy face,
And offer loving gifts of grace,

May quick the answer riſe:

cres. "Behold the ſervant of the Lord!
Make good to us Thy precious word,
f And ſeal us for the prize."

IV.

p Bleſt SAVIOUR, fix Thyſelf within;

O baniſh each uſurping ſin,

And waſh away its ſtain;

cres. Make every heart a maiden ſhrine;
Then fill it with Thy light divine,
f And there for ever reign!

THRONED ABOVE THE STARRY SPHERE.

St. Mark.

No. 202.



I.

f THRONED above the starry sphere,
Robed in dazzling whiteness,
LORD of life, to us appear!
Rise, eternal Brightness!
Now Thy glorious beam display
O'er a world benighted!
Ne'er shall shine Thy gracious ray
Only to be slighted.

II.

♩ One there was forsook the light,
Radiant still above him;
Heedless of the coming night,
Lost to those who love him.
cres. Yet his frailty they can bear,
While they mourn his weakness;
Sorrow with a brother share,
Win him back with meekness.

III.

mf Waking up from faithless sleep,
Spurning guilty coldness,
Sped the Saint across the deep,
Armed with holy boldness.
f Loud he sounds Thy saving Name:
Heaven hosts adore it!
High he lifts Thy Cross of shame:
Egypt bows before it!

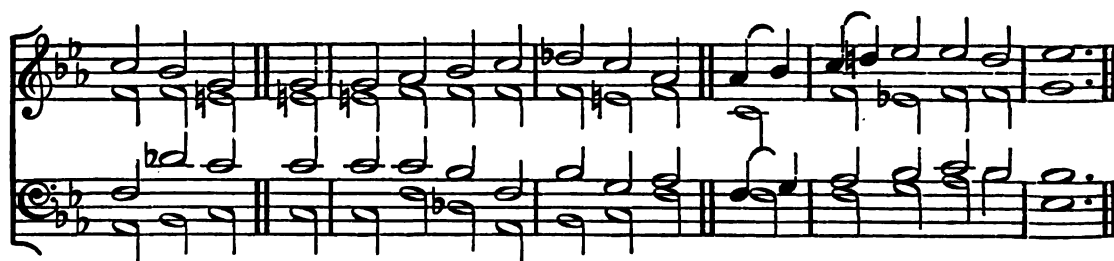
IV.

mf Shine upon our darksome way,
Star of Grace amazing!
On Thy living, guiding ray
Keep us ever gazing!
cres. Kindle, LORD, the fire of love;
Then we ne'er shall grieve Thee:
f Lighted, warmed from Heav'n above,
Who can ever leave Thee?

THE FATHER SHEW US, GRACIOUS LORD.

SS. Philip and James.

No. 203.



I.

f "THE FATHER shew us, gracious LORD,
And we contented rest!"
mf Too bold the prayer, too rash the word;
'Twas Philip's hasty voice was heard,
From his too ardent breast.

II.

p To gain that glimpse, tho' ne'er so faint,
To mortal were to die:
Oh! how could sinner, how could saint,
Or how could angel, free from taint,
Endure that dazzling eye?

III.

mf Yet, LORD, we could the FATHER see,
Could see Him beaming bright,
If we would only look to Thee,
To set the gloomy spirit free
From mists that cloud its sight.

IV.

Abandon not our sinful race
To darkness here alone,
But grant us Thine enlight'ning grace,
That we may view the FATHER's face
Reflected in Thine Own.

V.

f Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life;
To us the FATHER give;
To Him conduct us thro' the strife,
To Him, Who stands, with mercy rife,
That we may see and live.

VI.

p So bring us all, released from care,
To tread the heavenly floor,
cres. With Thy Own martyred brother there,
And blessed Philip, fainted pair,
f To see Thee evermore.

O LOVING SAVIOUR, WHO ART TOUCHED.

St. Barnabas.

No. 204.



I.

IV.

p O LOVING SAVIOUR, Who art touched *mf* Lo! Barnabas in might appears,
 With human cares and throes, Unawed by death or shame,
cres. What brother stands so close as Thou, *cres.* And "Christians," at his stirring sounds,
 To soothe a brother's woes? First bear their SAVIOUR's Name.

II.

V.

mf Though Thou didst frame this globe of
 earth
 With vast creative power,
p Yet dearer is the task to Thee
 To dry the tearful shower.

p Yet pity moves his melting breast,
 It trembles in his voice;
pp He loves to weep with them that weep,
cres. To joy when they rejoice.

III.

VI.

f A "Son of Thunder," Thou canst raise,
 And gifts of fire impart,
p A "Son of Consolation" send
 To cheer the drooping heart.

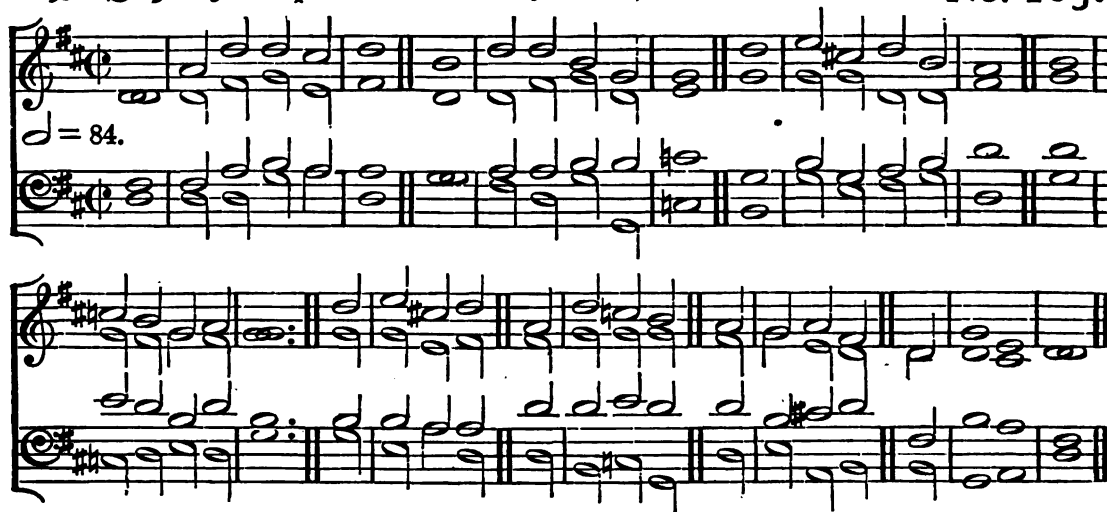
p O! grant us, tender LORD, to learn,
cres. If we would still be Thine,
f That zeal is worthless, if unwarmed
dim. By sympathy divine.

LO! FROM THE DESERT HOMES.

St. John the Baptist.

Nunc suis tandem.

No. 205.



I.

mf LO! from the desert homes,
Where he hath hid so long,
The new Elias comes,
In sternest wisdom strong;
The voice that cries
Of CHRIST from high,
And judgment nigh,
From op'ning skies.

II.

f Your God e'en now doth stand
Within heav'n's op'ning door;
His fan is in His hand,
And He will purge His floor;
The wheat He claims,
And with Him stows;
The chaff He throws
To quenchless flames.

III.

Ye haughty mountains, bow
Your sky-aspiring heads;
Ye valleys, hiding low,
Lift up your gentle meads;
Make His ways plain
Your King before,
For evermore
He comes to reign.

IV.

p Let thy dread voice around,
Thou harbinger of Light,
On our dull ears still sound,
Lest here we sleep in night,
cres. Till Judgment come,
And on our path
Shall burst the wrath,
And deathless doom.

V.

mf O God! with love's sweet might
Who dost anoint, and arm
CHRIST's soldiers for the fight,
With spells that shield from harm;
f Thrice blessed THREE,
Heav'n's endless days
Shall sing Thy praise
Eternally!

IN WEAKNESS GREAT, AND STRONG IN HIDDEN MIGHT.

St. Peter.

No. 206.



I.

f In weakness great, and strong in hidden might,
Thy Peter, LORD, a star of living light,
p cres. Though oft obscured, and once eclipsed, his rays
Yet shine again with purer, brighter blaze.

IV.

f A trusty Shepherd for Thy sheep he stands,
The keys of heav'nly pardon in his hands;
p The cross of pain he crimson's o'er with blood,
cres. Undying witness raising from the flood.

II.

mf To meet Thee, walking o'er the troubled waves,
In zeal he plunged, but lo! the faith that saves;
The stony depths would soon have been his tomb,
Hadst Thou not plucked him from the watery doom.

V.

mf When round us threatening waves in wrath arise,
Oh! may we fix on Thee unswerving eyes!
On Thee may all our clinging hopes be stayed;
Thy look be mercy, and Thine arm bring aid!

III.

p The Cock crew loud Thy warning in his ears;
At Thy sad look he poured remorseful tears;
By Satan sifted, prostrate 'neath his blast,
f On Thee, the Rock, he stood a rock at last.

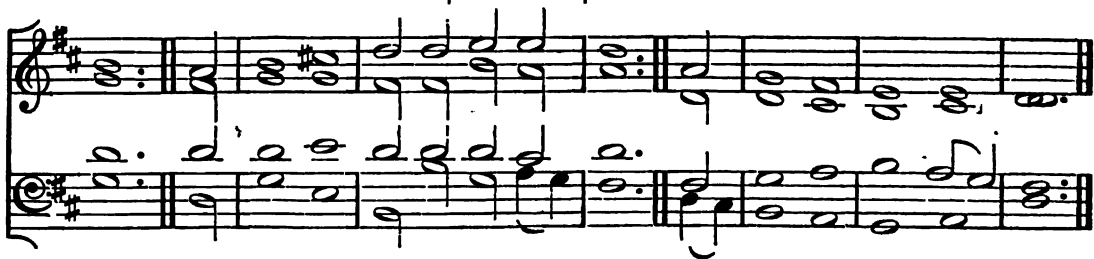
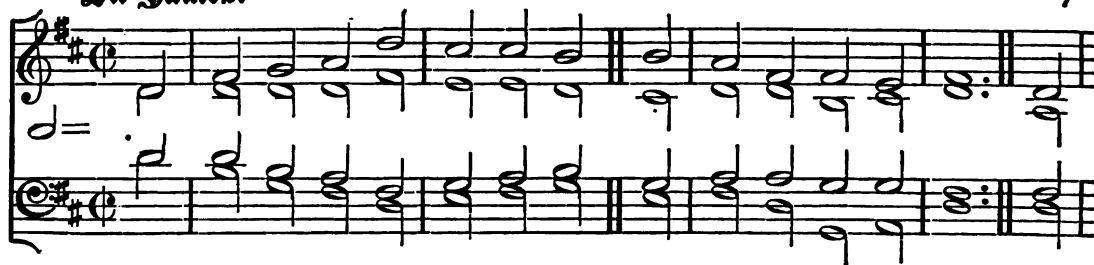
VI.

p Grant we may love Thee with Thy Martyr's power,
In sorrow melted for each sinning hour;
With him, while guarded from his mournful fall,
cres. Confess Thee CHRIST, and win Thee LORD of all.

AS JAMES THE GREAT, WITH GLOWING ZEAL.

St. James.

No. 207.



I.

mf AS James the Great, with glowing zeal,
Unheeding smile or frown,
Relinquished all his earthly weal,
To win a brighter crown :
So, LORD, we haste, the world disdained,
To follow Thee with faith unfeigned,
p And draw Thy mercy down.

II.

mf Should we for Thee to wrath be moved,
Disturbed by wild unrest,
Though thinking then Thou most wert loved,
That then we served Thee best ;
p Oh ! let Thy Spirit drop its balm,
To quell the storm, and shed a calm
On our unruly breast.

III.

mf Thy cup in fervour James would drink,
And drain its sorrows dry ;
From Thy dark lot he scorned to shrink,
Though it were e'en to die ;
cres. That he might rank on Thy right hand,
And there before the angels stand,
f Thy favoured saint on high.

IV.

mf We from the Cross seek no retreat,
But, guided by Thy grace,
We crave to sit beneath Thy feet ;
Right royal is the place !
f So we may ever be Thine Own,
Where'er we view Thee stands a throne ;
p Our Heav'n is in Thy face.

BENEATH THE FIG-TREE'S GRATEFUL SHADE.

St. Bartholomew.

No. 208.



I.

mf BENEATH the fig-tree's grateful shade
Behold the good Nathanael laid,
Concealed from distant eye :
But where is vision blind, or faint,
To Him who saw the resting Saint
From far, yet ever nigh ?

II.

The Nazareth, which he disdained,
And many a scornful tongue profaned,
Now beams a city bright ;
cres. As Thou, O LORD, on him dost shine,
The Nazarene stands forth divine,
f A King before his fight !

III.

p The angels rise, the angels fall,
They circle round the LORD of all :
This glory shall he view ;
For guileless there he meekly stands,
In child-like faith at JESU's hands,
f Nathanael, trustful, true.

IV.

p LORD, grant to us to be sincere,
With simple heart, and conscience clear,
With truth to shine around ;
That we may win the heavenly meed,
f " Behold an Israelite indeed,
In whom no guile is found ! "

V.

p cres. Then lead us to that vision bright,
Where stand the angel-hosts of light,
Fair stars in lustrous ring ;
That, joining their immortal lays,
We ever may confess, and praise
f Our SAVIOUR, GOD, and KING.

LO! SEA AND LAND THEIR GIFTS OUTPOUR.

St. Matthew.

No. 209.



I.

f Lo! sea and land their gifts outpour,
A tribute from their richest store,
To lie at Levi's feet;
p But Thou, in passing, gracious LORD,
Didst see his danger, speak Thy word;
That word for him how meet!
f "Come, follow Me!"
mf To follow Thee
He quits his wealthy seat.

II.

mf But we are still in fetters held,
By worldly charms and lucre spelled,
Our hearts all dead and cold;
Unyielding to the cries of grace,
With wills too weak to seek Thy face,
Fast bound in Satan's hold:
f "Come, follow Me!"
p Ah! how are we
To burst the chains of gold?

III.

f Yet, roused by Thine Almighty voice,
Good LORD, we rise, and we rejoice;
We fling the dross away;
No diamond sparkles in the light,
Nought ever shines so fair and bright,
As Thy celestial ray:
"Come, follow Me!"
We fly to Thee,
O living Star of day!

IV.

mf Thou hadst not where to lay Thine head,
When Matthew, by Thy mercy led,
Sought Thee to be his Guest;
But we, O LORD, of Thee have need,
On Thy rich bounty we must feed,
And lean upon Thy breast:
p cres. "Then, follow Me!"
We cling to Thee,
Our Riches, and our Rest!

THEY COME, GOD'S MESSENGERS OF LOVE.

St. Michael.

No. 210.



I.

mf THEY come, God's messengers of love,
They come from realms of peace above,
From homes of never-fading light,
From blissful mansions ever bright.

IV.

p Blest JESU, Thou, Whose groans and tears
Have sanctified frail nature's fears,
To earth in bitter sorrow weighed,
Thou didst not scorn Thine angels' aid.

II.

They come to watch around us here,
To soothe our sorrow, calm our fear;
Ye heavenly guides, speed not away;
God willeth you with us to stay.

V.

An angel-guard to us supply,
When on the bed of death we lie;
And by Thine Own Almighty pow'r,
O shield us in the last dread hour.

III.

But chiefly at its journey's end,
'Tis yours the spirit to befriend,
And whisper to the willing heart,
"O Christian soul, in peace depart."

VI.

f To GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON,
And GOD the SPIRIT, THREE in ONE,
From all above, and all below,
Let joyful praise unceasing flow.

WITH ME IS LUKE, ALONE OF ALL.

St. Luke.

No. 211.



I.

p "WITH me is Luke, alone of all:"
cres. So sadly mourned the aged Paul;
 Frail Demas, his in Christian love,
dim. Is dead to him and things above.

IV.

mf Behold him constant, faithful stand,
 With healing lip, and healing hand,
 His suff'ring brother fain to tend,
 Evangelist, Physician, Friend.

II.

mf The world had shewn its specious face,
 And lured him from the heavenly race;
cres. He loves it, and without a throe
dim. Can leave a martyr to his woe.

V.

p LORD, make us steadfast as Thy Saint,
 That we may toil, and never faint,
 That we may stand, and never fall,
 Upheld by Thee, the Help of all.

III.

f But Luke his toils and travels shares,
 Companion dear of all his cares;
p Love lighting up his tender brow,
cres. He could not leave the captive now.

VI.

mf Thy changeless love, we pray, impart;
 O nurse in us a loyal heart;
cres. That we, sustained by grace from high,
 For Thee may live, in Thee may die.

HOW BLEST THE UNITY, GOOD LORD.

SS. Simon and Jude.

No. 212.



I.

mf How blest the unity, good LORD,
Which beams throughout Thy holy Word,
f A ray from Thine Own Essence!
p cres. Oh! when shall all Thy Church be one?
That precious sign of heaven begun,
The foretaste of Thy Presence!

II.

p O SAVIOUR, while for this we yearn,
Our love to Thee shall ever burn,
A love so deep and tender,
That we can never Truth betray,
And so arrest that glorious day,
When Thou shalt reign in splendor.

V.

f Then, LORD, Thy grace to us impart,
Inspire the zeal, infuse the heart,
And warm the weak endeavour,
That high and low, that age and youth,
United in Thy saving truth,
f May all be Thine for ever!

III.

f Thy kinsmen, LORD, to Thee most dear,
Blest Jude and Simon, ever near,
Stood partners in Thy trial;
Saint Simon, glowing bright with zeal,
Saint Jude, with loving heart to feel
That faintness was denial.

IV.

mf If we should meet Thine open foes,
When Satan hath with stealthy blows
Of unbelief undone them,
p cres. O grant a spirit, born above,
To guard Thy cause in words of love,
Till truth to Thee hath won them.

WHO ARE THESE, LIKE STARS APPEARING?

All Saints, or General. *Wer sind die vor Gottes Throne.*

No. 213.



I.

mf Who are these, like stars appearing,
These, before God's throne who stand?
Each a golden crown is wearing:
Who are all this glorious band?
f Alleluia! hark! they sing,
Praising loud their heavenly King.

II.

mf Who are these of dazzling brightness,
These, in God's own truth arrayed,
Clad in robes of purest whiteness,
Robes, whose lustre ne'er shall fade,
Ne'er be touched by Time's rude hand?
f Whence come all this glorious band?

III.

mf These are they, who have contended
For their SAVIOUR's honour long,
Wrestling on till life was ended,
Following not the sinful throng:
f These, who well the fight sustained,
Triumph through the LAMB have gained.

IV:

p These are they, whose hearts were riven,
Sore with woe and anguish tried,
Who in prayer full oft have striven
With the God they glorified:
cres. Now their pain and conflict o'er,
God has bid them weep no more.

V.

mf These, like priests, have watched and waited,
Off'ring up to CHRIST their will,
Soul and body consecrated,
Day and night to serve Him still:
f Now, in God's most holy place,
Blest they stand before His Face.

WHAT ARE THESE IN BRIGHT ARRAY?

All Saints, or General.

No. 214.



I.

mf WHAT are these in bright array,
This innumerable throng,
Round the altar night and day,
Hymning one triumphant song?
f "Worthy is the Lamb, once slain,
Blessing, honour, glory, power,
Wisdom, riches to obtain,
New dominion every hour."

II.

p These through fiery trials trod;
These from great affliction came;
Now before the throne of God,
Sealed with His Almighty name,
Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor-palms in every hand,
cres. Through their dear REDEEMER's might,
More than conquerors they stand.

III.

mf Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,
On immortal fruits they feed:
Them the Lamb amidst the Throne
Shall to living fountains lead:
f Joy and gladness banish sighs,
Perfect love dispels all fear,
And for ever from their eyes
dim. God shall wipe away the tear.

O HAPPY SAINTS, WHO DWELL IN LIGHT.

All Saints, or General.

No. 215.



I.

p O HAPPY fairs, who dwell in light,
And walk with JESUS, clothed in
white,
cres. Safe landed on that peaceful shore,
Where pilgrims meet to part no more.

III.

mf And now they range the heavenly
plains,
And sing their hymns in melting strains;
cres. And now their souls begin to prove
The heights and depths of JESU'S love.

II.

f Released from sin, and toil, and grief,
Death was their gate to endless life;
An opened cage, to let them fly,
And build their happy nest on high.

IV.

f He cheers them with eternal smile;
They sing hosannas all the while,
cres. Or, overwhelmed with rapture sweet,
dim. Sink down adoring at His feet.

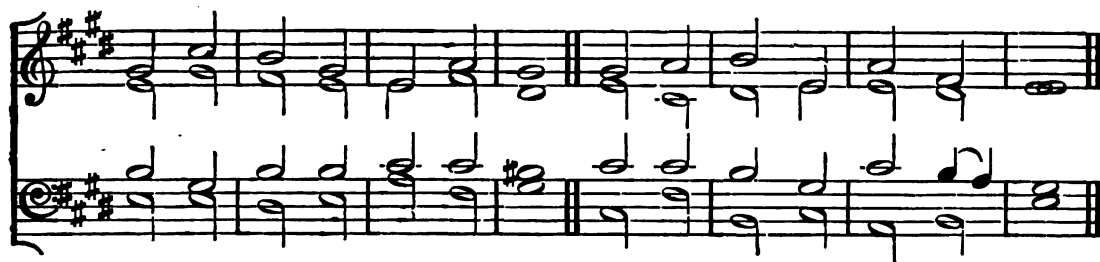
V.

p Ah LORD! with tardy steps I creep,
And sometimes sing, and sometimes weep;
cres. Yet strip me of this house of clay,
And I will sing as loud as they.

PALMS OF GLORY, RAIMENT BRIGHT.

Apostles, &c., or General.

No. 216.



I.

f PALMS of glory, raiment bright,
Crowns that never fade away,
Gird and deck the saints in light,
Priests, and kings, and conqu'rors they.

IV.

Round the Altar priests confefs,
If their robes are white as fnow,
'Twas the SAVIOUR's righteousnefs,
And His blood that made them fo.

II.

Yet the conqu'rors bring their palms
To the Lamb amidft the throne,
And proclaim in joyful pfalms
Vict'ry through His Crofs alone.

V.

mf Who are thefe? on earth they dwelt;
Sinners once, of Adam's race;
Guilt, and fear, and fuff'ring felt;
But were faved by fovereign grace.

III.

Kings for harps their crowns refign,
Crying, as they ftrike the chords,
"Take the kingdom, it is Thine,
KING of kings, and LORD of lords!"

VI.

p They were mortal, too, like us:
Ah! when we, like them, muft die,
cres. May our fouls, tranflated thus,
Triumph, reign, and fhine on high!

THE SON OF GOD GOES FORTH TO WAR.

Apostles, &c., or General.

No. 217.



I.

mf THE SON of GOD goes forth to war,
A Kingly crown to gain;
His blood-red banner streams afar:
Who follows in His train?
Who best can drink His cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain,
Who patient bears His Cross below,
cres. He follows in His train.

II.

f A glorious band, the chosen few,
On whom the SPIRIT came;
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,
And mocked the crosses and flame.
They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
The lion's gory mane;
They bowed their necks the death to feel:
Who follows in their train?

III.

A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the SAVIOUR'S throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed.
They climbed the steep ascent of heaven,
Through peril, toil, and pain:
O God! to us may grace be given,
To follow in their train!

HOW BRIGHT THESE GLORIOUS SPIRITS SHINE!

Apostles, &c., or General.

No. 218.



I.

mf How bright these glorious spirits shine!
Whence all their bright array?
How came they to the blissful seats
Of everlasting day?

II.

f Lo! these are they from sufferings great,
Who came to realms of light,
And in the blood of CHRIST have washed
Those robes, which shine so bright.

III.

With palms triumphal now they stand
Before the throne on high,
And serve the God they love, amidst
The glories of the sky.

IV.

His presence fills each heart with joy,
Tunes every mouth to sing!
By day, by night, the sacred courts
With glad hosannas ring.

V.

mf Thirst, hunger, now are felt no more,
Nor suns with scorching ray;
God shines their Sun, whose cheering beams
Diffuse eternal day.

VI.

The LAMB, Which dwells amidst the throne,
Shall o'er them still preside,
Impart His nourishment divine,
And all their footsteps guide.

VII.

p 'Mong pastures green He'll lead His flock,
Where living streams appear;
cres. And God the LORD from every eye
Shall wipe off every tear.

DISPOSER SUPREME.

Apostles, &c., or General. Supreme, quales, Arbiter.

No. 219.



I.

mf DISPOSER Supreme,
And Judge of the earth,
Who choosest for Thine,
The weak and the poor;
To frail earthen vessels,
And things of no worth,
Entrusting Thy riches,
Which aye shall endure.

II.

p Those vessels soon fail,
Though full of Thy light;
They at Thy decree
Are broken and gone;
cres. Then brightly appeareth
The arm of Thy might,
As through the clouds breaking
The lightnings have shone.

III.

mf Like clouds are they borne
To do Thy great will,
And swift as the winds
About the world go;
All full of Thy Presence,
While earth lieth still,
They thunder, they lighten,
The waters o'erflow.

IV.

f Their sound goeth forth,
CHRIST JESUS the LORD!
Then Satan doth fear;
His citadels fall;
As when the dread trumpets
Went forth at Thy word,
And on the ground lieth
The Canaanites' wall.

V.

ff O loud be Thy trump,
And stirring the sound,
To rouse us, O LORD,
From sin's deadly sleep!
May lights, which Thou kindlest
In darkness around,
The dull soul awaken
Her vigils to keep!

VI.

p All glory to Thee,
Who, hidden from sight,
cres. Yet fillest with love
The vast Infinite;
mf And revealed to our aid
As ONE and yet THREE,
cres. From far hath reclaimed us
f Thy glory to see.

HARK! THE SOUND OF HOLY VOICES.

Apostles, &c., or General.

No. 220.

The musical score is written for two staves (treble and bass clef) in a key of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The tempo is marked '♩ = 92.' The score consists of three systems of music. The first system has a repeat sign at the end. The second system also has a repeat sign. The third system begins with a 'rall.' (rallentando) marking and ends with a double bar line and the instruction 'A - men.' The melody is primarily in the treble staff, with the bass staff providing harmonic support.

I. *f* HARK! the sound of holy voices,
Chanting at the crystal sea,
p Hallelujah! *f* Hallelujah!
ff Hallelujah! LORD, to Thee!
f Multitudes, which none can number,
Like the stars in glory stand,
Clothed in white apparel, holding
Palms of vict'ry in their hand.

Melody by Bases alone.

II. Patriarch, and holy Prophet,
Who prepared the way of CHRIST,
Melody by Tenors.
King, Apostle, Saint, Confessor,
Martyr, and Evangelist,

Melody by Trebles.

Saintly Maiden, godly Matron,
Widows, who have watched to prayer,
Full joined in holy concert, singing
To the LORD of all, are there.

III. *p* They have come from tribulation,
And have washed their robes in blood,
Washed them in the blood of JESUS;
cres. Tried they were and firm they stood;
p Mocked, imprisoned, stoned, tormented,
Sawn asunder, slain with sword,
cres. They have conquered Death and Satan,
f By the might of CHRIST the LORD.

Unison.

IV. *f* Marching with Thy Cross, their banner,
They have triumphed, following
Thee, the Captain of salvation,
Thee, their SAVIOUR, and their King;

Harmony.

dim. Gladly, LORD, with Thee they suffered;
Gladly, LORD, with Thee they died;
cres. And by death to life immortal,
They were born and glorified.

Unison.

V. *ff* Now they reign in heav'nly glory,
Now they walk in golden light,
Now they drink, as from a river,
Holy bliss, and infinite.

Harmony.

p Love and peace they taste for ever,
cres. And all truth and knowledge see,
f In the beatific vision
Of the Blessed TRINITY.

VI. *f* GOD of GOD, the One-begotten,
Light of Light, EMMANUEL,
In Whose Body, joined together,
All the saints for ever dwell,
Pour upon us of Thy fulness,
cres. That we may for evermore
ff GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON, and
GOD the HOLY GHOST adore!

LET OUR CHOIR NEW ANTHEMS RAISE.

Apostles, &c., or General. Τῶν ἱερῶν ἀθλοφόρων.

No. 221.

The musical score is written for two staves, Treble and Bass clef, in a key of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The tempo is marked '♩ = 60'. The score consists of three systems of music. The first system has two measures. The second system has two measures. The third system has two measures, with the second measure marked 'rall.' and ending with the text 'A - men.'.

I.

f Let our choir new anthems raise,
Wake the morn with gladness;
God Himself to joy and praise
Turns the martyrs' sadness;
p This, the day that won their crown,
cres. Open'd Heav'n's bright portal,
As they laid the mortal down,
f And put on th' immortal.

II.

mf Never flinched they from the flame,
From the torture never;
Vain the foeman's sharpest aim,
Satan's last endeavor;
f For by faith they saw the land,
Decked in all its glory,
Where triumphant now they stand
With the victor's story.

III.

f Up and follow, Christian men!
Press through toil and sorrow!
Spurn the night of fear, and then,
Oh! the glorious morrow!
Who will venture on the strife
Who will first begin it?
Who will seize the land of life?
f Warriors, up and win it!

WHAT ARE THESE ARRAYED IN WHITE.

Apostles, &c., or General.

No. 222.



I.

mf WHAT are these arrayed in white,
Brighter than the noon-day sun?
Foremost of the sons of light,
Nearest to th' eternal throne?

III.

mf Therefore they are next the throne,
Serve their Maker day and night;
God resides among His Own;
God doth in His faints delight.

II.

p Out of great distress they came,
Washed their robes by faith below,
In the blood of CHRIST the LAMB;
Blood that washes white as snow!

IV.

p Them the Lamb shall always feed,
He that on the throne doth reign,
To the living fountains lead,
With the tree of life sustain.

V.

cres. He shall all their sorrows chase,
All their wants at once remove,
f Wipe the tears from every face,
Fill up every soul with love.

HAPPY SOUL, THY DAYS ARE ENDED.

Martys, &c., or Private use.

No. 223.



I.

mf HAPPY soul, thy days are ended,
All thy mourning days below ;
Go, by angel guards attended,
To the fight of JESUS go !

II.

Waiting to receive thy spirit,
Lo ! the SAVIOUR stands above ;
Claims the purchase of His merit,
Reaches forth the crown of love.

III.

p Struggle through thy latest passion
To thy dear REDEEMER's breast,
cres. To His uttermost salvation,
To His everlasting rest !

IV.

f For the joy He sets before thee
Bear a momentary pain ;
Die ! to live the life of glory !
Suffer ! with thy LORD to reign !

LORD OF THE CHURCH, WE HUMBLY PRAY.

Ember Days, or Ordination.

No. 224.



I.

II.

p LORD of the Church, we humbly pray^m/ Help them to preach the truth of God,
 For those who guide us in Thy way, Redemption through the SAVIOUR's Blood :
 And speak Thy holy Word : Nor let the SPIRIT cease
cres. With love divine their hearts inspire, On all the Church His gifts to shower ;
 And touch their lips with hallowed fire, To them a Messenger of power,
 And needful grace afford ! To us, of life and peace.

III.

f So may they live to Thee alone ;
 Then hear the welcome word, " Well done !"
 And take their crown above :
 Enter into their Master's joy,
 And all eternity employ
 In praise, and bliss, and love.

HOW BEAUTEIOUS ARE THEIR FEET.

Ember Days, or Ordination.

No. 225.

The musical score is written for two staves, Treble and Bass clef, in a key of three flats (B-flat major or D-flat minor). The time signature is common time (C). The tempo is marked '♩ = 80'. The score consists of three systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff. The melody is primarily in the treble staff, with the bass staff providing harmonic support. The music features various note values including quarter, eighth, and sixteenth notes, as well as rests and repeat signs.

I.

mf How beauteous are their feet,
Who stand on Zion's hill!
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal!
How charming is their voice!
How sweet the tidings are!
O Zion, see thy Saviour King!
He reigns and triumphs here!

II.

How happy are our ears,
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found!
How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light,
Which kings and prophets long desired,
But died without the fight.

III.

f The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.
The Lord makes bare His Arm
Through all the earth abroad;
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God!

POUR OUT THY SPIRIT FROM ON HIGH.

Ordination.

No. 226.



I.

III.

mf Pour out Thy Spirit from on high ;
 LORD, Thine assembled servants blefs ;
 Thy grace and gifts to each supply,
 And clothe Thy priests with righteous-
 nefs.

With zeal and wisdom, faith impart,
 With firmness, meekness from above,
 To bear Thy people on their heart,
 And love the souls whom Thou dost
 love;

II.

IV.

Within Thy temple when they stand
 To teach the truth as taught by Thee,
 O LORD, like stars in Thy right hand,
 The Shepherds of the Churches be !

p To watch, and pray, and never faint,
 By day and night strict guard to keep,
 To warn the sinner, cheer the faint,
 To nurse Thy lambs, and feed Thy sheep.

V.

mf Then, when their work is finished here,
 And they in hope their charge resign,
 When Thou, Chief Shepherd, shalt appear,
f May they, and we, and all be Thine !

HOW BEAUTIFUL THE FEET THAT BRING.

Ordination.

No. 227.



I.

mf How beautiful the feet that bring
The gladsome tidings here!
What gracious messengers e'en now
To our blest eyes appear!

III.

They seek, but only Thou hast skill
To bring lost wand'ers home;
They call, but 'tis Thy love compels,
And then th' invited come.

II.

p Thy servants speak; Thou only canst
The hearing ear bestow;
They smite the rock, but Thou alone
Dost bid the waters flow.

IV.

mf LORD, Thou art with them of a truth,
Left we should go astray;
The twelve bright banners go before,
And shew us Canaan's way.

V.

f Bless we our God, Who grants us here
To sing in Sion's ways!
Oh! when, on heavenly Sion's hill,
When shall we sing Thy praise?

SAVIOUR, WHO THY FLOCK ART FEEDING.

Baptism.

No. 228.



I.

p SAVIOUR, Who Thy flock art feeding,
With the shepherd's kindest care,
All the feeble gently leading,
While the lambs Thy bosom share ;

II.

Now, these little ones receiving,
Fold them in Thy gracious Arm :
res. There, we know, Thy word believing,
f Only there secure from harm !

III.

mf Never, from Thy pasture roving,
Let them be the lion's prey ;
Let Thy tenderness, so loving,
Keep them all life's dang'rous way :

IV.

f Then, within Thy fold eternal,
Let them find a resting-place,
Feed in pastures ever vernal,
Drink the rivers of Thy grace !

IN TOKEN THAT THOU SHALT NOT FEAR.

Baptism.

No. 229.



I.

f In token that thou shalt not fear
CHRIST crucified to own,
We print the Crofs upon thee here,
And stamp thee His alone.

II.

mf In token that thou shalt not blush
To glory in His Name,
We blazon here upon thy front
His glory and His shame.

III.

In token that thou shalt not flinch
CHRIST's quarrel to maintain,
But 'neath His banner manfully
Firm at thy post remain ;

IV.

f In token that thou too shalt tread
The path He travelled by,
Endure the Crofs, despise the shame,
And sit thee down on high ;

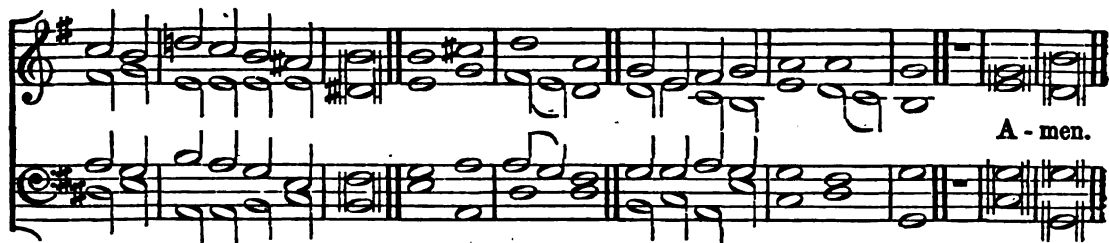
V.

Thus, outwardly and visibly,
We seal thee for His Own ;
'And may the brow, that wears His Crofs,
Hereafter share His crown !

JESU, NOW THY NEW-MADE SOLDIER.

Baptism.

No. 230.



I.

III.

p Jesu, now Thy new-made soldier
From the Font hath gone his way :
mf Now before him lies his trial
In the life-long, doubtful fray :
cres. Blessed SAVIOUR !
p Keep him through the weary day.

mf Bright and clear Thy Cross is shining
On his pure and stainless brow :
f Let it, ever there resplendent,
Witness to his faithful vow :
mf Dear REDEEMER !
p Keep it always bright as now.

II.

IV.

mf May he bravely fight Thy battle,
And through Thee subdue the foe,
Shun his wiles, escape his malice,
And repel his cruel blow :
f Mighty Captain !
p Thy salvation may he know !

p Oh, may all to whom pertaineth
This Thy servant's early care,
Mindful of his heav'nly progress,
Word and work of shame forbear !
cres. Thou that hearest,
p Give them hearts and lips of prayer.

V.

mf Full of hope his day is breaking :
May he never know the night !
Thou, Who shin'st upon his morning,
Be at eventide his light :
f Sun of Glory !
p Lose him never from Thy fight.

O GOD, IN WHOSE ALL-SEARCHING EYE.

Confirmation.

No. 231.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of three systems of staves. The first system includes a tempo marking of $\text{♩} = 80$. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The melody is primarily in the treble clef, with piano accompaniment in the bass clef. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

I.

p O God, in Whose all-searching eye
Thy servants stand, to ratify
The vow baptismal by them made,
When first Thy hand was on them laid;
cres. Bless them, O holy FATHER, bless,
Who Thee with heart and voice confess;
May they, acknowledged as Thine Own,
Stand evermore before Thy throne!

II.

f Arm these, Thy soldiers, mighty LORD,
With shield of faith, and Spirit's sword;
Forth to the battle may they go,
And boldly fight against the foe,
With banner of the Cross unfurled,
And by it overcome the world;
And so at last receive from Thee
The palm and crown of victory.

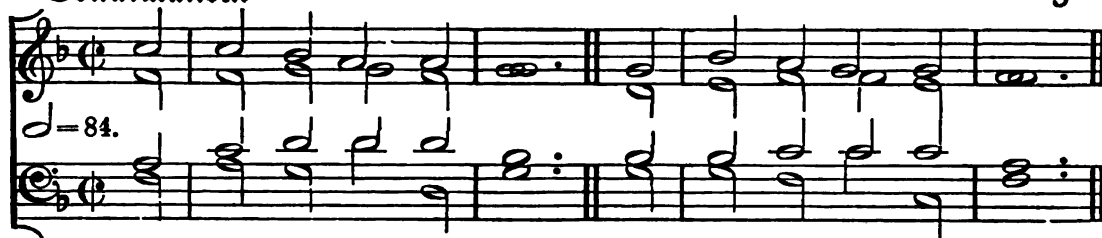
III.

p Come, ever blessed SPIRIT, come,
And make Thy servants' hearts Thy home;
May each a living temple be,
Hallowed for ever, LORD, to Thee:
mf Enrich that temple's holy shrine
With sevenfold gifts of grace divine;
f With wisdom, light, and knowledge bless,
Strength, counsel, fear, and godliness.

THE CROSS IS ON OUR BROW.

Confirmation.

No. 232.



I.

p THE Cross is on our brow,
Redemption's awful sign :
cres. Descend, most HOLY SPIRIT, now,
To seal the work divine.

II.

p Thy sevenfold gifts impart,
O Comforter most sweet,
cres. Kindle to flame each lukewarm heart,
And guide the trembling feet.

III.

mf With Pentecostal force
Thy presence let us feel,
cres. With strength, Who art Thyself its source,
Inspire us as we kneel. [source,

IV.

mf Confirm in us to-day
The work that Thou hast wrought,
cres. Illume the soul with love's pure ray,
Which Jesus' blood hath bought.

V.

mf The fiend, the flesh, the world,
We swear to give them fight :
cres. Our Monarch's banner floats unfurled:
Who fails with that in fight ?

VI.

f Who fails with JESUS CHRIST
For leader and for guide ;
For food, for treasure all unpriced,
And Friend who ne'er denied ?

VII.

p The pow'rs of ill allure,
Our foes come thick and fast :
cres. O keep us steadfast, loving, pure,
And we shall win at last.

VIII.

mf No earth-forged arms we bear :
Strength, weapons, all are Thine :
cres. Accept each vow, and hear each prayer,
Blest TRINITY Divine.

ONWARD, HOLY CHAMPION!

Confirmation, or General.

No. 233.

The musical score is written for two staves, Treble and Bass clef, in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The tempo is marked '♩ = 54'. The score consists of three systems of music. The first system has two measures, the second has two measures, and the third has two measures. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The piece concludes with a final chord in the third system.

A - men.

I.

mf ONWARD, holy Champion!
Run the Christian race,
Leave the world behind thee,
Heav'nward set thy face:
♩ By the SPIRIT'S unction,
Knit with strength divine,
cres. Nurtured with Thy SAVIOUR'S
Mystic bread and wine.

II.

mf Onward, holy Champion!
Lay all weight aside,
All distracting pleasure,
All incumb'ring pride.
♩ Shun the subtle pitfalls,
Laid by Satan's hate;
cres. Let not pains afflict thee,
Let not joys elate.

III.

f Onward, holy Champion!
Angels gazing down,
Praise thy bold endeavor,
Show thy future crown.
♩ CHRIST, thy dear REDEEMER,
Guards His servant's soul;
f And thy prize awaits thee,
At the heav'nly goal.

GO FORWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIER.

Confirmation, or General.

No. 234.



I.

f GO forward, Christian soldier,
Beneath His banner true!
The LORD Himself, thy Leader,
Shall all thy foes subdue.
p His love foretells thy trials;
He knows thine hourly need;
cres. He can, with bread of Heaven,
Thy fainting spirit feed.

II.

mf Go forward, Christian soldier!
Fear not the secret foe;
Far more are o'er thee watching,
Than human eyes can know!
Trust only CHRIST, thy Captain;
Cease not to watch and pray;
Heed not the treach'rous voices,
That lure thy soul af fray.

III.

f Go forward, Christian soldier!
Nor dream of peaceful rest,
Till Satan's host is vanquished,
And Heav'n is all posses't;
Till CHRIST Himself shall call thee
To lay thine armour by,
And wear, in endless glory,
The crown of victory.

IV.

mf Go forward, Christian soldier!
Fear not the gath'ring night;
f The LORD has been thy shelter,
The LORD will be thy light:
When morn his face revealeth,
Thy dangers all are past;
dim. Oh! pray that faith and virtue
May keep thee to the last.

SOLDIERS OF CHRIST, ARISE !

Confirmation. or General.

No. 235.



I.

f SOLDIERS of CHRIST, arise !
And put your armour on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies, But take, to arm you in the fight,
Through His eternal SON.

III.

Stand, then, in His great might,
With all His strength endued ;
The panoply of God.

II.

Strong in the LORD of hosts,
And in His mighty power ;
Who in the strength of JESUS trusts
Is more than conqueror.

IV.

mf That having all things done,
And all your conflicts passed,
Ye may o'ercome, through CHRIST alone,
And stand entire at last.

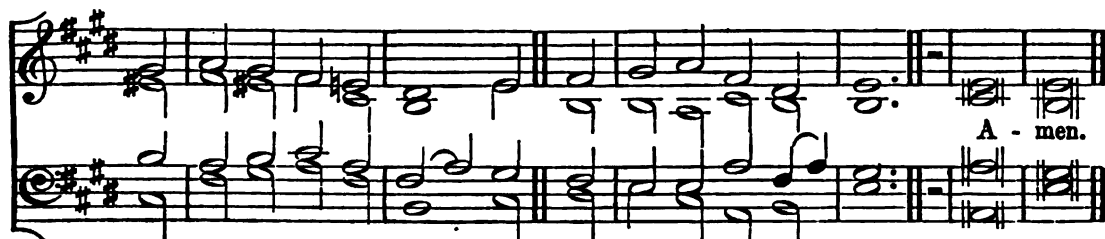
V.

f From strength to strength go on,
And wrestle, fight, and pray !
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day !

THE VOICE THAT BREATHED O'ER EDEN.

Holy Matrimony.

No. 236.



I.

p THE Voice that breathed o'er Eden,
That earliest wedding day,
The primal marriage blessing,
It hath not passed away.

II.

mf Still in the pure espousal
Of Christian man and maid,
The HOLY THREE are with us,
The threefold grace is said.

III.

For dow'r of blessed children,
For love and faith's sweet sake,
For high mysterious union,
Which naught on earth may break;

IV.

p Be present, awful FATHER,
To give away this bride,
cres. As Eve Thou gav'st to Adam,
Out of his own pierced side.

V.

p Be present, Son of Mary,
To join their loving hands,
cres. As Thou didst bind two natures
In Thine eternal bands.

VI.

p Be present, Holiest SPIRIT,
To bless them as they kneel,
cres. As Thou, for CHRIST, the Bridegroom,
The heav'nly Spouse dost seal.

VII.

mf O spread Thy pure wing o'er them!
Let no ill pow'r find place,
When onward to Thine altar
The hallowed path they trace,

VIII.

cres. To cast their crowns before Thee
In perfect sacrifice,
f Till to the home of gladness
With CHRIST'S Own Bride they rise.

WHEN FAIREST EVE IN EDEN ROSE.

Holy Matrimony.

No. 237.



I.

p WHEN fairest Eve in Eden rose
From sleeping Adam's side,
cres. Thou led'st her, LORD, Thy precious gift,
To Adam for a bride.
mf So now Thy handmaid here bestow
On this, Thy waiting son;
f Unite them both in holy bonds,
A loving race to run.

II.

mf Make Thou their home as Eden bright,
Like Eden in her bloom;
Let choicest flow'rs adorn their path,
And round them shed perfume!
p Thy Church Thou tenderly hast loved,
And washed her pure and fair;
cres. No stain, nor wrinkle wouldst Thou trace,
But see all comely there.

III.

mf Thus, fondly knitted, ne'er may they
Discern the faulty spot,
p cres. Or else, with gentle hand, let fall
A veil to hide the blot.
p High sanctity didst Thou impress
Upon the marriage-rite;
cres. When Cana saw the flowing streams
Shine crimson in the light.

IV.

mf Yet, though that nuptial feast was graced
With store of mystic wine,
Thou still canst fill a spouseless heart,
That knows no love but Thine.
p cres. LORD, grant us all, or virgins pure,
Or blest with wedded love,
f To view the heavenly Bridegroom's face
In Paradise above.

O DEATH, THOU ART NO MORE!

Burial of the Dead.

No. 238.



I.

mf O DEATH, thou art no more!
Thou too, O Death, art dead!
Thy boasted glory o'er,
Thy power fled!

II.

O Death, thou art no more,
For CHRIST, the lost to save,
Hath opened wide the door,
And left the grave;

III.

In dying, thee hath slain,
In living, life hath given,
cres. And, rending Hell in twain,
f Hath opened Heaven.

IV.

p Then Christian, cease to weep,
Shed now no hopeless tear;
cres. A little while of sleep,
And morn is near;

V.

f The morn that knows no night,
In realms of cloudless day,
Where glorious saints in light
Their homage pay.

VI.

p cres. Weep not! the gate of life
Henceforth is dreaded death,
The end of life-long strife—
Our dying breath.

VII.

f Weep not! the Vict'ry's won!
Away with doubts and fears!
dim. CHRIST, when our work is done,
pp Will dry our tears.

WHY DO WE MOURN DEPARTING FRIENDS.

Burial of the Dead.

No. 239.



I.

p WHY do we mourn departing friends,
Or shake at Death's alarms?
cres. 'Tis but the voice that JESUS sends,
To call them to His arms.

III.

p The graves of all His saints be blessed,
And softened every bed!
cres. Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying Head?

II.

p Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
cres. For there the flesh of JESUS lay
And left a long perfume.

IV.

mf He thence arose, ascending high,
And shewed our feet the way;
f Up to the LORD our flesh shall fly,
At our great rising day.

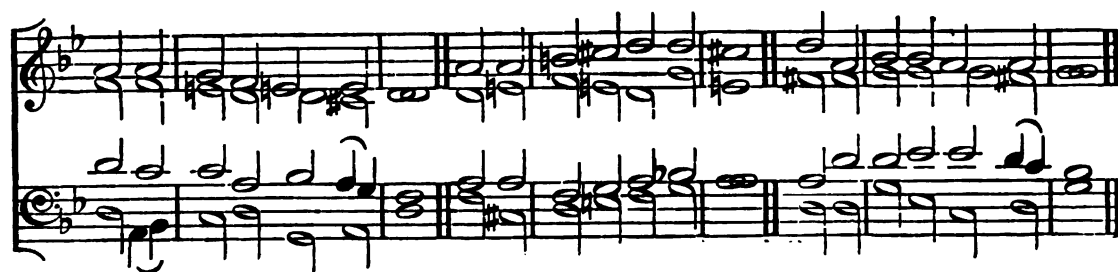
V.

mf Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise;
f Awake! ye nations underground!
Ye saints, ascend the skies!

EARTH TO EARTH, AND DUST TO DUST.

Burial of the Dead.

No. 240.



I.

p "EARTH to earth, and dust to dust :"
 LORD, we own the sentence just ;
 Head and tongue, and hand and heart,
 All in guilt have borne their part :
cres. Righteous is the common doom ;
 All must moulder in the tomb.

III.

f Yet the seed, upraised again,
 Clothes with green the smiling plain ;
 Onward as the seasons move,
 Leaves and blossoms deck the grove :
 And shall we forgotten lie,
 Lost for ever when we die ?

II.

mf Like the seed in spring-time sown,
 Like the leaves in autumn strown,
 Low these goodly frames must lie,
 All our pomp and glory die ;
 Soon the spoiler seeks his prey,
 Soon he bears us all away.

IV.

p LORD, from Nature's gloomy night,
 Turn we to the Gospel's light ;
 Thou didst triumph o'er the grave,
 Thou wilt all Thy people save :
cres. Ransomed by Thy Blood, the just
 Rise immortal from the dust.

FROM OUT THE DEEP, O LORD, ON THEE.

For those at Sea.

No. 241.



I.

p FROM out the deep, O LORD, on Thee
The trembling seamen cry aloud :
cres. Thou fittest Sovereign of the sea,
And ridest high above the cloud.

II.

f The raging waters o'er them roll,
And leaden mists efface the sky ;
The tempest awes their inmost soul :
p Yet storm is music, Thou but nigh.

III.

mf O LORD, appease the angry wild ;
O smooth the billow's swelling crest ;
As soft the cradle rocks the child,
So gently lull them all to rest.

VII.

f Fanned ever by Thy wings of love,
On land or sea, on ship or shore,
dim. O guide us all to Thee above,
Our peaceful Haven evermore.

IV.

p When we repose in tranquil sleep,
And winds are whistling high and drear,
cres. Oh! think of those who moan and weep,
And cry for help when none is near.

V.

mf The night is dark, and fierce the fray !
How dread the loneliness 'mid the wave !
p Be with them, though they fail to pray,
And save them from a watery grave.

VI.

mf When calm shall glaze the ocean face,
Still teach them ever Thee to know ;
Thy tender mercy still to trace,
Still Thine in weal as well as woe.

O THOU WHO BID'ST THE OCEAN DEEP.

For those at Sea.

No. 242.



I.

f O THOU, Who bid'st the ocean deep
Its own appointed limits keep,
Thou, Who dost bind the restless wave,
Eternal FATHER, strong to save,
p cres. O hear us, when we cry to Thee
For all in peril on the sea!

II.

mf O SAVIOUR! Whose Almighty word
The winds and waves submissive heard,
Who walkedst on the foaming deep,
And calm amid its rage did sleep;
p cres. O hear us, when we cry to Thee
For all in peril on the sea!

III.

p O SACRED SPIRIT! Who didst brood
Upon the Chaos dark and rude;
Who bid'st its angry tumult cease,
And light diffused, and life, and peace;
p cres. O hear us, when we cry to Thee
For all in peril on the sea!

IV.

f O TRINITY of love and power,
Our brethren shield in danger's hour;
From rock and tempest them defend;
To safety's harbour them attend;
ff And ever let there rise to Thee
Glad hymns of praise from land and
sea!

THE LORD ASCENDS THE SACRED HILL.

General.

The Transfiguration.

No. 243.



I.

f THE LORD ascends the sacred hill ;
His favored few attend Him still :
pp Lo ! there at dead of night,
mf He kneels to pray, (*p*) but, sunk in sleep,
mf They fail the holy watch to keep,
cres. ff Till bursts a blaze of light !

II.

mf His features like the lightning glow !
His raiment glistens white as snow !
f Full glorious does He shine !
p The Son of Man, to sorrow doomed,
Though tortured, pierced, and dead, and tombed,
cres. Shall live the Word Divine.

III.

mf Lo ! summoned from the spirit-land,
With Him Elias, Moses, stand,
p In union, Oh ! how fair !
cres. They hold with their resplendent LORD
Sweet converse, tuned in rich accord !
A mystic Three is there !

IV.

p A cloud descends, a cloud of fear !
f "Behold My SON ! Hear Him !" they hear :
pp The voice is from the Throne !
mf Shines forth the SON, the Light of day !
The Law, the Prophets fade away,
cres. The CHRIST remains alone.

V.

mf Though Law, and Prophets teach and warn,
They leave the sinner still forlorn :
p The Gospel shines to save !
mf Thou only, LORD, canst help, forgive ;
Through Thee alone the lost can live,
cres. Triumphant o'er the grave !

VI.

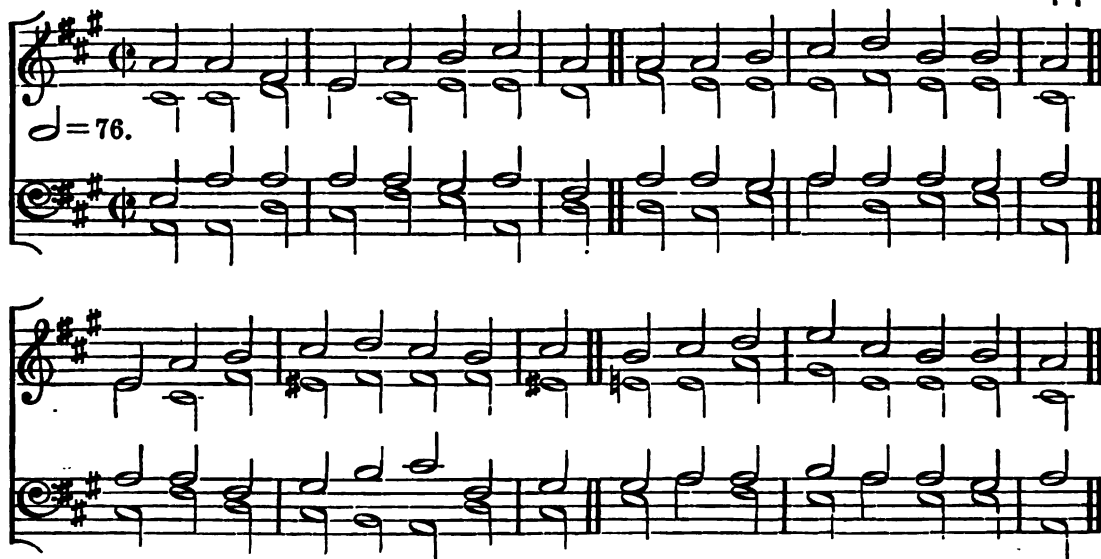
f May we attain that vision blest,
That mount of glory, seat of rest !
pp That there, from blemish free,
mf Our souls may shine all pure and bright,
Our bodies radiant as the light,
cres. ff Transfigured, LORD, by Thee.

BEFORE JEHOVAH'S AWFUL THRONE.

General.

Psalms 100.

No. 244.



I.

p BEFORE JEHOVAH'S awful throne,
Ye nations bow with sacred joy ;
Know ye the LORD is GOD alone,
He can create, and He destroy.

II.

mf His sovereign pow'r, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men ;
And when like wand'ring sheep we strayed,
He brought us to His fold again.

III.

f We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs,
As high as heav'n our voices raise ;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.

IV.

ff Wide as the world is Thy command ;
Vast as eternity Thy love ;
Firm as a rock Thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

JERUSALEM, MY HAPPY HOME.

General.

No. 245.



I.

mf JERUSALEM, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me!
When shall my labours have an end,
In joy, and peace, and thee?

II.

When shall these eyes thy heaven-built
walls,
And pearly gates behold?
Thy bulwarks, with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

III.

There happier bow'rs than Eden bloom, *f* Jerusalem, my happy home!
Nor sin, nor sorrow know:
Blest seats! through rude and stormy
scenes,
I onward press to you.

IV.

Why should I shrink from pain and woe,
Or feel at death dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

V.

Apostles, Martyrs, Prophets, there
Around my SAVIOUR stand:
And soon my friends in CHRIST below
Will join the glorious band.

VI.

My soul still pants for thee:
Then shall my labours have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

O GOD OF HOSTS, THE MIGHTY LORD.

General.

Psalms 84.

No. 246.



I.

mf O GOD of Hosts, the mighty LORD,
How lovely is the place,
Where Thou, enthroned in glory, shew'st
The brightness of Thy face!

IV.

f For in Thy courts one single day
'Tis better to attend,
Than, LORD, in any place besides
A thousand days to spend.

II.

p My longing soul faints with desire
To view Thy blest abode;
My panting heart and flesh cry out
For Thee, the living God.

V.

mf Much rather in GOD's house will I
The meanest office take,
Than in the wealthy tents of sin
My pompous dwelling make.

III.

mf O LORD of Hosts, my KING and GOD,
How highly blest are they,
Who in Thy temple always dwell,
And there Thy praise display!

VI.

f For GOD, Who is our Sun and Shield,
Will grace and glory give;
And no good thing will He withhold
From them that justly live.

GRACIOUS SPIRIT, DOVE DIVINE.

General.

No. 247.



I.

p GRACIOUS SPIRIT, Dove divine,
Let Thy light within me shine;
All my guilty fears remove;
Fill me full of heaven and love.

III.

Life and peace to me impart;
Seal salvation on my heart;
Breathe Thyself within my breast,
Earnest of immortal rest.

II.

Speak Thy pard'ning grace to me;
Set the burdened sinner free;
Lead me to the LAMB of GOD;
Wash me in His precious blood.

IV.

cres. Let me never from Thee stray;
Keep me in the narrow way;
Fill my soul with joy divine;
Keep me, LORD, for ever Thine.

V.

mf Guard me round on every side;
Save me from self-righteous pride;
Me with JESU'S mind inspire;
Melt me with celestial fire.

JERUSALEM ON HIGH.

General.

No. 248.



I.

f JERUSALEM on high
My song and City is,
My home whenc'er I die,
The centre of my blifs:
p cres. O happy place!
When shall I be,
My God, with Thee,
To see Thy face?

II.

mf Thy walls, sweet City, thine,
With pears are garnishèd;
Thy gates with praises shine,
Thy streets with gold are spread;
O happy place! &c.

III.

p No sun by day shines there,
Nor moon by silent night;
Oh no! these needles are:
The LAMB's the City's light.
O happy place! &c.

IV.

f There dwells my LORD, my KING,
Judged here unfit to live:
There angels to Him sing,
And lowly homage give.
O happy place! &c.

V.

f The Patriarchs of old
There from their travels cease:
The Prophets there behold
Their longed-for Prince of Peace.
O happy place! &c.

VI.

mf The LAMB's Apostles there
I might with joy behold;
The harpers I might hear
Harping on harps of gold.
O happy place! &c.

VII.

p The bleeding Martyrs, they
Within those courts are found,
Clothèd in pure array,
Their scars with glory crowned.
O happy place! &c.

VIII.

p Ah me! ah me! that I
In Kedar's tents here stay!
No place like this on high!
LORD! thither guide my way!
O happy place!
When shall I be,
My God, with Thee,
To see Thy face?

AFFLICTION IS A STORMY DEEP.

General.

No. 249.



I.

mf AFFLICTION is a stormy deep,
Where wave refounds to wave ;
Though o'er my head the billows roll, *cres.* I'll praise Him for ten thousand past,
I know the LORD can save.

III.

p In gloomy watches of the night
I'll count His mercies o'er ;
I'll praise Him for ten thousand past,
And humbly sue for more.

II.

Perhaps, before the morning dawns,
He'll reinstate my peace ;
For He, Who bade the tempest roar,
Can bid the tempest cease.

IV.

mf Then, O my soul, why thus depressed,
And whence this anxious fear ?
Let former favours fix thy trust,
And check the rising tear.

V.

I here will rest, and build my hopes,
Nor murmur at His rod ;
f He's more than all the world to me,
My health, my life, my God.

AMID THE VARIOUS SCENES OF ILLS.

General.

No. 250.



I.

mf AMID the various scenes of ills,
Each stroke some heavenly aim fulfils :
And canst thou murmur at thy God,
Whose sovereign love directs the rod ?

III.

mf Tho' tempests drive thee from the shore,
And floods descend, and billows roar :
Tho' death appear in threat'ning form,
f With Him thou canst defy the storm.

II.

p If Heaven afflicts, wilt thou repine ?
cres. Each heartfelt comfort may be thine ;
Comforts that shall o'er death prevail,
And journey with thee thro' the vale.

IV.

p He near thee, in the darkest shade,
Thou nevermore shalt be afraid :
cres. For where thy loving LORD is found,
A Paradise is blooming round.

V.

mf O SAVIOUR, smooth our rugged way,
And lead us to the realms of day,
To softer skies, and brighter plains,
cres. Where everlasting sunshine reigns.

THE LORD MY PASTURE SHALL PREPARE.

General.

From Psalm 23.

No. 251.



I.

mf THE LORD my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
cres. My noon-day walks He shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

II.

p When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
cres. To fertile vales and dewy meads,
My weary, wand'ring steps He leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

III.

p Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
cres. My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
f For Thou, O LORD, art with me still;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

IV.

mf Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my wants beguile,
The barren wilderness shall smile,
cres. With sudden greens and herbage crowned,
And streams shall murmur all around.

WHEN ALL THY MERCIES, O MY GOD.

General.

No. 252.



I.

mf WHEN all Thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

IV.

f Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least, a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

II.

Thy Providence my life sustained,
And all my wants redrest,
When in the silent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breast.

V.

mf Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

III.

p When worn with sickness, oft hast Thou
cres. With health renewed my face;
And, when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Revived my soul with grace.

VI.

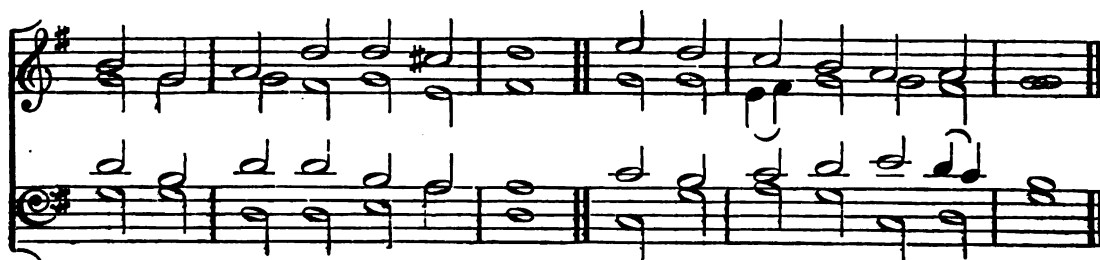
f Through all eternity to Thee
A joyful song I'll raise;
But O! eternity's too short
To utter all Thy praise.

LET US, WITH A GLADSOME MIND.

General.

Pfalm 136.

No. 253.



I.

mf LET us, with a gladsome mind,
Praise the LORD, for He is kind ;
f For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

IV.

p His Own people He did bleſs,
In the waſteful wilderneſs :
f For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever ſure.

II.

mf Let us blaze His Name abroad,
For of gods He is the God :
f For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever ſure.

V.

mf All things living He doth feed ;
His full hand ſupplies their need :
f For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever ſure.

III.

mf He, with all-commanding might,
Filled the new-made earth with light :
f For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever ſure.

VI.

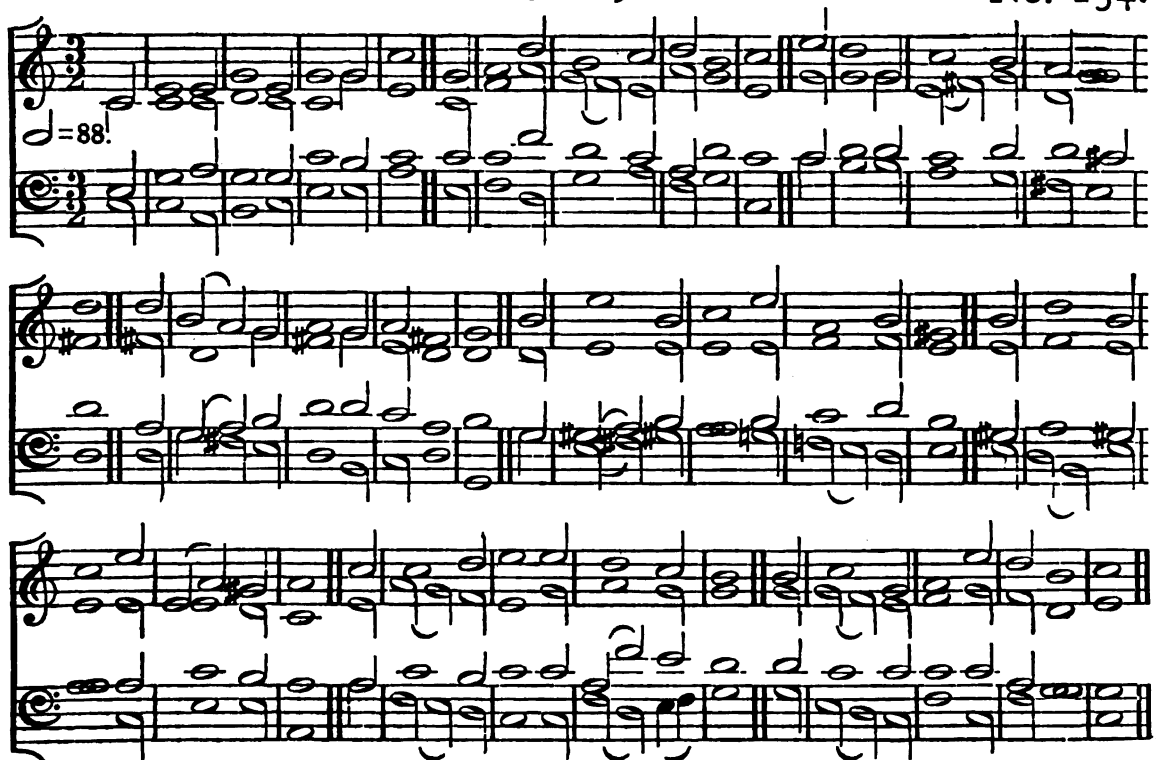
p He hath, with a piteous eye,
Looked upon our miſery :
ff For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever ſure.

THE SPACIOUS FIRMAMENT ON HIGH.

General.

Psalms 19.

No. 254.



I.

mf The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heav'ns, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his CREATOR'S pow'r display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

II.

p Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the list'ning earth
Repeats the story of her birth;
cres. Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets, in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
f And spread the truth from pole to pole.

III.

pp What, though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball;
What, though no real voice or sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found;
cres. In Reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever singing as they shine:
f "The hand that made us is Divine."

LORD, SEE HOW SWELLING CROWDS ARISE.

General.

Psalms 3.

No. 255.



I.

mf LORD, see how swelling crowds arise,
To wreck me thick arrayed!
Hear how the throng insulting cries:
"His God denies him aid!"
f But, LORD, my castle Thou wilt stand,
A shield before me spread;
My worship, Thou hast lent Thine hand,
To raise my drooping head.

II.

mf My voice hath fought the LORD above:
He heard me in the still,
And sent an answer, winged with love,
From yonder holy hill.
p I laid me down, and took my rest;
I raised me up again:
Thou wert a pillow for my breast,
A cordial for my pain.

III.

f I will not fear ten thousand foes,
That marshal haughty bands,
And close me round in angered rows,
To whelm me 'neath their hands.
Up, LORD! my God, reveal Thy face,
And smite the foemen down:
Thine is the safety, and Thy Grace
Thy people's brightest crown.

WHERE HIGH THE HEAVENLY TEMPLE STANDS.

General, or Ascension.

No. 256.



I.

f WHERE high the heavenly temple stands, *p*
The house of GOD not made with hands,
A great High Priest our nature wears,
The Guardian of mankind appears.

IV.

A Suff'rer once, He yet retains
A tender pity for our pains ;
And still remembers in the skies
His tears, and agonies, and cries.

II.

He, Who for men in mercy stood,
And poured on earth His precious blood,
Pursues in heaven His plan of Grace,
And lives to aid the human race.

V.

In every pang that rends the heart,
The Man of Sorrows had a part ;
He sympathises with our grief,
And sends the suff'rer sweet relief.

III.

mf Though now ascended up on high,
He bends on earth a brother's eye ;
Partaker of the human name,
He knows the frailty of our frame.

VI.

f With boldness, therefore, at the throne
Let us make all our sorrows known,
And ask the aids of heavenly power,
To help us in the evil hour.

SHADOW OF A MIGHTY ROCK.

General.

No. 257.



I.

p SHADOW of a mighty rock,
Stretching o'er a weary land
cres. Hide me from the tempest's shock,
Let me in Thy shelter stand !

II.

mf When Thy Presence, O my God,
Brighter is than eye can see,
Shadow on the heavenward road,
Let me find my shade in Thee.

III.

When life's passions o'er me break,
Like a storm against the wall,
p Let me find, for mercy's sake,
Shelter where Thy shadows fall.

IV.

mf Out of Thee are shades of death,
Weary ways, and hours unblest ;
Shadow of the Rock, beneath
Thee alone are joy and rest.

V.

f Till the race of life be run,
Till my soul in rest be laid,
God of gods, Thou art my Sun ;
Son of God, be Thou my Shade !

MUCH IN SORROW, OFT IN WOE.

General.

No. 258.



I.

mf Much in sorrow, oft in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward go!
Fight the fight, and, worn with strife,
Steep with tears the Bread of Life.

II.

f Onward, Christians, onward go!
Join the war, and face the foe;
Faint not! much doth yet remain:
Dreary is the long campaign.

III.

mf Shrink not, Christians! will ye yield?
Will ye quit the painful field?
Will ye flee in danger's hour?
Know ye not your CAPTAIN'S power?

IV.

Let your drooping hearts be glad;
March, in heavenly armour clad;
Fight, nor think the battle long;
Vict'ry soon shall tune your song.

V.

Let not sorrow dim your eye,
Soon shall every tear be dry;
Let not woe your course impede;
Great your strength, if great your need.

VI.

f Onward then to battle move!
More than conqu'rors ye shall prove;
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go!

ALL PEOPLE THAT ON EARTH DO DWELL.

General.

Psalm. 100.

No. 259.



I.

f ALL people, that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the LORD with cheerful voice ;
Him serve with fear, His praise forth tell ;
Come ye before Him, and rejoice.

II.

p Know that the LORD is God indeed ;
Without our aid He did us make ;
We are His flock, He doth us feed,
And for His sheep He doth us take,

III.

f Oh ! enter then His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto ;
Praise, laud, and bless His Name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

IV.

ff For why ? the LORD our God is good,
His mercy is for ever sure ;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

O WORSHIP THE KING.

General.

Psalms 104.

No. 260.



I.

f O WORSHIP the KING,
All glorious above :
O gratefully sing
His pow'r and His love ;
Our Shield and Defender,
The Ancient of days,
Pavilioned in splendor,
And girded with praise.

II.

O tell of His might,
O sing of His grace,
Whose robe is the light,
Whose canopy space ;
His chariots of wrath
Deep thunder-clouds form,
And dark is His path
On the wings of the storm.

III.

p Frail children of dust,
And feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust,
Nor find Thee to fail :
Thy mercies how tender :
How firm to the end !
Our Maker, Defender,
Redeemer and Friend !

IV.

f O measureless Might !
Ineffable Love !
While angels delight
To hymn Thee above,
The humbler creation,
Though feeble their lays,
With true adoration
Shall lift to Thy praise.

HOSANNA TO THE LIVING LORD.

General.

No. 261.



I.

f HOSANNA to the living LORD!
Hosanna to th' incarnate Word!
To CHRIST, Creator, SAVIOUR, King,
Let earth, let Heaven, Hosanna sing,
ff Hosanna in the highest!

II.

f "Hosanna," LORD, Thine angels cry;
"Hosanna," LORD, Thy saints reply;
Above, beneath us, and around,
The dead and living swell the sound.
ff Hosanna in the highest!

III.

p O SAVIOUR, with protecting care
Return to this Thy house of prayer,
Assembled in Thy sacred Name,
Where we Thy parting promise claim.
f Hosanna in the highest!

IV.

p But, chiefest, in our cleansed breast,
Eternal, bid Thy Spirit rest;
And make our secret soul to be
A Temple pure, and worthy Thee.
f Hosanna in the highest!

V.

pp So, in the last and dreadful day,
When earth and Heaven shall melt away,
cres. Thy flock, redeemed from sinful stain,
Shall swell the sound of praise again.
ff Hosanna in the highest!

DEATHLESS PRINCIPLE, ARISE !

General.

No. 262.



I.

mf DEATHLESS principle, arise !
Soar, thou native of the skies !
Pearl of price, by JESUS bought,
To His glorious likeness wrought !

II.

f Lo, He beckons from on high !
Fearless to His Presence fly !
Thine the merit of His Blood ;
Thine the righteousness of God.

III.

mf Angels, joyful to attend,
Hovering round thy pillow, bend ;
Wait to catch the signal given,
And escort thee quick to Heaven.

IV.

p Is thy earthly house distressed,
Willing to retain her guest ?
cres. 'Tis not thou, but she, must die ;
Fly, celestial tenant, fly !

V.

f Burst thy shackles, drop thy clay,
Sweetly breathe thyself away ;
Singing, to thy crown remove,
Swift of wing, and fired with love.

VI.

p Saints, in glory perfect made,
Wait thy passage through the shade :
cres. Swiftly to their wish be given :
f Kindle higher joy in Heaven !

THINE FOR EVER! GOD OF LOVE.

General.

No. 263.



I.

mf THINE for ever! GOD of love,
Hear us from Thy throne above;
Thine for ever may we be,
Here, and in eternity!

III.

f Thine for ever! Oh, how blest
They who find in Thee their rest!
SAVIOUR, Guardian, heavenly Friend,
O defend us to the end.

II.

Thine for ever! LORD of life,
Shield us through our earthly strife;
Thou, the Life, the Truth, the Way,
Guide us to the realms of day.

IV.

p Thine for ever! SAVIOUR, keep
These, Thy frail and trembling sheep;
Safe alone beneath Thy care,
Let us all Thy goodness share.

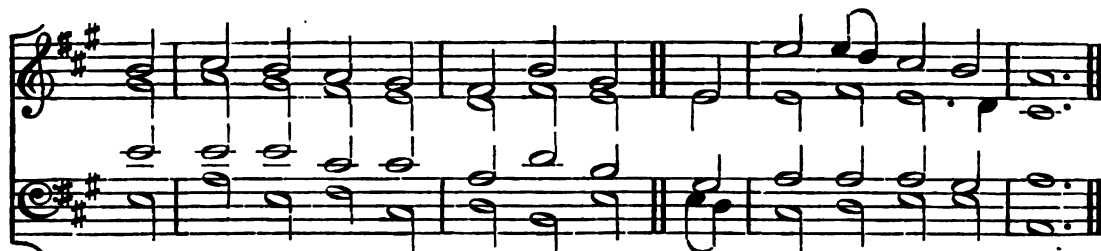
V.

f Thine for ever! Thou our Guide,
All our wants by Thee supplied,
All our sins by Thee forgiven,
Lead us, LORD, from earth to heaven.

ALL HAIL THE POWER OF JESU'S NAME!

General.

No. 264.



I.

f ALL hail the pow'r of JESU'S Name!
Let angels prostrate fall!
Bring forth the royal diadem,
ff To crown Him LORD of all!

II.

mf Let high-born Seraphs tune the lyre,
And, as they tune it, fall
Before His face, Who tunes their choir,
ff And crown Him LORD of all!

III.

f Crown Him, ye morning stars of light,
Who fixed this floating ball!
Now, hail the strength of Israel's might,
ff And crown Him I ORD of all!

IV.

mf Crown Him, ye Martyrs of your God,
Who from His altar call!
Extol the stem of Jesse's Rod,
ff And crown Him LORD of all!

V.

mf Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
Ye ransomed of the fall,
Hail Him Who saves you by His grace,
ff And crown Him LORD of all!

VI.

mf Hail Him, ye heirs of David's line,
Whom David LORD did call;
The God incarnate, Man divine;
ff And crown Him LORD of all!

VII.

f Let every tribe and every tongue
That bound creation's call,
Now shout in universal song,
ff The crownèd LORD of all!

MY LIFE'S A SHADE, MY DAYS.

General, or Easter.

No. 265.



I.

p My life's a shade, my days
 Apace to death decline;
cres. My LORD is life, He'll raise
 My dust again, e'en mine!
p cres. Sweet truth to me!
 I shall arise,
f And with these eyes
 My SAVIOUR see.

II.

p My peaceful grave shall keep
 My bones till that sweet day;
 I wake from my long sleep,
 And leave my bed of clay.
 Sweet truth, &c.

III.

mf My LORD His angels shall
 Their golden trumpets sound,
 At whose most welcome call
 My grave shall be unbound.
 Sweet truth to me!
 I shall arise,
 And with these eyes
 My SAVIOUR see.

IV.

p I said sometimes with tears,
 Ah me! I'm loth to die!
 LORD, silence Thou these fears:
 My life's with Thee on high.
 Sweet truth, &c.

V.

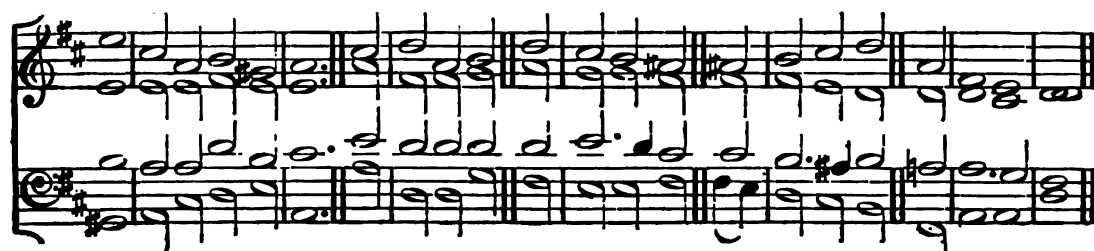
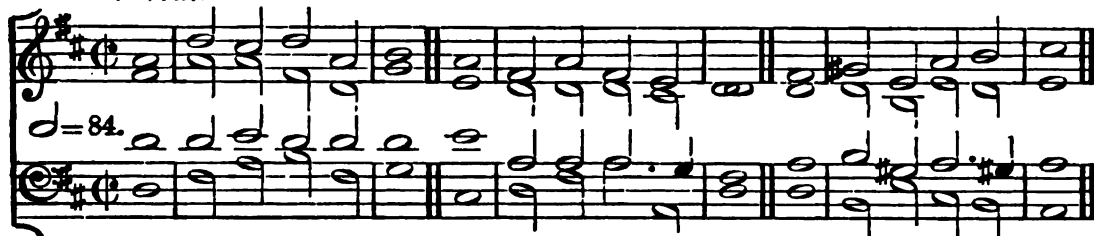
mf What means my trembling heart,
 To be thus shy of death;
 My life and I ne'er part,
 Though I resign my breath.
 Sweet truth, &c.

YE BOUNDLESS REALMS OF JOY.

General.

Psalms 148.

No. 266.



I.

f Ye boundless realms of joy,
Exalt your MAKER's fame,
His praise your song employ
Above the starry frame;
Your voices raise,
Ye cherubim
And seraphim,
To sing His praise.

II.

p Thou moon, that rul'st the night,
And sun, that guid'st the day,
Ye glitt'ring stars of light,
To Him your homage pay;
f His praise declare,
Ye heavens above,
And clouds that move
In liquid air.

III.

mf United zeal be shewn
His wondrous fame to raise,
Whose glorious Name alone
Deserves our endless praise.
Earth's utmost ends
His power obey;
His glorious sway
The sky transcends.

IV.

p His chosen saints to grace,
He sets them up on high,
And favours Israel's race,
Who still to Him are nigh.
f O therefore raise
Your grateful voice,
And still rejoice
The LORD to praise.

O PRAISE YE THE LORD.

General.

Pfalm 149.

No. 267.



I.

f O PRAISE ye the LORD,
Prepare your glad voice,
His praise in the great
Assembly to sing;
In our great Creator
Let Israel rejoice,
And children of Sion
Be glad in their King.

II.

Let them His great Name
Extol in the dance;
With timbrel and harp
His praises express;
Who always takes pleasure
His saints to advance,
And with His salvation
The humble to bless.

III.

ff By angels in heaven
Of every degree,
And saints upon earth,
All praise be addrest
To God in Three Persons,
One God ever blest;
As it has been, now is,
And always shall be.

ERE GOD HAD BUILT THE MOUNTAINS.

General.

No. 268.



I.

f ERE God had built the mountains,
Or raised the fruitful hills,
Before He filled the fountains,
That feed the running rills,
Brought forth from everlasting,
I, Wisdom, dwelt with Him,
In joyance never waning,
And brightness never dim.

II.

When, like an archèd dwelling,
He spread the skies abroad,
And swathed about the swelling
Of ocean's mighty flood;
He wrought by weight and measure;
And I was with Him then:
Myself the FATHER's pleasure,
And Mine the sons of men.

III.

p Thus Wisdom's words discover
Thy glory and Thy grace,
Thou everlasting Lover
Of our unworthy race!
Thy gracious Eye surveyed us,
Ere stars were hung above;
In wisdom Thou hast made us,
And died for us in love.

IV.

cres. And canst Thou be delighted
With creatures such as we,
Who, when we saw Thee, fled,
And nailed Thee to a tree?
f Unfathomable Wonder,
And Mystery divine!
The voice, that speaks in thunder,
Says, "Sinner, I am thine!" *u*

JESU, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

General.

No. 269.

The musical score is written for a piano and organ. It consists of three systems of staves. The first system has a tempo marking of $\text{♩} = 58$. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The music features a melody in the right hand and a supporting accompaniment in the left hand. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The third system concludes with a *rall.* (rallentando) marking and ends with a double bar line. The text 'A - men.' is written above the final chord.

I.
p Jesu, Lover of my soul,
 Let me to Thy bosom fly,
cres. While the nearer waters roll,
 While the tempest still is high!
p Hide me, O my SAVIOUR, hide,
cres. Till the storm of life is past,
f Safe into the haven guide;
dim. O receive my soul at last!

II.
mf Other refuge have I none,
 Hangs my helpless soul on Thee:
dim. Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me!
f All my trust on Thee is stayed,
 All my help from Thee I bring:
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of Thy wing!

III.
mf Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
 Grace to cover all my sin;
 Let the healing streams abound;
 Make, and keep me pure within!
cres. Thou of Life the Fountain art,
 Freely let me take of Thee;
f Spring Thou up within my heart!
 Rise to all eternity!

O KING OF EARTH, AND AIR, AND SEA.

General.

No. 270.



I.

mf O KING of earth, and air, and sea!
The hungry ravens cry to Thee:
To Thee the scaly tribes, that sweep
The bosom of the boundless deep;

II.

To Thee the lions roaring call,
The common FATHER, good to all!
Then grant Thy servants, LORD, we pray,
Our daily bread from day to day.

III.

The fishes may for food complain;
The ravens spread their wings in vain;
The roaring lions lack and pine;
But, GOD, Thou carest still for Thine!

IV.

Thy bounteous hand with food can bless
The bleak and lonely wilderness;
And Thou hast taught us, LORD, to pray
For daily bread from day to day.

V.

p And oh! when through the wilds we roam,
That part us from our heavenly home;
When lost in danger, want, and woe,
Our faithless tears begin to flow,

VI.

cres. Do Thou Thy gracious comfort give,
By which alone the soul may live;
And grant Thy servants, LORD, we pray,
The bread of life from day to day.

O ALL YE PEOPLE, CLAP YOUR HANDS.

General.

Psalms 47.

No. 271.



I.

f O ALL ye people, clap your hands,
And sing aloud with lusty voice;
God reigns on high above the lands;
Then tremble, while ye still rejoice.

III.

f God is gone up with merry sound;
The trumpet leads with stately ring;
Sing praises, praises shout around;
Sing praises to the heavenly King!

II.

mf Our bitter foemen He shall bruise,
And lay them low beneath our feet;
A heritage for us shall choose;
Great Jacob's shrine, His favoured seat.

IV.

mf God reigns supreme, the LORD of all;
With fervent heart repeat the cry!
Before His ark the heathen fall,
The throne of Majesty on high.

V.

f The princes haste to Zion's rock,
The princes of our honoured race;
cres. Above His universal flock
God spreads the buckler of His grace.

JESU, HOW SWEET THE THOUGHT OF THEE!

Jesu, dulcis memoria.

No. 272.

General.



I.

p Jesu, how sweet the thought of Thee! *cres.* No tongue of mortal can disclose,
With true delight it fills the breast;
But sweeter still it is to see
Thy Own dear Presence, ever blest.

IV.

No pen availeth to proclaim;
He only, who hath tried it, knows
How blest is he that loves Thy Name.

II.

mf No voice a chant more lovely sings,
Nor sounds a more melodious cry:
Naught sweeter in the bosom springs,
Than JESUS, SON of GOD most high.

V.

p Rest with us, gracious LORD, this day;
Let heavenly radiance o'er us fall;
Chase darkness from the soul away,
And with Thy sweetness fill us all.

III.

p O Hope of mourners, worn and weak,
To those that ask of Thee, how kind!
How merciful to those that seek!
But what art Thou to those that find!

VI.

mf Our joy, O JESU, deign to be!
Thou soon shalt prove our richest prize;
cres. O may our glory be in Thee,
Till age o'er age shall cease to rise!

LORD, AS TO THY DEAR CROSS WE FLEE.

General, or *Passion-tide*.

No. 273.



I.

p LORD, as to Thy dear Cross we flee,
And plead to be forgiven,
So let Thy life our pattern be,
And form our souls for heaven.

III.

mf Let grace our selfishness expel,
Our earthliness refine,
And kindness in our bosoms dwell,
As free and true as Thine.

II.

Help us, through good report and ill,
Our daily cross to bear,
Like Thee, to do our FATHER's will,
Our brethren's griefs to share.

IV.

If joy shall at Thy bidding fly,
And grief's dark day come on,
We in our turn would meekly cry,
FATHER, Thy will be done.

V.

p Kept peaceful in the midst of strife,
Forgiving and forgiven,
cres. O may we lead the pilgrim's life,
And follow Thee to heaven.

HARK, MY SOUL! IT IS THE LORD.

General.

No. 274.



I.

mf HARK, my soul! it is the LORD,
 'Tis thy SAVIOUR, hear His word :
 JESUS speaks, and speaks to thee :
p " Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me ?"

IV.

mf Mine is an unchanging love,
 Higher than the heights above,
 Deeper than the depths beneath,
 Free and faithful, strong as death.

II.

" I delivered thee when bound,
 And, when bleeding, healed thy wound,
 Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
 Turned thy darkness into light.

V.

f Thou shalt see My glory soon,
 When the work of grace is done ;
 Partner of My throne shalt be ;
p Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me ?"

III.

Can a woman's tender care
 Cease to guard the child she bare?
 Yes, she may forgetful be ;
 Yet will I remember thee.

VI.

mf LORD, it is my chief complaint,
 That my love is weak and faint ;
cres. Yet I love Thee and adore!
 Oh! for grace to love Thee more !

NO CHANGE OF TIMES SHALL EVER SHOCK.

General.

Psalms 18.

No. 275.



I.

f NO change of times shall ever shock
My firm affection, LORD, to Thee,
For Thou hast always been my rock,
A fortress and defence to me.

III.

mf To Thee I will address my prayer,
To Whom all praise we justly owe;
So shall I, by Thy watchful care,
Be guarded from my treach'rous foe.

II.

Thou my Deliv'rer art, my GOD,
My trust is in Thy mighty power;
Thou art my shield from foes abroad,
At home my safeguard and my tower.

IV.

p By floods of wicked men distressed,
With seas of sorrow compassed round;
With dire infernal pangs oppressed,
In death's unwieldy fetters bound;

V.

To heaven I made my mournful prayer,
To God addressed my humble moan,
cres. Who graciously inclined His ear,
f And heard me from His lofty throne.

GOD MOVES IN A MYSTERIOUS WAY.

General.

No. 276.



I.

mf God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform ;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

IV.

mf Judge not the LORD by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace ;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

II.

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.

V.

His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour ;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

III.

f Ye fearful faints, fresh courage take ;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

VI.

f Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain ;
God is His Own Interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

WHEN GATHERING CLOUDS AROUND I VIEW.

General.

No. 277.



I.

p WHEN gath'ring clouds around I view,
And days are dark and friends are few,
cres. On Him I lean, Who, not in vain,
Experienced every human pain:
f He sees my wants, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.

II.

mf If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way;
To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the sin I would not do;
f Still He, Who felt temptation's pow'r,
Shall guard me in that dang'rous hour.

III.

p If wounded love my bosom swell,
Deceived by those I prized too well;
cres. He shall His pitying aid bestow,
Who felt on earth severer woe;
dim. At once betrayed, denied, or fled,
By those who shared His daily bread.

IV.

p If vexing thoughts within me rise,
And, sore dismayed, my spirit dies;
cres. Still He, Who once vouchsafed to bear
An anguish bord'ring on despair,
Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry,
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.

V.

p And O! when I have safely past
Through every conflict but the last;
cres. Still, still unchanging, watch beside
My painful bed, for Thou hast died!
mf Then point to realms of cloudless day,
p And wipe the latest tear away!

AS PANTS THE HART FOR COOLING STREAMS.

General.

Psalms 42.

No. 278.



I.

p AS pants the hart for cooling streams,
When heated in the chase;
cres. So longs my soul, O God, for Thee,
And Thy refreshing grace.

II.

mf For Thee, my God, the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine:
Oh, when shall I behold Thy face,
Thou Majesty divine!

III

p Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
cres. Trust God, Who will employ
His aid for thee, and change thy sighs
To thankful hymns of joy.

IV.

p My heart is pierced, as with a sword,
Whilst thus my foes upbraid;
Vain boaster! where is now Thy God?
And where His promised aid?

V.

mf God of my strength, how long shall I,
Like one forgotten, mourn?
Forlorn, forsaken, and exposed
To my oppressors' scorn?

VI.

p Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
cres. Hope still, and thou shalt sing
The praise of Him, Who is thy God,
Thy health's eternal Spring.

LORD OF MERCY AND OF MIGHT!

General.

No. 279.



I.

mf LORD of mercy and of might!
Of mankind the Life and Light!
cres. Maker, Teacher Infinite!
p JESUS! hear and save!

III.

mf Mighty Monarch! SAVIOUR mild!
dim. Humbled to a mortal Child,
Captive, beaten, bound, reviled,
p JESUS! hear and save!

II.

mf Who, when sin's tremendous doom
Gave creation to the tomb,
Didst not scorn the Virgin's womb,
p JESUS! hear and save!

IV.

f Throned above celestial things,
Borne aloft on Angels' wings,
LORD of lords, and KING of kings,
p JESUS! hear and save!

V.

f Who shalt yet return from high,
Robed in might and majesty,
Hear us! help us when we cry,
p JESUS! hear and save!

GUIDE ME, O THOU GREAT JEHOVAH.

General.

No. 280.

The musical score is written for a general ensemble, likely a church choir or organ. It consists of three systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is common time (C). The tempo is marked as '♩ = 76'. The music is in a homophonic style, with the upper staff often carrying the melody and the lower staff providing harmonic support. The piece concludes with a final chord and the text 'A - men.' written above the final measure of the lower staff.

I.

p GUIDE me, O Thou Great JEHOVAH,
 Pilgrim through this barren land;
 I am weak, but Thou art mighty;
 Hold me with Thy pow'rful hand:
cres. Bread of heaven!
 Feed me now and evermore.

II.

mf Open now the crystal fountain,
 Whence the healing streams do flow;
 Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
 Lead me all my journey through:
f Strong Deliv'rer!
 Be Thou still my strength and shield.

III.

p When I tread the verge of Jordan,
 Bid my anxious fears subside;
cres. Death of deaths, and hell's destruction,
 Land me safe on Canaan's side:
f Songs of praises
 I will ever give to Thee.

LORD OF THE WORLDS ABOVE.

General.

Psalms 84.

No. 281.



I.

mf LORD of the worlds above,
 How pleasant and how fair
 The dwellings of Thy love,
 Thy earthly temples are!
p cres. To Thine abode
 My heart aspires
 With warm desires
f To see my GOD.

II.

mf O happy souls that pray
 Where GOD appoints to hear!
 O happy men that pay
 Their constant service there!
p cres. They praise Thee still;
 And happy they,
 That love the way
f To Sion's hill.

III.

mf They go from strength to strength
 Through this dark vale of tears,
 Till each arrives at length;
 Till each in heaven appears:
p cres. O glorious feat,
 When GOD, our King,
 Shall thither bring
f Our willing feet!

WHY, MY SOUL, THUS TREMBLING EVER?

General.

Warum sollt' ich mich denn grämen.

No. 282.



I.

p WHY, my soul, thus trembling ever?
cres. Have no fear;
 CHRIST is near;
f Nought from Him can sever.
 Heav'n is thine, and CHRIST shall own thee:
p cres. Faithful be
 Until He
 Shall with triumph crown thee.

II.

p Painful cros if He should send me,
 Shall I faint
 With complaint,
 Left the grief should end me?
cres. He hath borne the Crops before me:
 Soon no pain
 Shall remain,
 Only peace be o'er me.

III.

mf Hopeful, cheerful, and undaunted,
 Everywhere
 They appear,
 Who in CHRIST are planted:
 Death itself cannot appal them:
 They rejoice
 When the voice
 Of their LORD doth call them.

IV.

f Death cannot destroy for ever:
 From our fears,
 Cares and tears,
 Soon shall it deliver.
 Doors of grief and gloom it closes,
 While the soul,
 Free and whole,
 With the saints reposcs.

V.

p LORD, my Shepherd, take me to Thee!
cres. I am Thine,
 Thou art mine,
 Even ere I knew Thee.
 I am Thine, for Thou hast bought me:
p Lost I stood,
cres. But Thy blood
 Free salvation brought me.

VI.

f Thou art mine, and, for my guiding,
 Be Thy bright
 Shining light
 In my heart abiding!
p SAVIOUR dear! let me, attaining
cres. To Thy side,
 There abide,
f With Thee ever reigning!

LORD OF POWER, LORD OF MIGHT.

General.

No. 283.



I.

p LORD of power, LORD of might,
 GOD and FATHER of us all,
 LORD of day, and LORD of night,
 Listen to our solemn call!
f Listen, whilst to Thee we raise
 Songs of prayer and songs of praise.

II.

mf Light, and love, and life are Thine,
 Great CREATOR of all good;
 Fill our souls with light divine:
 Give us with our daily food,
 Blessings from Thy heavenly store,
 Blessings rich for evermore.

III.

cres. Graft within our heart of hearts
 Love undying for Thy Name;
 Bid us, ere the day departs,
 Spread afar our MAKER's fame;
 Young and old together blest,
 Clothe our souls with righteousness.

IV.

p Full of years, and full of peace,
 May our life on earth be blest!
 When our trials here shall cease,
 And at last we sink to rest,
cres. Fountain of eternal Love,
dim. Call us to our home above!

O THOU FROM WHOM ALL GOODNESS FLOWS.

General.

No. 284.



I.

mf O THOU from Whom all goodness flows,
I lift my heart to Thee;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
p Dear LORD, remember me!

II.

p When groaning, on my burdened heart
My sins lie heavily,
cres. My pardon speak, new peace impart;
In love remember me!

III.

mf Temptations fore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee;
Oh! give me strength, LORD, as my day;
For good remember me!

IV.

p Distressed with pain, disease, and grief,
This feeble body see!
Grant patience, rest, and kind relief:
Good LORD, remember me!

V.

If on my face for Thy dear Name,
Reproach and shame there be,
All hail reproach, and welcome shame,
If Thou remember me!

VI.

p The hour is near; consigned to death,
I own the just decree:
O SAVIOUR, with my parting breath,
I'll cry, "Remember me!"

PRAISE THE LORD! YE HEAVENS, ADORE HIM!

General, or Septuagesima.

From Psalm 148.

No. 285.



I.

f PRAISE the LORD! ye heavens, adore Him!
Praise Him, Angels, in the height!
Sun and moon, rejoice before Him!
Praise Him, all ye stars and light!

II.

Praise the LORD, for He hath spoken!
Worlds His mighty voice obeyed;
Laws, which never shall be broken,
For their guidance He hath made.

III.

Praise the LORD! for He is glorious;
Never shall His promise fail;
God hath made His saints victorious:
Sin and death shall not prevail.

IV.

ff Praise the God of our salvation!
Hosts on high His pow'r proclaim!
Heaven, and earth, and all creation,
Laud and magnify His Name!

PRAISE, MY SOUL, THE KING OF HEAVEN.

General.

Psalms 103.

No. 286.



I.

mf PRAISE, my soul, the KING of heaven;
To His feet thy tribute bring!
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
Who like me His praise should sing?
f Praise Him, praise Him!
Praise the everlasting KING!

II.

mf Praise Him for His grace and favour
To our fathers in distress!
Praise Him, still the same as ever,
Slow to chide, and swift to bless!
f Praise Him, praise Him!
Glorious in His faithfulness!

III.

p Father-like He tends and spares us;
Well our feeble frame He knows;
In His hands He gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes.
f Praise Him, praise Him!
Widely as His mercy flows.

IV.

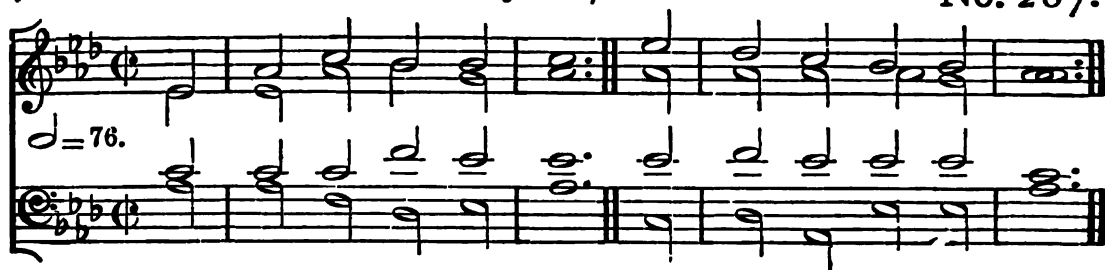
mf Angels, help us to adore Him!
Ye behold Him face to face;
cres. Sun and moon, bow down before Him;
Dwellers all in time and space.
ff Praise Him, praise Him!
Praise with us the God of Grace!

TO BLESS THY CHOSEN RACE.

General.

Pfalm 67.

No. 287.



I.

p TO bless Thy chosen race,
In mercy, LORD, incline,
And cause the brightness of Thy face
On all Thy saints to shine.

II.

mf That so Thy wondrous way
May through the world be known,
Whilst distant lands their tribute pay,
And Thy salvation own.

III.

Let diff'ring nations join
To celebrate Thy fame;
Let all the world, O LORD, combine
To praise Thy glorious Name.

IV.

f O let them shout and sing
With joy and pious mirth,
For Thou, the righteous JUDGE and KING,
Shalt govern all the earth.

V.

mf Then shall the teeming ground
A large increase disclose;
And we with plenty shall be crowned,
Which God, our God, bestows.

VI.

f Then GOD upon our land
Shall constant blessings shower,
And all the world in awe shall stand
Of His resistless power.

O FOR A THOUSAND TONGUES TO SING.

General.

No. 288.



I.

f O FOR a thousand tongues to sing
Our great REDEEMER's praise!
The glories of our God and King,
The triumphs of His grace.

III.

p JESUS! the Name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

II.

mf Our gracious Master and our God,
Assist us to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad
The honours of Thy Name.

IV.

cres. He speaks, and, list'ning to His voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice,
The humble poor believe.

V.

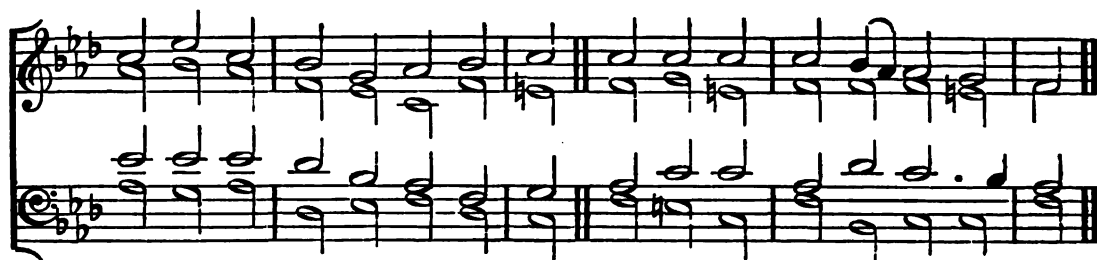
f Hear Him, ye deaf; His praise, ye dumb,
Your loosened tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your SAVIOUR come,
And leap, ye lame, for joy!

WHEN WE OUR WEARIED LIMBS TO REST.

General.

Psalms 137.

No. 289.



I.

p WHEN we our wearied limbs to rest,
Sat down by proud Euphrates' stream,
We wept, with doleful thoughts opprest,
And Sion was our mournful theme.

II.

Our harps, that when with joy we sung,
Were wont their tuneful parts to bear,
With silent strings neglected hung
On willow-trees that withered there.

III.

mf Meanwhile our foes, who all conspired
To triumph in our slavish wrongs,
Sweet music in our grief required :
Come, sing us one of Sion's songs.

IV.

p How shall we tune our voice to sing,
Or touch our harps with skilful hands?
Shall hymns of joy to God, our King,
Be sung by slaves in foreign lands?

V.

O Salem! our once happy seat,
When I of thee forgetful prove,
Let then my trembling hand forget
The speaking strings with art to move.

VI.

mf If I to mention thee forbear,
Eternal silence seize my tongue!
dim. Or if I sing one cheerful air,
Till thy deliv'rance is my song.

NAME OF OUR TRIUMPHANT SAVIOUR.

General, or Circumcision.

Gloriosi Salvatoris.

No. 290.



I.

f NAME of our triumphant SAVIOUR,
Loud we hail its glory bright !
Which in GOD the FATHER'S bosom
Lay for ages hid from sight ;
Now His holy Church proclaims it,
Graced with gifts of heav'nly light.

II.

p Name of sweetness, Name of joyance,
Name that passeth tongue to tell :
JESUS is the blessèd title !
This the Name that pleaseth well !
Guilt and punishment it cancels :
Name of love, that saves from hell !

III.

mf Name it is for lowly homage ;
Glorious Name, on high confest ;
Name for ceaseless meditation
In this vale of dark unrest ;
Worthy Name for deep devotion
Through the mansions of the blest.

IV.

p When this Name aloud is preachèd,
Music falls upon the ears ;
When it humbly is entreated,
Sweet as honey it appears ;
Joy attends its contemplation ;
Darkness from the soul it clears.

V.

f This great Name, to Heav'n exalted,
Rules by right supreme on high ;
Wondrous Name, that fills with terror
Pow'rs of evil, forced to fly !
Name vouchsafed for our Salvation,
Brought by GOD'S sweet mercy nigh.

VI.

p JESU, this Thy Name, so sacred,
On our knees will we adore ;
cres. Plant it in our inmost bosom,
Firmly root it, we implore ;
ff So that, joined with hosts of Heaven,
We may praise Thee evermore.

FAR FROM THE WORLD, O LORD, I FLEE.

General, or *Lent.*

No. 291.



I.

p FAR from the world, O LORD, I flee,
From strife and tumult far;
From scenes, where Satan wages still
His most successful war.

IV.

p There, like the nightingale, she pours
Her solitary lays:
Nor asks a witness of her song,
Nor thirsts for human praise.

II.

The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree,
And seem by Thy sweet bounty made
For those who follow Thee.

V.

mf Great Author, Guardian of my life,
Sweet Source of light Divine,
And, all harmonious names in one,
My SAVIOUR, Thou art mine.

III.

mf There, if Thy SPIRIT touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
With what delight, and peace, and love,
She communes with her GOD!

VI.

f What thanks I owe Thee, and what love,
A boundless, endless store,
Shall echo through the realms above,
When time shall be no more.

THERE IS A RIVER, DEEP AND BROAD.

General.

No. 292.



I.

mf THERE is a River, deep and broad,
Its course no mortal knows ;
It fills with joy the Church of God,
And widens as it flows.

IV.

mf Along the shores, th' angelic bands
Watch every moving wave ;
With holy joy their breast expands,
When men the waters crave.

II.

f More clear than crystal is the stream,
And bright with endless day ;
The waves with every blessing teem,
And life and health convey.

V.

To them distressed souls repair ;
The LORD invites them nigh ;
They leave their cares and sorrows there ;
They drink, and never die.

III.

p Where'er they flow contentions cease,
And love and meekness reign ;
The LORD Himself commands the peace, *cres.* Flow on, till all the SAVIOUR know,
And foes conspire in vain.

VI.

f Flow on, sweet Stream, more largely flow,
The earth with glory fill ;
And all obey His will.

JESU, MEEK AND GENTLE.

General.

No. 293.



I.

p JESU, meek and gentle,
SON of GOD most high,
cres. Pitying, loving SAVIOUR,
Hear Thy children's cry.

III.

Give us holy freedom,
Fill our hearts with love;
p Draw us, Holy JESUS!
To the realms above.

II.

p Pardon our offences,
Loose our captive chains,
mf Break down every idol,
Which our soul detains.

IV.

mf Lead us on our journey,
Be Thyself the Way,
cres. Through terrestrial darkness,
To celestial day.

V.

p JESU, meek and gentle,
SON of GOD most high,
cres. Pitying, loving SAVIOUR,
Hear Thy children's cry.

MY GOD, MY LIFE, TO THEE I CALL.

General, or Lent.

No. 294.



I.

mf MY GOD, my Life, to Thee I call,
Afflicted at Thy feet I fall;
When rising water-floods prevail,
Leave not my trembling heart to fail.

II.

p Friend of the friendless and the faint,
Where should I lodge my deep complaint?
Where but with Thee, Whose open door
Invites the helpless and the poor?

III.

Did ever mourner plead with Thee,
And Thou refuse that mourner's plea?
Does not the word still fixed remain,
That none shall seek Thy face in vain?

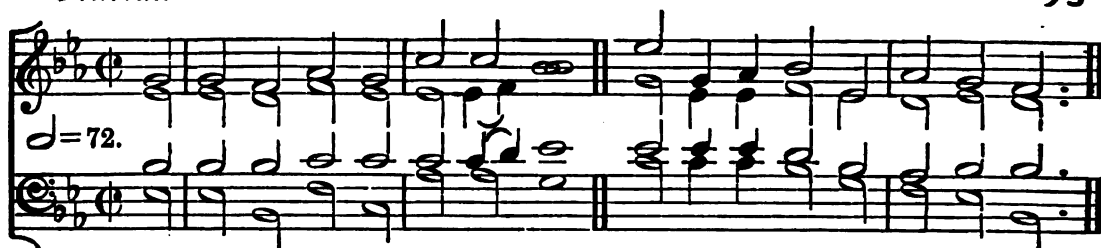
IV.

mf Though poor I am, despised, forgot,
Yet GOD, my GOD, forgets me not:
f And he is safe, and must succeed,
For whom the LORD vouchsafes to plead.

MY GOD AND FATHER, WHILE I STRAY.

General.

No. 295.



Verfes 3, 4, 5, 6.



I.

mf My God and FATHER, while I stray
Far from my home, on life's rough way,
O teach me from my heart to say,
p "Thy will be done."

II.

mf Though dark my path, and sad my lot,
Let me be still, and murmur not,
Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,
p "Thy will be done."

III.

p What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved, no longer nigh;
cres. Submissive still would I reply,
p "Thy will be done."

IV.

mf Though Thou hast called me to resign
What most I prized, it ne'er was mine;
I have but yielded what was Thine;
p "Thy will be done."

V.

p Should grief, or sickness, waste away
My life in premature decay,
cres. My FATHER, still I strive to say,
p "Thy will be done."

VI.

mf Let but my fainting heart be blest
With Thy sweet SMILE for its Guest,
My God, to Thee I leave the rest;
p "Thy will be done."

VII.

p Renew my will from day to day;
Blend it with Thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
cres. "Thy will be done."

WHY STORM THE HEATHEN?

General, or Easter.

Psalms 2.

No. 296.



I.

mf WHY storm the heathen? Wherefore do they ring
The frantic cry, to dispossess my King?
Their monarchs rise, their rulers madly say:
f "Quick! burst His fetters, cast His cords away!"

III.

"My Son art Thou, this day hath seen Thy birth;
Ask Me, and straight Thou reignest LORD of earth;
Sore welts of iron Thou shalt sharply deal,
And shatter them, like shards from potter's wheel.

II.

p But He that sits the heav'n's disdains the scorn;
Derisive laughter sounds upon the morn;
Then mirth gives way, and now is wrath expressed:
f "My King is firm enthroned on Zion's crest.

IV.

mf "Be wise, then, O ye monarchs of the globe;
Assume, ye judges, wisdom's honoured robe;
Stoop down before the LORD in lowly dread,
And joy before Him with submissive head.

V.

"Kiss ye the Son, lest He should rise in wrath,
And so ye perish from the rightful path:
cres. For should His anger kindle but a gleam:
f Thrice blest are they, who trust this King supreme!"

GREAT GOD, WHOSE SCEPTRE RULES THE EARTH.

General.

No. 297.



I.

mf GREAT GOD, Whose sceptre rules the earth,
 Disfil Thy fear within my heart,
 That being wrapt with holy mirth,
 I may proclaim how good Thou art:
f Ope wide my lips, that I may sing
 Full praises to my God, my KING.

II.

p Great God, Thy garden is defaced;
 The weeds thrive there, the flowers decay;
 O call to mind Thy promise past,
 Restore Thou them, cut these away:
 Till then let not the weeds have power
 To starve, or flint the poorest flower.

III.

mf In all extremes, LORD, Thou art still
 The mount whereto my hopes do flee;
 O make my soul detest all ill,
 Because so much abhorred by Thee;
 LORD, let Thy gracious trials shew
 That I am just, or make me so.

IV.

p O Fount of light and living breath,
 Whose mercies never fail nor fade,
 Fill me with life that hath no death,
 Fill me with light that hath no shade;
cres. Appoint the remnant of my days
 To see Thy power, and sing Thy praise.

V.

O Thou, that sitt'st in heaven, and see'st
 My deeds without, my thoughts within,
 Be Thou my Prince, be Thou my Priest,
 Command my soul, and cure my sin:
 How bitter my afflictions be,
 I care not, so I rise to Thee.

CLOTHED WITH STATE, AND GIRT WITH MIGHT.

General.

Psalms 93.

No. 298.



I.

II.

<p><i>f</i> CLOTHED with state, and girt with might, Monarch-like JEHOVAH reigns, He Who earth's foundation pight, Pight at first, and yet sustains; He Whose stable throne disdains Motion's shock, and age's flight: He Who, endless, One remains, One, the same in changeless plight.</p>	<p><i>mf</i> Rivers, yea, though rivers roar, Roaring though sea-billows rise, Vex the deep, and break the shore, <i>cres.</i> Stronger art Thou, LORD of skies: <i>f</i> Firm and true Thy promise lies, Now and still, as heretofore; Holy worship never dies In Thy house where we adore.</p>
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WHO IS THIS SO WEAK AND HELPLESS?

General.

No. 299.

The musical score is written for a four-part setting (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of four systems of staves. The first system begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The tempo/meter is indicated as '♩ = 76.' The second system continues the melody. The third system begins with a new tempo/meter indication '♩ = 80.' The fourth system concludes the piece. The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, bar lines, and dynamic markings.

I.

p Who is this so weak and helpless,
Child of lowly Hebrew Maid,
Rudely in a stable sheltered,
Coldly in a manger laid?
f 'Tis the Lord of all creation,
Who this wondrous path hath trod;
He is God from everlasting,
And to everlasting, God.

II.

p Who is this,—a Man of sorrows,
Walking sadly life's hard way,
Homeless, weary, sighing, weeping
Over sin and Satan's sway?
f 'Tis our God, our glorious SAVIOUR,
Ris'n above the starry sky,
To prepare the many mansions,
Where no tear can dim the eye.

III.

p Who is this,—behold Him raining
Drops of blood upon the ground?
Who is this,—despised, rejected,
Mocked, insulted, beaten, bound?
mf 'Tis our God, Who gifts and graces
On His Church now poureth down,
Who shall smite in holy vengeance
All His foes beneath His throne.

IV.

pp Who is this, that hangeth dying,
With the thieves on either side;
Nails His hands and feet are tearing,
And the spear hath pierced His side?
f 'Tis the God, Who ever liveth,
'Mid the shining ones on high,
In the glorious, golden city,
Reigning everlastingly.

THOU EARTH, O'ER WHICH THE CURSE OF SIN.

General.

No. 300.



I.

mf THOU earth, o'er which the curse of sin
Has flung the shroud of night,
cres. On thee the dayspring hath appeared,
f For CHRIST shall give thee light.

II.

p O Christian! does thy pathway seem
All dark to feeble sight?
cres. Direct thine eyes to CHRIST on high,
f For He shall give thee light.

III.

mf O Soldier! does the shadowy foe
Shroud o'er the field of fight?
cres. Dauntless hold up the shield of faith,
f For CHRIST shall give thee light.

IV.

p Has sorrow, mourner, bowed thine heart
In sad and dreary night?
cres. Smile through thy tears, the day is nigh
f When CHRIST shall give thee light.

V.

p Thou trembling one, who must appear
Before Him in His might!
cres. He is thy Judge, but He is love,
And He shall give thee light.

VI.

mf Blest heir of glory! hast thou reached
Thy home so pure and bright?
cres. Thy heritage is sure, for CHRIST
f For ever gives thee light.

O LORD, HOW EXCELLENT THY NAME !

General.

Psalms 8.

No. 301.



I.

f O LORD, how excellent Thy Name !
It sounds aloud from pole to pole !
Thy glory soars above this frame ;
The heavens beneath it humbly roll.

III.

p When I behold Thy heavens above,
The moon and stars with beaming face
LORD, what is man, to meet Thy love ?
The son of man, to win Thy grace ?

II.

Lo ! lisping babes a voice betray,
A voice that speaks with pow'r divine !
It stills the foeman in the fray ;
Th' avenger yields to Thee and Thine !

IV.

mf To him a station Thou dost deign,
Than Angel hosts but lower down,
That he at last on high may reign,
And wear a never-fading crown.

V.

f The world doth him its lord proclaim,
Bird, beast and fish, on sea and shore :
ff Then, LORD, how excellent Thy Name !
We laud and love It evermore !

WAKE! THE WATCHMENS' VOICE IS SOUNDING.

General.

Wachet auf! ruft uns die Stimme.

No. 302.



I.

f WAKE! the watchmen's voice is sounding!
It comes from towered heights rebounding!
Wake up! Jerusalem, arise!
Hours of midnight, o'er thee falling,
With trumpet-tone are loudly calling:
Where stay thy virgins, watchful, wise?
The Bridegroom comes! awake!
Stand up! your lanterns take!
f Hallelujah!
Make ready for the nuptial rite,
For ye must meet Him, decked with light.

II.

mf Sion hears the watchmen singing;
Her heart with deep delight is springing;
She starts from slumber, sweet and soft:
Comes her LORD from heaven in splendor,
All strong in truth, with mercy tender:
Her star in radiance mounts aloft!
cres. Descend, Thou deathless Crown!
Great Son of God, come down!
f Hark! Hosannas!
We follow towards the halls of joy,
To sup in bliss without alloy.

III.

f Hear Thy praises, LORD, ascending
From tongues of men and angels, blending
With harp and cymbal's thrilling tone!
By Thy pearly gates in wonder
We stand, and swell the voice of thunder,
Which peals from hosts around Thy throne!
p No eye hath traced those bounds!
No ear hath caught those sounds!
Joys unuttered!
f Yet we the listening heavens will rend
With hallelujahs, ne'er to end!

BRIEF LIFE IS HERE OUR PORTION.

General.

Hic breve vivitur.

No. 303.



I.

p BRIEF life is here our portion,
Brief sorrow, short-lived care ;
cres. The life that knows no ending,
The tearless life is there.

IV.

p And now we watch and struggle,
And now we live in hope,
And Sion, in her anguish,
With Babylon must cope.

II.

f O happy retribution !
Short toil, eternal rest ;
For mortals, and for sinners,
A mansion with the blest !

V.

f But He, Whom now we trust in,
Shall then be seen and known,
And they, who know and see Him,
Shall have Him for their own.

III.

mf And now we fight the battle ;
But then shall wear the crown
Of full, and everlasting,
And passionless renown.

VI.

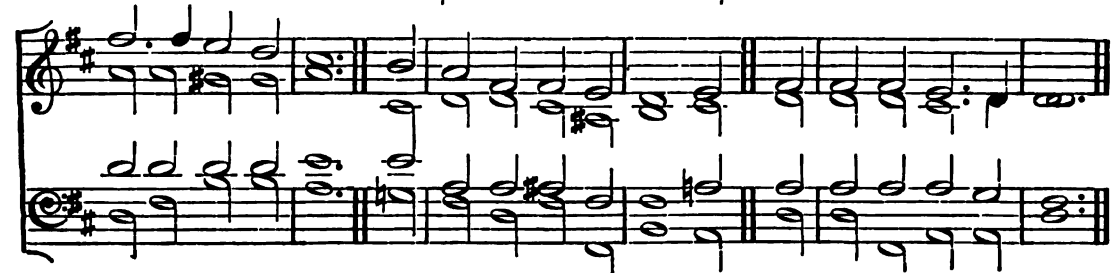
cres. Then all the halls of Sion
For aye shall be complete,
And, in the land of Beauty,
All things in beauty meet.

FOR THEE, O DEAR, DEAR COUNTRY.

General.

O bona Patria.

No. 304.



I.

p For thee, O dear, dear country!
 Mine eyes their vigils keep;
 For very love, beholding
 Thy happy name, they weep.
cres. The mention of thy glory
 Is union to the breast,
 And medicine in sickness,
 And love, and life, and rest.

II.

mf O one, O only mansion!
 O Paradise of joy!
 Where tears are ever banished,
 And smiles have no alloy!
f With jasper glow thy bulwarks,
 Thy streets with emeralds blaze;
 The sardius and the topaz
 Unite in thee their rays.

III.

mf Thine ageless walls are bonded
 With amethyst unpriced;
 Thy saints build up its fabric,
cres. The corner stone is CHRIST.
f The Cross is all thy splendor,
 The Crucified thy praise;
 His laud and benediction
 Thy ransomed people raise.

JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN.

General.

Urbs Syon aurea.

No. 305.



I.

mf JERUSALEM the golden,
With milk and honey blest,
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice oppressed.
I know not, Oh! I know not,
What social joys are there;
What radiancy of glory,
What light beyond compare.

II.

f They stand, those halls of Sion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng.
The Prince is ever in them;
The daylight is serene;
The pastures of the blest
Are decked in glorious sheen.

III.

ff There is the throne of David;
And there, from care released,
The song of them that triumph,
The shout of them that feast.
And they, who with their Leader,
Have conquered in the fight,
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white.

IV.

p O sweet and blest country!
Am I to see thy face?
O sweet and blest country!
Am I to win that grace?
cres. Yea, Lord! Thy light and succour
Shall guide me to its shore,
ff Where I will sing Thy praises
In bliss for evermore!

YE SAINTS AND SERVANTS OF THE LORD.

General.

Psalms 113.

No. 306.

The musical score is written for two voices (Soprano and Bass) and piano accompaniment. It consists of three systems of staves. The first system includes a tempo marking of $\text{♩} = 76$. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests and dynamic markings like *f* and *mf*.

I.

f Ye saints and servants of the Lord,
The triumphs of His Name record;
His sacred Name for ever blest;
Where'er the circling sun displays
His rising beams or setting rays,
Due praise to His great Name address!

II.

God through the world extends His sway;
The regions of eternal day
But shadows of His glory are;
With Him, Whose majesty excels,
Who made the heaven, in which He dwells,
Let no created pow'r compare.

III.

mf Though 'tis beneath His state to view,
In highest heaven what angels do,
Yet He to earth vouchsafes His care:
He takes the needy from his cell,
Advancing him in courts to dwell,
Companion to the greatest there.

IV.

f To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
The God Whom heaven's triumphant host,
And suffering saints on earth adore,
Be glory as in ages past,
As now it is, and so shall last,
When Time itself shall be no more.

NOW ALL GIVE THANKS TO GOD.

General.

Nun danket alle Gott.

No. 307.



I.

f Now all give thanks to God,
With heart, and hands, and voices!
Who glorious things hath done,
In which the world rejoices!
p Since first a mother's care
Watched o'er our infant hours,
cres. His matchless love on us
Unwearied blessing shows.

II.

mf The everlasting God,
As life is gently flowing,
The bliss of joy and peace
Is evermore bestowing:
p Oh! may He by His grace
With ceaseless care sustain
All, whom He hath redeemed
From want, and woe, and pain.

III.

ff Praise God, the FATHER, SON,
And SPIRIT, ever Holy!
To Heav'n's immortal throne
Uplift your praise, ye lowly!
The great THREE-ONE adore!
Exalt His mighty Name!
Who was, is now, shall be
Eternally the same!

ETERNAL BEAM OF LIGHT DIVINE.

General.

No. 308.



I.

mf ETERNAL beam of Light divine,
Thou Fount of unexhausted love,
In Whom the FATHER's glories shine
Through earth beneath and Heaven
above;

II.

p O JESU! weary wanderers' rest!
Give me Thy easy yoke to bear;
With steadfast patience arm my breast,
With spotless love, and lowly fear.

III.

I thankful take the cup from Thee,
Prepared and mingled by Thy skill:
Though bitter to the taste it be,
'Tis strong the wounded soul to heal.

IV.

cres. Be Thou, O Rock of Ages, nigh!
Each murm'ring thought shall then
be gone,
f And grief, and fear, and care shall fly,
As clouds before the mid-day sun.

V.

mf Oh! speak my warring passions peace,
And bid my trembling heart "Be still!"
cres. Thy pow'r my strength and fortress is,
For all things serve Thy sovereign will.

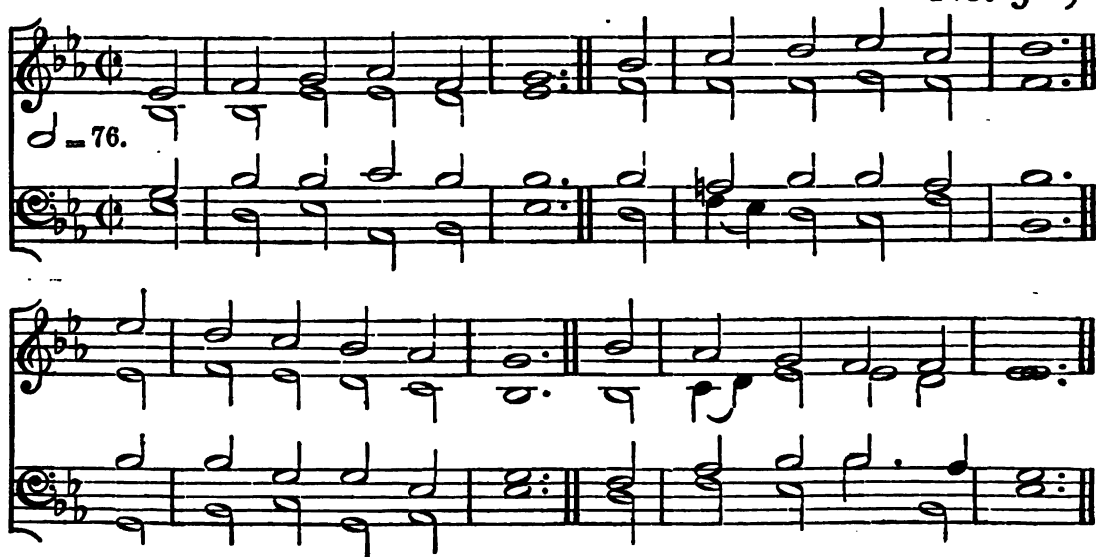
VI.

f O Death, where is thy sting? Where now
Thy boasted victory, O Grave?
Who dares contend with God, or who
Can hurt whom God delights to save?

MY SPIRIT LONGS FOR THEE.

General.

No. 309.



I.

p My spirit longs for Thee
Within my troubled breast,
Though I unworthy be
Of so Divine a Guest.

II.

cres. Of so Divine a Guest
Unworthy though I be,
p Yet has my heart no rest,
Unless it come from Thee.

III.

cres. Unless it come from Thee,
In vain I look around ;
p In all that I can see
No rest is to be found.

IV.

mf No rest is to be found
But in Thy blest love ;
cres. Oh ! let my wish be crowned,
And send it from above.

OUR GOD STANDS FIRM, A ROCK AND TOWER.

General.

Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott.

No. 310.



I.

f Our God stands firm, a rock and tow'r,
A shield when danger presses;
A ready help in every hour,
When doubt or pain distresses!
For our malignant Foe
Unswerving aims his blow;
His fearful arms the while,
Dark pow'r and darker guile:
His hidden craft is matchless.

II.

mf Our strength is weakness in the fight;
Our courage soon defection:
cres. But comes a Warrior, clad in might,
A Prince of God's election!
Who is this wondrous Chief,
That brings this glad relief?
f The field of battle boasts
CHRIST JESUS, LORD of Hosts,
Still conqu'ring and to conquer!

III.

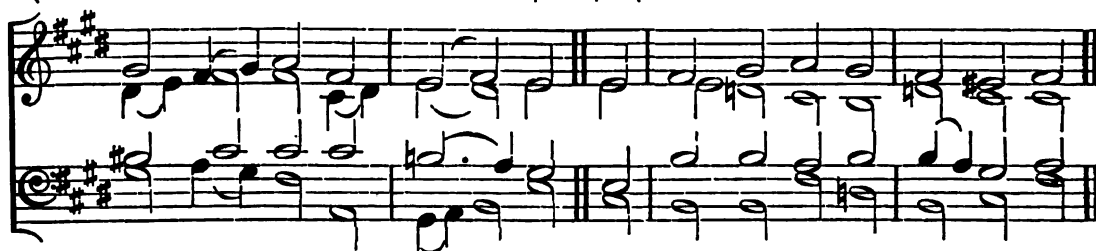
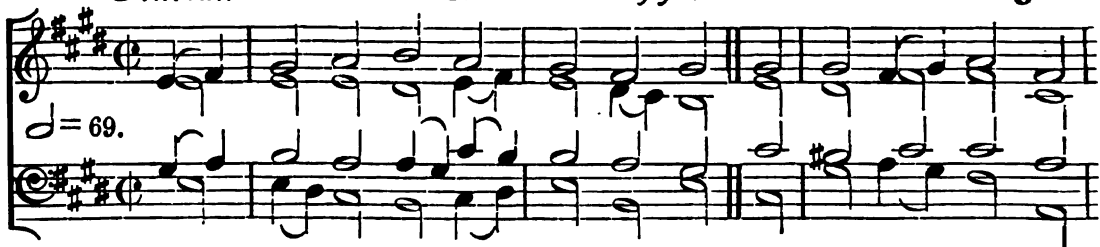
f Then, Lord, arise! lift up Thine arm!
With mighty succour stay us!
Oh! turn aside the deadly harm,
When Satan would betray us;
cres. That rescued by Thy hand,
In triumph we may stand,
And round Thy footstool crowd,
In joy to sing aloud
f High praise to our Redeemer!

TO GOD ON HIGH BE THANKS AND PRAISE.

General.

Allein Gott in der Höh' sey Ehr.

No. 311.



I.

p To God on high be thanks and praise
For mercy ceasing never,
Whereby no foe a hand can raise,
Nor harm can reach us ever!
cres. With joy to Him our hearts ascend,
The Source of peace, that knows no end,
p A peace that none can sever!

II.

mf The honours, paid Thy holy Name,
To hear 'Thou ever deignest!
Thou, God the FATHER, still the same,
Unshaken ever reignest!
Unmeasured stands Thy glorious might!
Thy thoughts, Thy deeds outstrip the light!
p Our heaven Thou, LORD, remainest!

III.

mf LORD JESU CHRIST, the only Son
Of God, the King supernal!
The life of sinners lost, undone,
The death of strifes infernal!
Immortal Lamb, of heavenly race,
Our need supply, outpour Thy grace
On all, in love eternal!

IV.

p O Holy SPIRIT, Gift supreme!
Sweet Comforter, all-curing!
Those, whom their SAVIOUR doth redeem
From death, and Hell's alluring,
cres. Delivered through His mortal throes,
Save Thou from all their wafting woes,
f Thine Own in trust enduring!

LOVE DIVINE, ALL LOVE EXCELLING.

General.

No. 312.



I.

mf Love divine, all love excelling,
 Joy of heaven, to earth come down!
 Fix in us Thy humble dwelling,
 All Thy faithful mercies crown:
p Jesu, Thou art all compassion,
 Pure, unbounded Love Thou art;
cres. Visit us with Thy salvation,
 Enter every trembling heart.

II.

p Come, ALMIGHTY to deliver!
 Let us all Thy life receive;
 Suddenly return, and never,
 Never more Thy temples leave.
cres. Thee we would be always blessing,
 Serve Thee as Thy hosts above;
f Pray, and praise Thee, without ceasing,
 Glory in Thy perfect love.

III.

mf Finish then Thy new creation,
 Pure and sinless let us be;
 Let us see Thy great salvation,
 Perfectly restored in Thee;
f Changed from glory into glory,
 Till in heaven we take our place;
ff Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
 Lost in wonder, love, and praise!

MY SOUL, THERE IS A COUNTRY.

General.

No. 313.



I.

mf My soul, there is a country,
Afar beyond the stars,
Where stands a wingèd sentry,
All skilful in the wars;

III.

p He thee hath ever friended,
And, Oh! my soul, awake!
He hath in love descended,
To die here for thy sake.

II.

cres. And there 'bove noise and danger,
Sweet Peace sits crowned with smiles;
And ONE, born in a manger,
Commands the beauteous files.

IV.

mf If thou canst get but thither,
There grows the flower of peace,
The rose that cannot wither,
Thy fortress and thy ease.

V.

f Leave, then, thy foolish ranges!
For none can thee secure,
But ONE, Who never changes,
Thy GOD, thy Life, thy Cure.

TO THEE, O LORD, I YIELD MY SPIRIT.

General.

Dir hab 'ich mich ergeben.

No. 314.



I.

p TO Thee, O Lord, I yield my spirit,
Thine Own through life, in weal or woe;
If joy or trouble I inherit,
The joy from Thee doth ever flow;
cres. In trouble still Thy praise shall sound,
Till life shall reach its closing bound.

II.

mf 'Twas Thou, Who long had waited for me,
Ere thought or being sprang to life;
My loving Guide did not abhor me,
But towards me yearned with mercy rise;
Thou ever didst delight prepare,
Where I could draw but pain or care.

III.

p When all forlorn, despairing, weeping,
What doth my anxious heart desire?
cres. It ever would be pleasure reaping,
By this, its torment, set afire:
The sin, O help me to suppress,
To love Thee more, sin ever less!

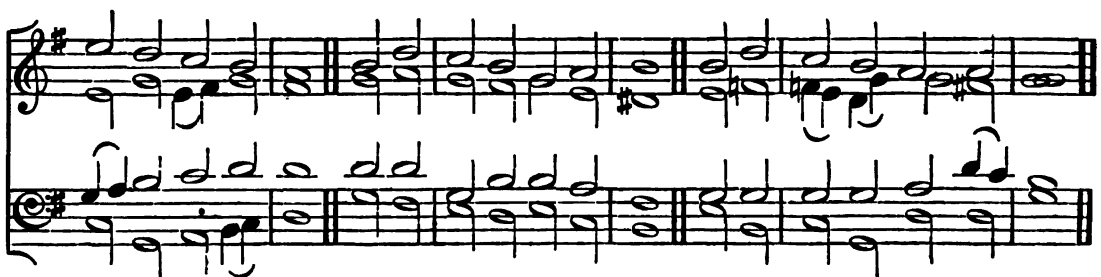
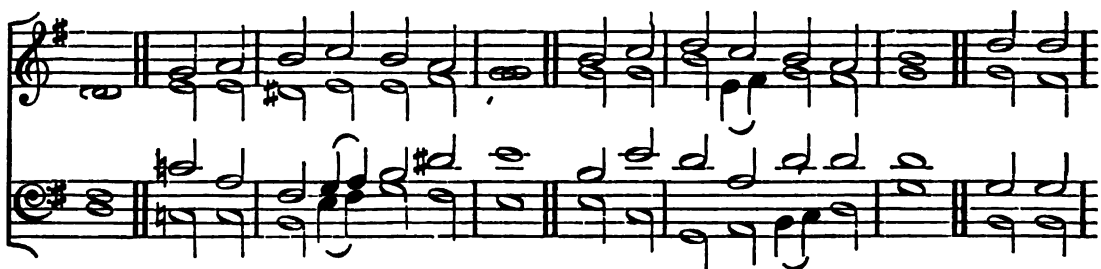
IV.

p "Thy will be done!" be my petition,
When I my wants to Thee confide!
O! grant me, with a meek submission,
Still wholly Thine, whate'er betide,
dim. In quiet trust to draw each breath,
Till these mine eyes shall sleep in death!

SAVIOUR, WHOM I FAIN WOULD LOVE.

General.

No. 315.



I.

p SAVIOUR, Whom I fain would love,
 JESUS, crucified for me,
 Fix my roving heart above,
 Draw me nearer unto Thee.
cres. Thee to praise, and Thee to know,
 Make the joy of saints below;
 Thee to see, and Thee to love,
 Make the bliss of saints above.

II.

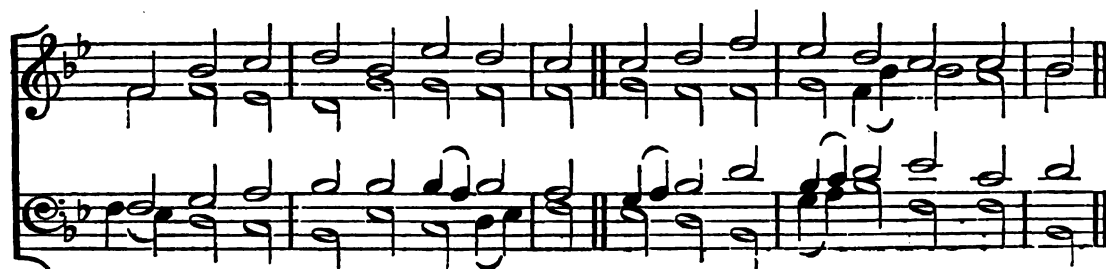
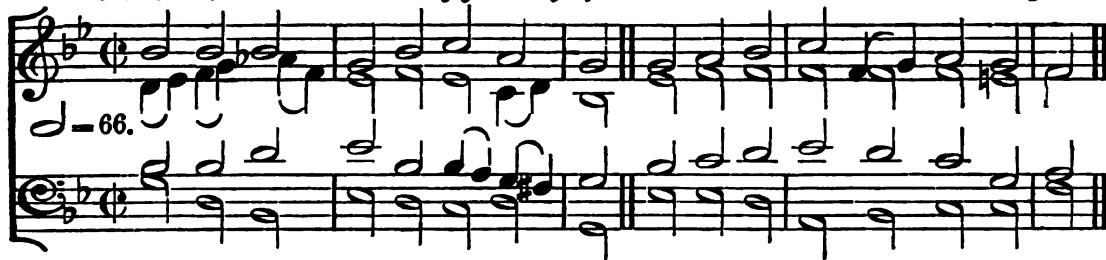
mf LORD, it is not life to live,
 If Thy presence Thou deny;
 LORD, if Thou Thy presence give,
 'Tis no longer death to die.
f Source and Giver of repose,
 Only from Thy love it flows;
 Peace and happiness are Thine,
 Mine they are, if Thou art mine.

O THOU THE TRUE AND ONLY LIGHT.

General.

O Jesu Christe, wahres Licht.

No. 316.



I.

p O THOU, the true and only Light,
Direct the souls that walk in night,
And bring them 'neath Thy shelt'ring care,
To find them blest redemption there.

IV.

p Upon the deaf let hearing come ;
Grant holy utt'rance to the dumb ;
Such boldness on the frail bestow,
That they may speak the truth they
know.

II.

mf Enlighten with Thy beams of grace
The souls that wander in their race ;
When marked for soft deceit a prey,
Still keep them safe within Thy way.

V.

Pour down upon the blind Thy ray ;
Bring hither all, from us who stray ;
Lead home the feet that rove abroad,
And bid the doubter rest in God.

III.

If haply they should lapse to sin,
Then let Thy voice be heard within !
Each wounded conscience help and heal, *cres.*
That heavenly joys it yet may feel !

VI.

mf So they with us, in bonds of love,
On earth, and in the realms above,
Shall here, and there, for ever raise
For this Thy mercy ceaseless praise.

BLEST ARE THE PURE IN HEART.

General.

No. 317.



I.

mf BLEST are the pure in heart,
For they shall see their GOD;
The secret of the LORD is their's;
Their soul is CHRIST's abode.

III.

Still to the lowly soul
He doth Himself impart;
And for His dwelling, and His throne,
Chooseth the pure in heart.

II.

The LORD, Who left the sky,
Our life and peace to bring,
And dwelt in lowliness with men,
Their Pattern and their King;

IV.

p LORD, we Thy presence seek;
Our's may this blessing be;
O give the pure and lowly heart,
A temple meet for Thee.

V.

f To GOD the FATHER, SON,
And SPIRIT glory be;
As 'twas, and is, and shall be so,
To all eternity.

O WORD CELESTIAL, WHO THY REST.

General, or Advent.

Verbum supernum prodiens.

No. 318.



I.

p O WORD celestial, Who Thy rest
Hast quitted in the FATHER's breast,
Who, after lapse of ages born,
Hast come to aid a world forlorn ;

III.

p That when the Judge shall, in His ire,
Consign the guilty to the fire,
And mercy's voice, with loving cry,
Shall claim the righteous for the sky ;

II.

mf Now light our bosoms from above,
And fire them with Thy warmest love,
That heavenly joys may fill the heart, *cres.*
Where joys, that fade, no bliss impart ;

IV.

We, saved by Thee from death and shame,
The gnawing worm, the quenchless flame,
May view the face of GOD above,
And ever share Thy endless love.

V.

f To GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON,
And HOLY SPIRIT, THREE in ONE,
As ever giv'n, so give we still,
All praise, eternity to fill.

FAR FROM MY HEAVENLY HOME.

General.

No. 319.



I.

mf FAR from my heavenly home,
Far from my FATHER's breast,
I fainting cry, blest SPIRIT, come,
And speed me to my rest!

II.

My spirit homeward turns,
And fain would thither flee;
My heart, O Sion, droops and yearns,
When I remember thee.

III.

To thee, to thee I press;
A dark and toilsome road;
When shall I pass this wilderness,
And reach the saints' abode?

IV.

p My God, my life, be near!
On Thee my hopes I cast:
O guide me through the desert here,
And bring me home at last!

V.

f To GOD the FATHER, SON,
And SPIRIT, glory be;
As 'twas, and is, and shall be so
To all eternity.

WHEN THE DARK WAVES ROUND US ROLL.

General.

No. 320.



I.

p WHEN the dark waves round us roll,
And we look in vain for aid,
Speak, LORD, to the trembling soul,
p cres. "It is I, be not afraid!"

II.

mf When we dimly trace Thy form,
In mysterious clouds arrayed,
Be the echo of the storm,
p cres. "It is I, be not afraid!"

III.

p When our brightest hopes depart,
When our fairest visions fade,
Whisper to the fainting heart,
cres. "It is I, be not afraid!"

IV.

p When we weep beside the bier,
Where some well-loved form is laid,
Oh! may then the mourner hear,
cres. "It is I, be not afraid!"

V.

mf When with wearing, hopeless pain,
Sinks the spirit, fore dismayed,
Breathe Thou then the comfort-strain,
p cres. "It is I, be not afraid!"

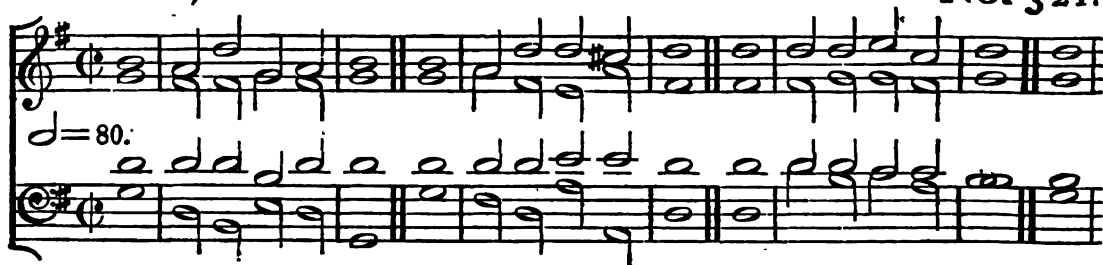
VI.

p When we feel the end is near,
Passing into death's dark shade,
cres. May the voice be strong and clear,
f "It is I, be not afraid!"

MY SONG IS LOVE UNKNOWN.

General, or Passion-side.

No. 321.



I.

mf My song is love unknown,
My SAVIOUR's love to me ;
Love to the loveless shewn,
That they might lovely be :
Oh ! who am I,
That, for my sake,
My LORD should take
Frail flesh and die ?

II.

mf Why, what hath my LORD done ?
What makes this rage and spite ?
He made the lame to run,
He gave the blind their sight :
cres. Sweet injuries !
Yet they at these
Themselves displease,
And 'gainst Him rise !

III.

p In life no house, no home,
My LORD on earth might have :
In death no friendly tomb,
But what a stranger gave ;
cres. What may I say ?
Heav'n was His home,
But mine the tomb,
Wherein He lay.

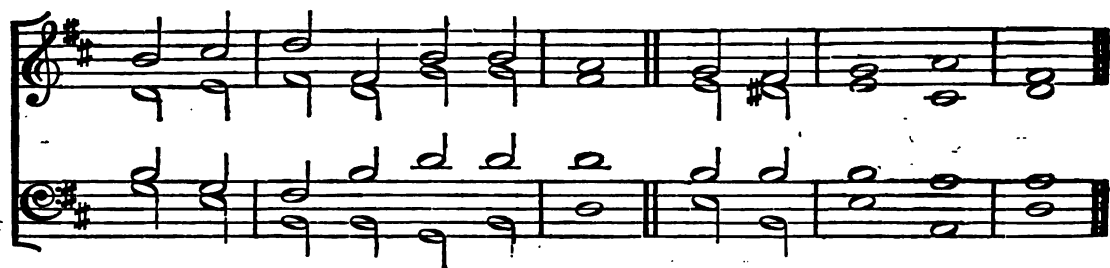
IV.

mf Here might I stay and sing ;
No story so divine ;
Never was love, dear KING,
Never was grief like Thine !
f This is my Friend,
In Whose sweet praise,
I all my days
Could gladly spend.

CHRISTIAN! SEEK NOT YET REPOSE.

General, or Confirmation.

No. 322.



I.

mf CHRISTIAN, seek not yet repose,
Cast thy dreams of ease away;
Thou art in the midst of foes;
p Therefore watch and pray.

II.

f Gird thy heavenly armour on,
Wear it ever, night and day;
Near thee lurks the evil One;
p Therefore watch and pray.

III.

mf Listen to thy sorrowing LORD,
Him thou lovest to obey;
It is He, Who speaks the word,
p Therefore watch and pray.

IV.

mf 'Twas by watching, and by prayer,
Holy men of olden day
Won the palms and crowns they wear;
p Therefore watch and pray.

V.

p Watch, for thou thy guard must keep:
Pray, for God must speed thy way:
Narrow is the road and steep:
f Therefore watch and pray.

JESU, LORD, TO ME IMPART.

No. 323.

General, or *Passion-side.*

Dignare me, O Jesu! rogo Te.



I.

p JESU, LORD, to me impart
Shelter in Thy wounded heart;
cres. Let me ever here abide,
dim. Resting in Thy stricken side.

II.

mp If the Evil One with wiles,
If the world with wealth beguiles,
cres. In Thy heart retreat is sure,
In Thy side I rest secure.

III.

mf When the flesh, more wily, waits,
Haunting me with tempting baits,
cres. Fearless I may safe abide,
All my refuge this Thy side.

IV.

p When shall come my closing day,
JESU, cast me not away!
cres. Grant me, SAVIOUR, when I die,
dim. Buried in Thy side to lie.

BEHOLD A STRANGER AT THE DOOR!

General.

No. 324.



I.

mf BEHOLD a stranger at the door!
He gently knocks, has knocked before,
Has waited long, is waiting still:
You treat no other friend so ill.

II.

p O lovely Visitor! He stands,
With melting heart and bleeding hands!
cres. O matchless kindness, for He shows
This matchless kindness to His foes!

III.

mf But will He prove my friend indeed?
He will; the very friend you need;
The Friend of sinners! yes, 'tis He,
With garments dyed on Calvary.

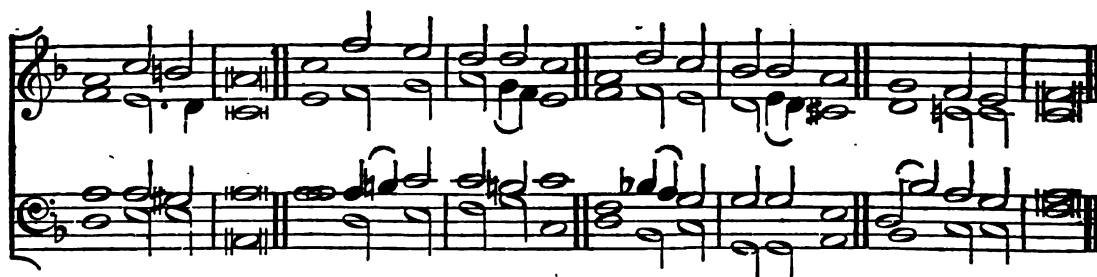
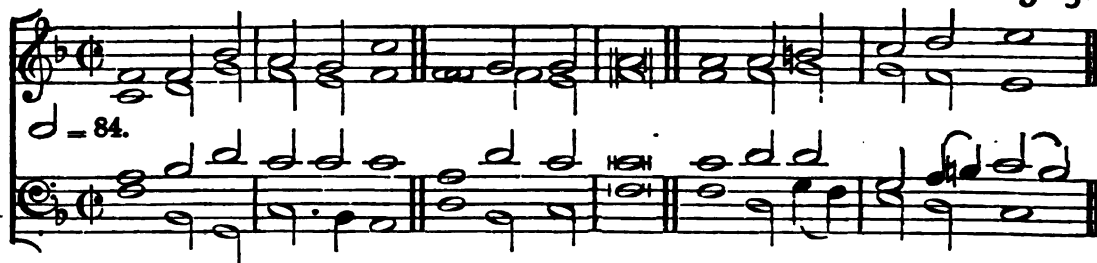
IV.

f Rise! touched with gratitude divine!
Turn out His enemy and thine,
That foul-destroying monster Sin,
And let the heavenly Stranger in!

NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.

General.

No. 325.



I.

p "NEARER, my GOD, to Thee!"
Hear Thou my prayer;
E'en though a heavy cross
Fainting I bear,
Still all my prayer shall be;
cres. "Nearer, my God, to Thee;
p Nearer to Thee!"

II.

p If, where they led my LORD,
I too am borne,
Planting my steps in His,
Weary and worn;
May the path carry me
cres. "Nearer, my God, to Thee;
p Nearer to Thee!"

III.

p If Thou the cup of pain
Givest to drink,
Let not my trembling lip
From the draught shrink;
So by my woes to be
cres. "Nearer, my God, to Thee;
p Nearer to Thee!"

IV.

mf Though the great battle rage
Hotly around,
Still where my Captain fights
Let me be found;
Through toils and strife to be
cres. "Nearer, my God, to Thee;
p Nearer to Thee!"

V.

p When, my course finished, I
Breathe my last breath,
Ent'ring the shadowy
Valley of death;
Even there shall I be
cres. "Nearer, my God, to Thee;
p Nearer to Thee!"

VI.

mf And when Thou, LORD, once more
Glorious shalt come,
Oh! for a dwelling-place,
In Thy bright home!
f Through all eternity
"Nearer, my God, to Thee;
p Nearer to Thee!"

ALMIGHTY GOD, THY PIERCING EYE.

General.

No. 326.



I.

mf ALMIGHTY God, Thy piercing Eye
Strikes through the shades of night,
And our most secret actions lie
All open to Thy fight.

III.

And must the crimes that I have done
Be read and published there,
Be all exposed before the sun,
While men and angels hear?

II.

There's not a sin that we commit,
Nor wicked word we say,
But in Thy dreadful Book 'tis writ
Against the judgment-day.

IV.

p LORD! at Thy feet ashamed I lie,
I upward dare not look;
Forgive my sins before I die,
And blot them from Thy Book!

V.

Remember all the dying pains,
That my Redeemer felt,
cres. And let His blood wash out my stains,
And answer for my guilt.

O PRECIOUS SAVIOUR, FROM THY THRONE.

General.

Jesu dulcissime, e throno Gloria.

No. 327.



I.

p O PRECIOUS SAVIOUR, from Thy throne
Of starry splendor Thou hast flown,
Thy lost and ruined sheep to seek,
A Shepherd ever faithful, meek!
cres. To Thy dear Self O draw Thou me,
That I may ever follow Thee!

II.

p Alas! how sadly fall'n am I!
A wand'rer from Thy fold I cry!
cres. O! save me from eternal pains,
And in Thy blood blot out my stains;
f That, washed by Thee as white as snow,
My heart with love may ever glow.

III.

mf O mourners' Comfort! souls' Delight!
Thou loving Fount of mercy bright!
Indulgent SAVIOUR, nigh me stand,
To screen me from the foeman's hand!
Thou faithful Shepherd of the sheep,
Redeem me when in death I sleep.

IV.

f O Bridegroom, decked in rich array!
Outshining far the orb of day,
Still sweeter than the honied store,
Thy favour grant me I implore;
Forgiveness that I e'er have strayed,
And joy in dying, ne'er to fade!

JUST AS I AM, WITHOUT ONE PLEA.

General.

No. 328.



I.

p Just as I am, without one plea,
mf But that Thy blood was shed for me,
p And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee,
pp O Lamb of God, I come!

IV.

p Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,
mf Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
p Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
pp O Lamb of God, I come!

II.

p Just as I am, and waiting not
mf To cleanse my soul of one dark blot,
p To Thee, Whose blood can cleanse each
 spot,
pp O Lamb of God, I come!

V.

p Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,
mf Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
p Because Thy promise I believe:
pp O Lamb of God, I come!

III.

p Just as I am, though tossed about
mf With many a conflict, many a doubt,
p Fightings and fears within, without,
pp O Lamb of God, I come!

VI.

p Just as I am: Thy love unknown
mf Has broken every barrier down:
p Thine now to be, yea, Thine alone,
pp O Lamb of God, I come!

MY SON, GIVE ME THINE HEART.

General.

No. 329.



I.

mf "My son, give Me thine heart!"
p LORD, what have I to give?
cres. A marble off'ring, cold as snow,
pp And dead while it should live.

II.

p Once knit to Thee in love,
 Alas! I went astray;
cres. I wandered on, I sadly fell,
pp And sunk in gloom I lay.

III.

mf To meet Thy gracious call,
 Good LORD, I am not free;
 Ensnared, and held in Satan's grasp,
p How can I turn to Thee?

IV.

p Yet o'er the waste of sin
 Still comes that tender cry:
cres. Oh! how I pine for blest release!
p LORD, help me, or I die!

V.

mf "My son, give Me thine heart!"
p Sweet hope attend the sound!
cres. O marble soften, melt thou snow!
 Life, stir the barren ground!

VI.

f "Son, son, give Me thine heart;
 Thy heart of right is Mine:"
p LORD, touch it with a living coal,
cres. f It then shall all be Thine!

MY FAITH LOOKS UP TO THEE.

General.

No. 330.



I.

p My faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
SAVIOUR divine!
cres. Now hear me while I pray;
Take all my guilt away;
Oh! let me from this day
Be wholly Thine!

II.

mf May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire!
cres. As Thou hast died for me,
Oh! may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire!

III.

p When life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my Guide!
cres. Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

IV.

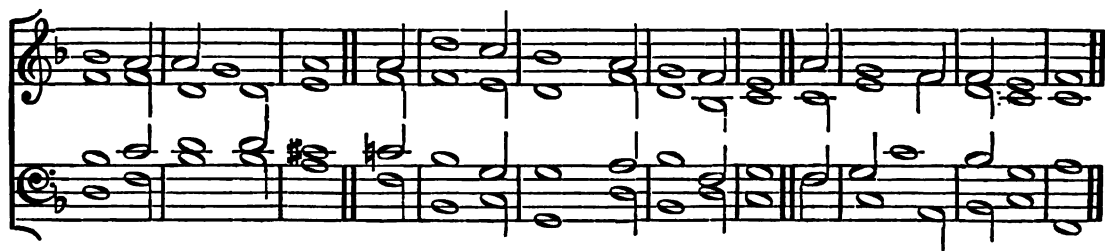
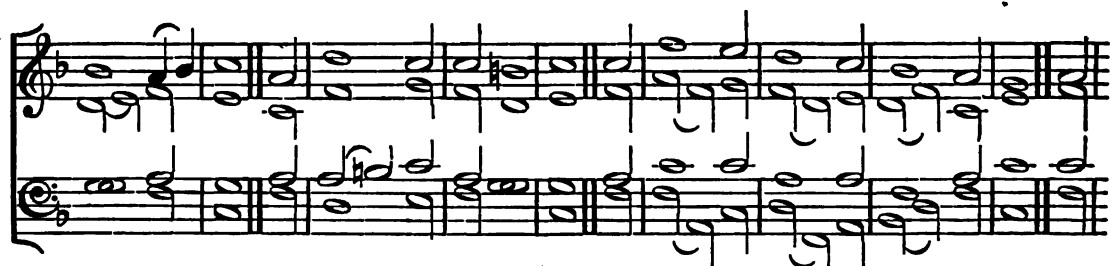
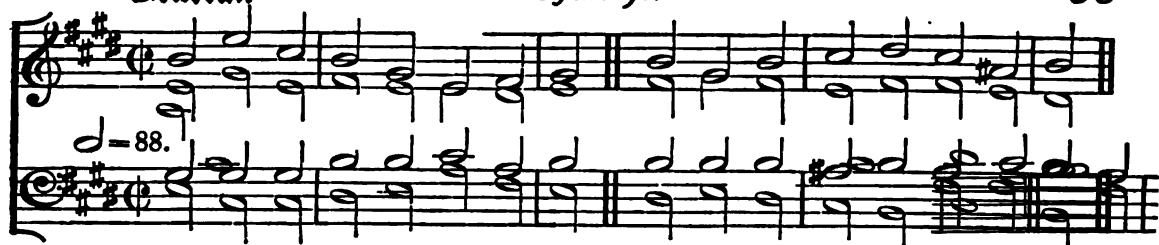
p When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold fullen stream
Shall o'er me roll;
cres. Blest SAVIOUR! then in love
Distrust and fear remove;
O bear me safe above,
f A ransomed soul!

O GOD, OUR HELP IN AGES PAST.

General.

Psalms 90.

No. 331.



I.

mf O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home;
cres. Beneath the shadow of Thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

II.

mf Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.
cres. A thousand ages in Thy fight
Are like an evening gone;
As short the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

III.

p Time, like an overflowing stream,
Bears all its sons away:
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.
f Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

LORD, DISMISS US WITH THY BLESSING.

General.

No. 332.

The musical score is written for a four-part setting (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The tempo is marked 'General.' and the number '76.' is written below the first staff. The score consists of three systems of two staves each. The first system includes a treble and bass staff with a common time signature 'C' and a tempo marking '76.'. The second and third systems also consist of two staves each. The music is a simple, hymn-like setting with a clear melody and harmonic support.

I.

p LORD, dismiss us with Thy blessing ;
 Fill our hearts with joy and peace ;
 Let us each, Thy love possessing,
 Triumph in redeeming grace :
 Oh ! refresh us,
 Trav'ling through this wilderness !

II.

f Thanks we give and adoration
 For Thy Gospel's joyful sound :
 May the fruits of Thy salvation
 In our hearts and lives abound !
 Ever faithful
 To the truth may we be found !

III.

p So, whene'er the signal's given
 Us from earth to call away,
 Borne on angel's wing to heaven,
 Glad the summons to obey,
cres. May we ever
ff Reign with CHRIST in endless day !

GLORIOUS THINGS OF THEE ARE SPOKEN.

General.

No. 333.



I.

f GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, City of our God!
He, Whose word cannot be broken,
Formed thee for His Own abode;
On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls furrounded,
Thou may'st smile on all thy foes.

II.

p See the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove:
cres. Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows their thirst to assuage;
Grace, which, like the LORD, the GIVER,
Never fails from age to age?

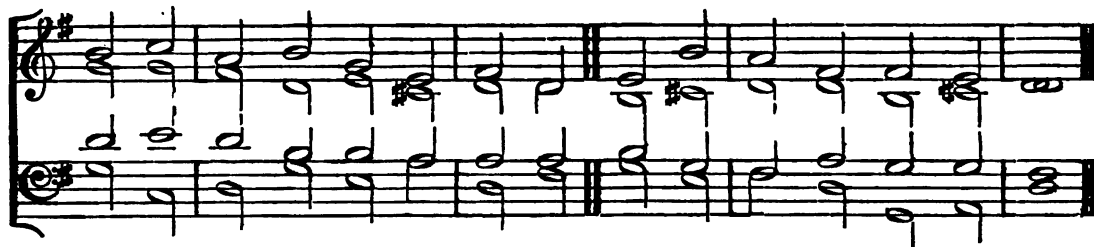
III.

mf SAVIOUR! we of Zion's city
Members through Thy grace became;
Though the world deride or pity,
We will glory in Thy Name!
Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
All his boasted pomp and show;
f Solid joys and lasting treasure,
None but Zion's children know.

HOLY FATHER, GREAT CREATOR.

General, or Trinity.

No. 334.



I.

mf HOLY FATHER, great CREATOR,
Source of mercy, love, and peace,
cres. Look upon the Mediator,
Clothe us with His righteousness;
p cres. Heavenly FATHER,
Through the SAVIOUR, hear and bless.

II.

mf Holy JESUS, LORD of Glory,
Whom angelic hosts proclaim,
While we hear Thy wondrous story,
Meet and worship in Thy Name,
p cres. Dear REDEEMER,
In our hearts Thy peace proclaim.

III.

mf Holy SPIRIT, Sanctifier,
Come with unction from above,
Raise our hearts with rapture higher,
Fill them with the SAVIOUR's love;
p cres. Source of comfort,
Cheer us with the SAVIOUR's love.

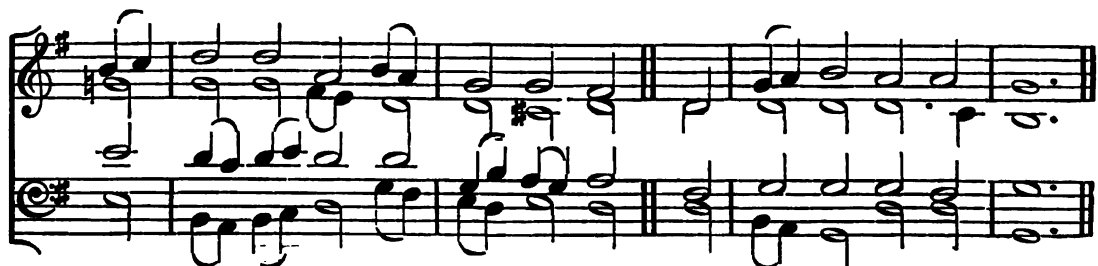
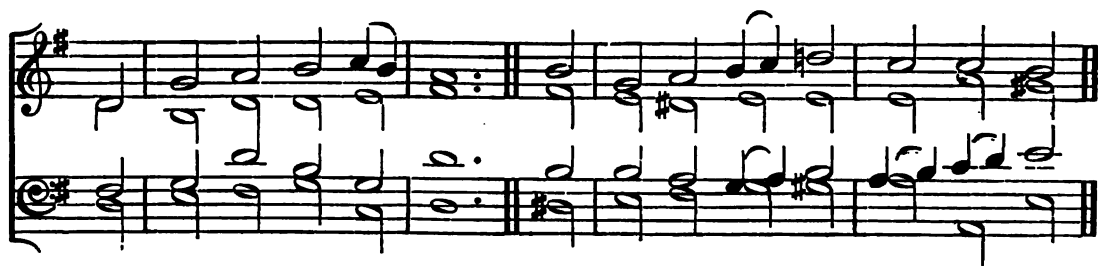
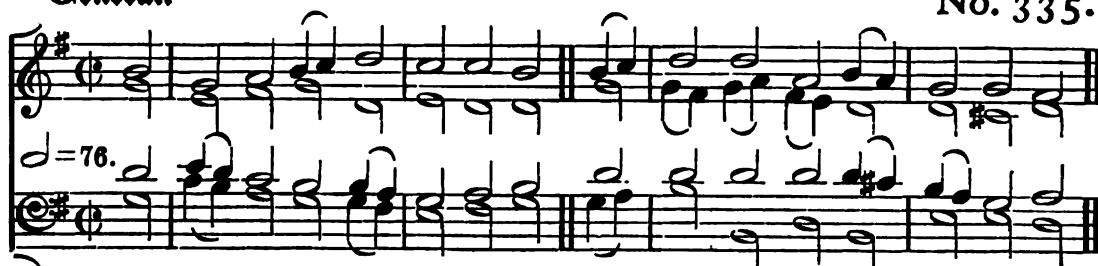
IV.

f GOD the LORD, through every nation
Let Thy wondrous mercies shine!
In the song of Thy salvation
Every tongue and race combine!
p cres. Great JEHOVAH!
Form our hearts, and make them Thine.

O LOVE DIVINE, HOW SWEET THOU ART.

General.

No. 335.



I.

p O Love divine, how sweet Thou art!
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by Thee?
cres. I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,
The love of CHRIST to me.

II.

mf Still stronger e'en than death or hell,
Its riches are unsearchable:
The first-born sons of light
cres. Desire in vain its depths to see;
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length, the breadth, the height.

III.

mf God only knows the love of God:
Oh! that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart!
cres. For love I sigh, for love I pine:
This only portion, Lord, be mine;
Be mine this better part!

IV.

p Oh! that I could for ever sit
With Mary at the Master's feet!
Be this my happy choice!
cres. My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth, be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice!

OH! WHERE SHALL REST BE FOUND.

General.

No. 336.



I.

mf OH! where shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul?
'Twere vain the ocean-depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole.

II.

The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh:
'Tis not the whole of life, to live,
Nor all of death, to die.

III.

Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years;
And all that life is love.

IV.

p There is a death, whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath:
Oh! what eternal horrors hang
Around "the second death"!

V.

mf LORD GOD of truth and grace,
Teach us that death to shun;
Left we be banished from Thy face,
For evermore undone.

VI.

Here would we end our quest:
cres. Alone are found in Thee
The life of perfect love, the rest
Of immortality!

OH! 'T WAS A JOYFUL SOUND TO HEAR.

General

Pfalm 122.

No. 337.



I.

f OH! 'twas a joyful sound to hear
Our tribes devoutly say :
Up, Israel, to the temple haste,
And keep your festal day.

II.

At Salem's courts we must appear
With our assembled pow'rs,
In strong and beauteous order ranged,
Like her united tow'rs.

III.

'Tis thither, by divine command,
The tribes of GOD repair,
Before His ark to celebrate
His Name with praise and prayer.

IV.

p O pray we then for Salem's peace !
For they shall prosp'rous be,
Thou holy City of our God,
Who bear true love to thee.

V.

May peace within thy sacred walls
A constant guest be found !
With plenty and prosperity
Thy palaces be crowned !

VI.

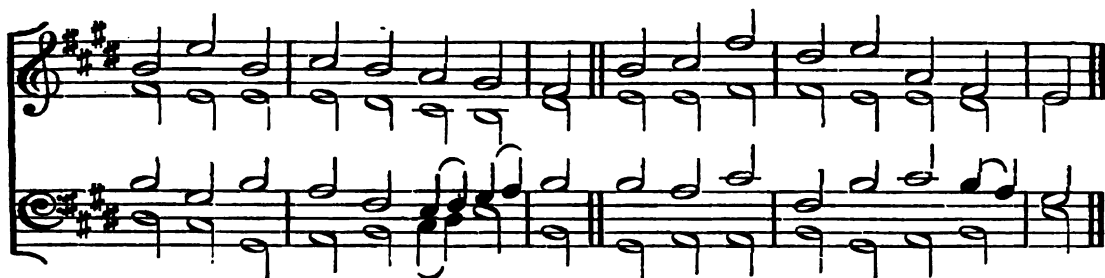
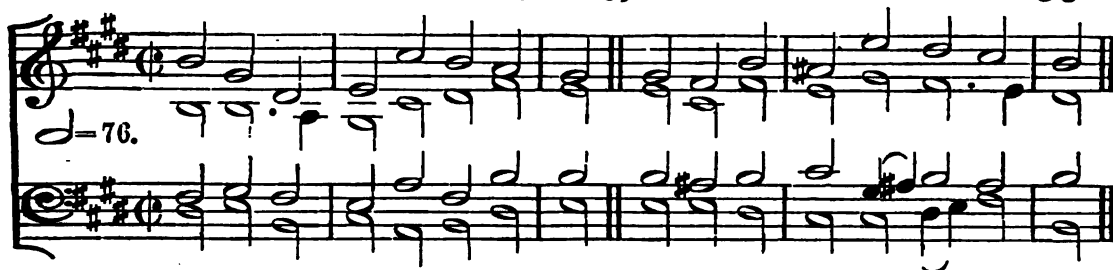
cres. But most of all I'll seek thy good,
And ever wish thee well,
For Sion and the temple's sake,
Where God vouchsafes to dwell.

THOU, LORD, BY STRICTEST SEARCH HAST KNOWN.

General.

Pfalm 139.

No. 338.



I.

mf THOU, LORD, by strictest search hast known
My rising up and lying down,
My secret thoughts are known to Thee,
Known long before conceived by me.

II.

Surrounded by Thy power I stand;
On every side I find Thy hand;
O skill, for human reach too high!
Too dazzling bright for mortal eye!

III.

If up to heaven I take my flight,
'Tis there Thou dwellest enthroned in light;
Or dive to hell's infernal plains,
'Tis there Almighty vengeance reigns.

IV.

If I the morning's wings could gain,
And fly beyond the western main,
Thy swifter hand would first arrive,
And there arrest Thy fugitive.

V.

Or should I try to shun Thy fight
Beneath the sable wings of night;
One glance from Thee, one piercing ray,
Would kindle darkness into day.

VI.

p Search, try, O God, my thoughts and heart,
If mischief lurks in any part;
Correct me where I go astray,
And guide me in Thy perfect way.

O JESUS, EVER PRESENT.

No. 339.

General.



I.

mf O JESUS, ever present,
O SHEPHERD, ever kind,
Thy very Name is music
To ear, and heart, and mind.

IV.

How oft in darkness fallen,
And wounded sore by sin,
Thy Hand has gently raised me,
And healing balms poured in!

II.

cres. It woke my wondering childhood
To muse on things above;
It drew my harder manhood
With cords of mighty love.

V.

mf O SHEPHERD good! I follow
Wherever Thou wilt lead:
No matter where the pasture,
With Thee at hand to feed.

III.

p How oft to sure destruction
My feet had gone astray,
Wert Thou not, patient SHEPHERD,
The Guardian of my way!

VI.

cres. Thy Voice, in life so mighty,
In death shall make me bold:
p O bring my ransomed spirit
To Thine eternal fold!

THOU ART THE WAY: TO THEE ALONE.

General.

No. 340.



I.

mf THOU art the Way: to Thee alone
From sin and death we flee;
And he, who would the FATHER seek,
Must seek Him, LORD, by Thee.

II.

Thou art the Truth: Thy word alone
Sound wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.

III.

Thou art the Life: the rending tomb
Proclaims Thy conqu'ring arm;
And those, who put their trust in Thee,
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

IV.

f Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life;
Grant us that Way to know,
That Truth to keep, that Life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

YE SERVANTS OF THE LORD.

General.

No. 341.



I.

mf YE servants of the LORD,
Each in his office wait,
Observant of His heavenly word,
And watchful at His gate.

III.

p Watch ! 'tis your LORD's command ;
And while we speak He's near :
Mark the first signal of His hand,
And ready all appear.

II.

Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame ;
Gird up your loins as in His fight,
For awful is His name.

IV.

cres. O happy servant he,
In such a posture found !
He shall His LORD with rapture see,
And be with honour crowned.

V.

f The banquet CHRIST shall spread
With His Own royal hand,
And raise that faithful servant's head
Amidst th' angelic band.

FIERCE RAGED THE TEMPEST O'ER THE DEEP.

General.

No. 342.



I.

f FIERCE raged the tempest o'er the deep,
dim. Watch did Thine anxious servants keep,
 But Thou wast wrapped in guileless sleep,
pp Calm and still.

II.

mf "Save, LORD, we perish!" was their cry:
dim. "Oh! save us in our agony!"
f Thy word above the storm rose high:
pp "Peace! be still!"

III. *cres.*

p The wild winds hushed, the angry deep
pp Sank like a little child to sleep,
 The sullen billows ceased to leap
 At Thy will.

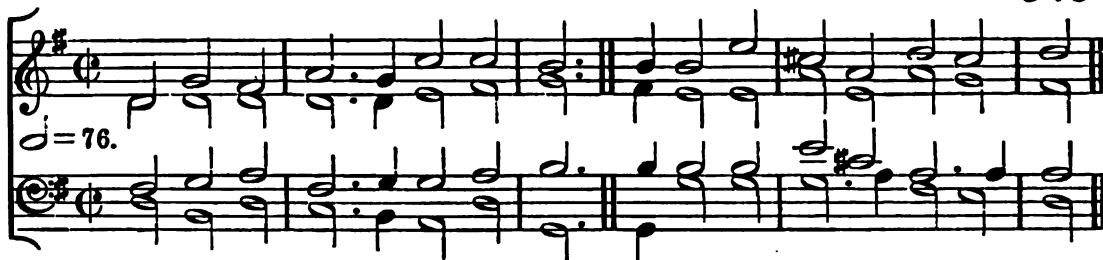
IV.

mf So, when our life is clouded o'er,
 And storm-winds drift us on the shore,
dim. Say, lest we sink to rise no more,
pp "Peace! be still!"

TAKE UP THY CROSS, THE SAVIOUR SAID.

General, or Confirmation.

No. 343.



I.

p "TAKE up thy cross," the SAVIOUR said,
 "If thou would'st My disciple be ;
cres. Deny thyself, the world forfake,
 And humbly follow after Me."

III.

p Take up thy cross, nor heed the shame,
 Nor let thy foolish pride rebel :
cres. Thy LORD for thee the Cross endured,
 To save thy soul from death and hell.

II.

p Take up thy cross, nor let its weight
 Fill thy weak spirit with alarm :
cres. His strength shall bear thy courage up,
 And brace thy heart, and nerve thine
 arm.

IV.

p Take up thy cross, then, in His strength,
 And every danger calmly brave :
cres. 'Twill guide thee to a better home,
 And give thee vict'ry o'er the grave.

V.

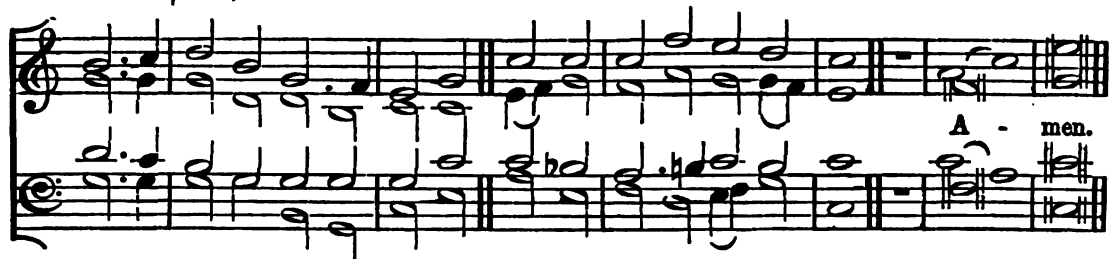
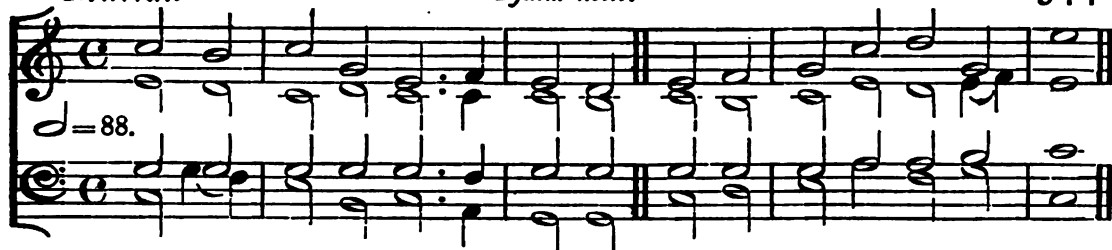
p Take up thy cross, and follow Him,
 Nor think till death to lay it down,
cres. For only he, who bears the cross,
f May hope to wear the glorious crown.

GOD THE LORD A KING REMAINETH.

General.

Pſalm xciii.

No. 344.



I.

f God the Lord a King remaineth,
Robed in His Own glorious light!
God hath robed Him, and He reigneth;
He hath girded Him with might!
f Hallelujah!
God is King in depth and height!

II.

mf In her everlasting station
Earth is poised, to swerve no more;
Thou hast laid Thy throne's foundation,
From all time where thought can soar.
f Hallelujah!
Lord, Thou art for evermore!

III.

mf Lord, the water-floods have lifted,
Ocean-floods have lift their roar!
Now they pause where they have drifted,
Now they burst upon the shore.
f Hallelujah!
For the ocean's founding store!

IV.

mf With all tones of waters blending,
Glorious is the breaking deep!
Glorious, beauteous, without ending,
God Who reigns on Heav'n's high steep!
f Hallelujah!
Songs of ocean never sleep.

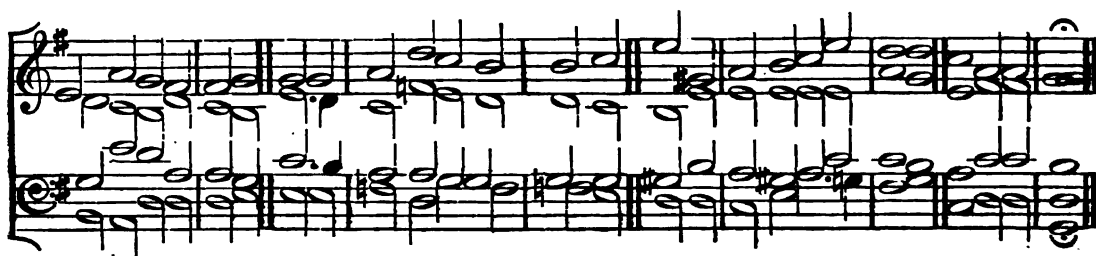
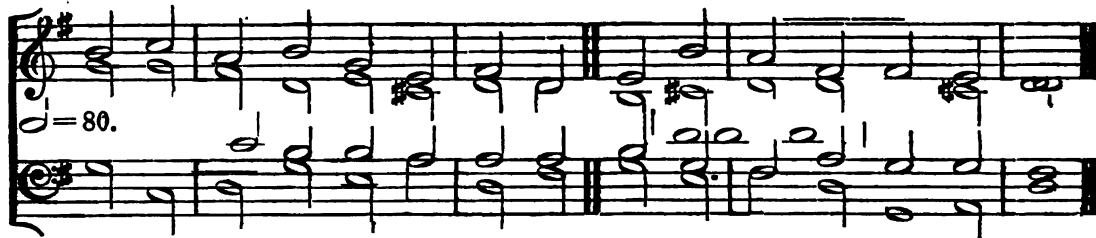
V.

p Lord, the words Thy lips are telling,
Are the perfect verity;
Of Thine high eternal dwelling
Holiness shall inmate be!
f Hallelujah!
Pure is all that lives with Thee!

ONE THERE IS ABOVE ALL OTHERS.

General.

No. 345.



I.

mf ONE there is above all others;
His is love beyond a brother's:
p His Name is Love!
cres. Earthly friends may fail, or leave us,
One day soothe, the next day grieve us,
But this Friend will ne'er deceive us:
p His Name is Love!

III.

mf We have found a friend in Jesus,
'Tis His great delight to bless us:
p His Name is Love!
cres. How our hearts rejoice to hear Him
Bid us dwell in safety near Him!
Why should we distrust or fear Him?
p His Name is Love!

II.

mf 'Tis eternal life to know Him,
Think, O think, how much we owe Him,
p His Name is Love!
cres. With His precious Blood He bought us,
In the wilderness He sought us,
To His fold He safely brought us:
p His Name is Love!

IV.

mf Through His Name we are forgiven,
Backward shall our sins be driven:
p His Name is Love!
cres. Best of blessings He'll provide us,
Naught but good shall e'er betide us,
Safe to glory He will guide us:
p His Name is Love!

IF THOU Wouldest LIFE ATTAIN.

General.

No. 346.

The musical score is written for a four-part vocal ensemble (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) and piano accompaniment. It consists of three systems of staves. The first system includes a tempo marking of 84. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The music is in common time (C). The score concludes with a piano (pp) dynamic marking and the instruction 'A - men.'.

I.

mf If thou wouldest life attain,
If with CHRISt thou wouldest reign,
Reaping wisdom from the past,
Know, that long as life may last,
cres. Toil and conflict thee await
In thy present earthly state.

II.

mf Labor, while it yet is day;
Labor, while you labor may;
Labor, for the night is long;
Labor, for the foe is strong,
f Labor, for the prize is great;
Labor, for the hour is late.

III.

p Soon the struggle will be past;
Calm and peace will come at last;
cres. Soon through Death's transporting door,
All thy pains and labors o'er,
f Thou shalt go to join the blest
In the realms of endless rest;

IV.

p Rest, from toil and anxious care;
Rest, from earthly wear and tear;
cres. Rest, from ever present sin;
Rest without and rest within;
Rest, which no abatement knows;
p Rest, and infinite repose.

V.

p Jesu, Who for me didst die
On the Cross of Calvary,
cres. Not in aught that is my own,
But in Thy true Blood alone,
f Do I put my trembling trust:
pp Spare, O spare, a worm of dust!

SAVIOUR, BLESSED SAVIOUR.

General.

No. 347.

The musical score is written for two staves, Treble and Bass clef, in a key of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and common time. The tempo is marked as quarter note = 56. The melody is primarily in the Treble staff, with the Bass staff providing a harmonic accompaniment. The piece concludes with a double bar line and the text 'A-men.' written above the final notes in the Treble staff.

I.

p SAVIOUR, blessed Saviour,
Listen whilst we sing!
Hearts and voices raising
Praises to our King.
cres. All we have to offer,
All we hope to be,
Body, soul, and spirit,
All we yield to Thee.

II.

p Nearer, ever nearer,
CHRIST, we draw to Thee,
Deep in adoration,
Bending low the knee.
pp Thou, for our redemption,
Cam'st on earth to die;
cres. Thou, that we might follow,
Hast gone up on high.

III.

mf Great, and ever greater,
Are Thy mercies here,
f True and everlasting
Are the glories there;
Where no pain or sorrow,
Toil or care, is known;
Where the angel legions
Circle round Thy throne.

IV.

p Dark, and ever darker,
Was the wint'ry past,
cres. Now a ray of gladness
O'er our path is cast;
Every day that passeth,
Every hour that flies,
f Tells of love unfading,
Love that never dies.

V.

mf Clearer still and clearer,
Dawns the light from Heaven,
In our sadness bringing
News of sins forgiven.
Life has lost its shadows,
Pure the light within,
Thou hast shed Thy radiance
On a world of sin.

VI.

f Brighter still and brighter,
Glow the western sun,
Shedding all its gladness
O'er our work that's done.
dim. Time will soon be over,
Toil and sorrow past:
p May we, blessed Saviour,
Find a rest at last!

O THOU, BLEST LAMB OF GOD.

No. 348.

General.

The musical score is written for a four-part setting (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The tempo is marked 'General.' and the time signature is 4/4. The first system includes a tempo marking '♩ = 69.' The melody is primarily in the Soprano and Alto parts, with the Tenor and Bass parts providing harmonic support. The score consists of two systems of staves, each with four staves representing the four vocal parts.

I.

p O THOU, blest LAMB of GOD,
Who once in pity trod
This world below,
cres. To heal the dying soul,
To make the wounded whole,
And soothe our woe;

II.

mf O teach my soul to rise,
cres. And soar beyond the skies,
f To Thee above!
dim. I would my Saviour greet,
And bathe His precious feet
p With tears of love.

III.

p Good JESU, Thou didst give
Thyself that I might live,
Didst die for me:
cres. O help my heart that I
To all the world may die,
My LORD, for Thee.

IV.

mf My warm affections burn,
To make some great return
For love divine;
p But what have I to give,
cres. Who all from Thee receive?
f All, all is Thine!

V.

mf By Thee my pow'rs were made,
And when from Thee they strayed,
Thou didst redeem:
cres. Thus I am doubly Thine,
And Thou, my LORD, art mine,
f My joy, my theme!

CHILDREN OF THE HEAV'NLY KING.

General, or Processional.

No. 349.



I.

p CHILDREN of the Heav'nly King,
As ye journey sweetly sing:
cres. Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in His works and ways!

II.

p We are trav'ling home to God
In the way the Fathers trod;
cres. They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

III.

mf O ye banished seed, be glad!
CHRIST our Advocate is made;
Us to save, our flesh assumes;
Brother to our flesh becomes.

IV.

f Shout, ye little flock and blest!
You on Jesus' throne shall rest;
There your seat is now prepared,
There your kingdom and reward.

V.

Lift your eyes, ye sons of light!
Zion's city is in sight;
There our endless home shall be,
There our LORD we soon shall see.

VI.

ff Fear not, brethren! joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
JESUS CHRIST, your FATHER'S SON,
Bids you undismayed go on.

VII.

p LORD, obediently we go,
Gladly leaving all below;
f Only Thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow Thee!

THY SAVIOUR STANDETH AT THE DOOR.

General.

Rev. iii. 20.

No. 350.



I.

p Thy Saviour standeth at the door!
He waits, He knocks, He cries!
cres. Let not the Pleader sue in vain,
Nor sorrow dim His eyes;
p But, starting up,
O let Him in,
cres. With thee to sup,
f Thy love to win.

II

p Good Lord, if Thou would'st raise Thy voice,
Though languid is mine ear,
cres. This vacant heart should open wide,
Nor wait till Thou wert near:
p Then come to me
Here ever rest!
cres. I sigh for Thee
f To fill my breast!

III.

p Where can I peace or comfort find
Unless in Thy dear love?
cres. What joy can weigh a feather's weight,
What bliss can be above,
p Unless Thy face
Shall near me shine,
cres. With looks of grace
f And light divine?

IV.

p Blest Saviour, ever let my heart
Be found a home for Thee!
cres. Ne'er may I grieve the tender Guest,
Who stoops to dwell with me!
p O keep me Thine
When death is nigh,
cres. And still be mine
f Beyond the sky!

JESU, MY LORD, MY GOD, MY ALL.

General.

No. 351.

The musical score is written for a piano and organ. It consists of three systems of staves. The first system has a tempo marking of $\text{♩} = 92$. The second system includes markings for *rall.* (rallentando) and *tempo.* (tempo). The third system includes the marking *pp more and more.* (pianissimo, more and more). The music is in 3/2 time and features a melody in the right hand and accompaniment in the left hand.

I.

p Jesu, my LORD, my God, my all,
Hear me, blest Saviour, when I call!
cres. Hear me, and from Thy dwelling place
Pour down the riches of Thy grace.
p Jesu, my LORD, we Thee adore,
cres. O make us love Thee more and more.

II.

p Jesu, too late I Thee have sought,
How can I love Thee as I ought,
cres. And how extol Thy matchless fame,
The glorious beauty of Thy Name?
p Jesu, my LORD, we Thee adore,
cres. O make us love Thee more and more.

III.

p Jesu, what didst Thou find in me,
That Thou hast dealt so lovingly?
cres. How great the joy that Thou hast brought!
Oh! far exceeding hope or thought!
p Jesu, my LORD, we Thee adore,
cres. O make us love Thee more and more.

IV.

p Jesu, of Thee shall be my song;
To Thee my heart and soul belong;
cres. All that I have, or am, is Thine,
And Thou, blest Saviour, Thou art mine.
p Jesu, my LORD, we Thee adore,
cres. O make us love Thee more and more.

APPROACH, MY SOUL, THE MERCY-SEAT.

General, or *Lent.*

No. 352.



I.

p APPROACH, my soul, the mercy-seat,
Where JESUS answers prayer :
There humbly fall before His feet,
For none can perish there.

III.

p Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely pressed ;
By war without, and fears within,
I come to Thee for rest.

II.

mf Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh ;
Thou callest burdened souls to Thee,
And such, O LORD, am I.

IV.

cres. Be Thou my shield and hiding-place,
That, sheltered near Thy side,
I may my fierce Accuser face,
And tell him, Thou hast died !

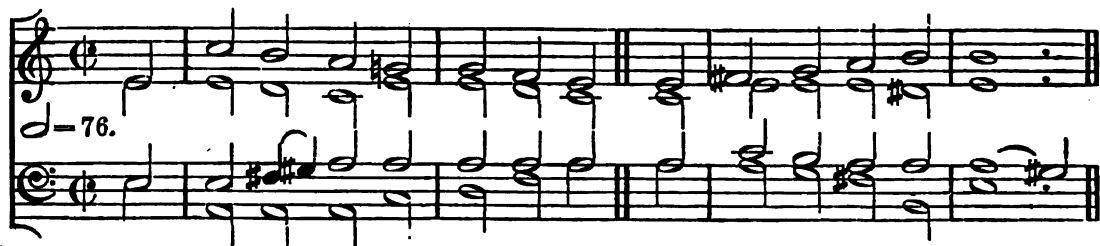
V.

mf Oh ! wondrous love ! to bleed and die,
To bear the Cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead Thy gracious Name !

WHEN WOUNDED SORE THE STRICKEN SOUL.

General, or Lent.

No. 353.



I.

p WHEN wounded fore the stricken soul
Lies bleeding and unbound,
cres. One only hand, a piercèd Hand,
Can folve the finner's wound.

III.

p When penitence has wept in vain
Over some foul, dark spot,
cres. One only stream, a stream of Blood,
Can wash away the blot.

II

p When sorrow swells the laden breast,
And tears of anguish flow,
cres. One only heart, a broken Heart,
Can feel the finner's woe.

IV.

mf 'Tis Jesus' Blood that washes white,
His Hand that brings relief;
His Heart that's touched with all our joys,
And feeleth for our grief.

V.

p Lift up Thy bleeding Hand, O LORD!
cres. Unfeal that cleansing tide!
f We have no shelter from our fin
pp But in Thy wounded Side.

LEAD US, HEAV'NLY FATHER, LEAD US.

General, or Lent.

No. 354.

The musical score is written for two staves, Treble and Bass clef. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The tempo/mood is marked 'General, or Lent.' The score consists of three systems of music. The first system includes a tempo marking '♩ = 76.' The music is a hymn tune with a simple, flowing melody and a supporting bass line. The second system continues the melody and bass line. The third system concludes the piece with a final cadence.

I.

p LEAD us, Heav'nly FATHER, lead us
O'er the world's tempestuous sea:
cres. Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,
For we have no help but Thee!
mf Yet possessing
Every blessing,
f If our God our Father be.

II.

p SAVIOUR, breathe forgiveness o'er us;
All our weakness Thou dost know;
cres. Thou didst tread this earth before us;
Thou didst feel its keenest woe;
p Lone and dreary,
Faint and weary,
Through the desert Thou didst go.

III.

mf SPIRIT of our God, descending,
Fill our hearts with heav'nly joy;
Love with every passion blending,
Pleasure that can never cloy:
p Thus provided,
Pardoned, guided,
cres. Nothing can our peace destroy.

LET US ALL IN CHORUS SING, HALLELUJAH!

General.

Cantemus cuncti melodum.

No. 355

The first system of musical notation is for the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. It is in 2/4 time, with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The tempo is marked '♩ = 100.' and the dynamics are 'mf' (mezzo-forte) and 'f' (forte). The melody begins with a half note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, and then a half note Bb4. The piano accompaniment consists of a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a half-note pattern in the left hand.

I. Let us all in cho - rus sing, Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le -

Through the world the e - cho ring, . . .

The second system of musical notation continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. It features a 'mf' dynamic marking. The melody has a half note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, and then a half note Bb4. The piano accompaniment continues with the same eighth-note pattern in the right hand and half-note pattern in the left hand.

- lu - jah!

Through the world the e - cho . .

Praise to Heav'n's e - ter - nal King! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le -

The third system of musical notation continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. It features a 'f' (forte) dynamic marking. The melody has a half note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, and then a half note Bb4. The piano accompaniment continues with the same eighth-note pattern in the right hand and half-note pattern in the left hand.

ring, Praise to Heav'n's e - ter - nal King! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le -

- lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah!

The fourth system of musical notation continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. It features a 'ff' (fortissimo) dynamic marking. The melody has a half note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, and then a half note Bb4. The piano accompaniment continues with the same eighth-note pattern in the right hand and half-note pattern in the left hand.

A - men.

- lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah!

I.

mf Let us all in chorus sing, (f) Hallelujah!
 Through the world the echo ring,
 Praise to Heav'n's eternal King! (f) Hallelujah!

VII.

mf Deep of joyous ocean cry (f) Hallelujah!
 Tracks of boundless earth reply!
 Onward let the anthem fly, (f) Hallelujah!

II.

mf Chant, immortal choirs on high, (f) Hallelujah!
 Harping through the vaulted sky!
 Paradise, return the cry! (f) Hallelujah!

VIII.

mf Sons of men in every clime, (f) Hallelujah!
 Praise your LORD in lays sublime!
 Sing through every age of time (f) Hallelujah!

III.

mf Shout, ye sparkling stars of light, (f) Hallelujah!
 Clouds and winds in sweeping flight,
 Din of thunder, flashes bright, (f) Hallelujah!

IX.

mf This the hymn that never dies, (f) Hallelujah!
 Piercing through the starry skies,
 God looks down with gracious eyes! (f) Hallelujah!

IV.

mf Flood and billow, rain and hail, (f) Hallelujah!
 Raging tempest, balmy gale,
 Heat, and frost, and wooded dale, (f) Hallelujah!

X.

mf This the song of heav'nly birth, (f) Hallelujah!
 Sung by all the tribes of earth;
 Jesus loves the holy mirth! (f) Hallelujah!

V.

mf Sing, ye birds on pinion bold, (f) Hallelujah!
 Answer, beasts in field and fold!
 Loud your Maker's praise be told! (f) Hallelujah!

XI.

mf Christians, lift the thankful strain, (f) Hallelujah!
 Answer, all ye youthful train!
 Ever sing, and sing again, (f) Hallelujah!

VI.

mf Lofty mountain heights resound (f) Hallelujah!
 Valleys, from your slopes profound,
 Ever let the peal rebound, (f) Hallelujah!

XII.

mf Now to Thee be honor done, (f) Hallelujah!
 Thee the FATHER, SPIRIT, SON,
 Everlasting THREE IN ONE! (f) Hallelujah! Amen.

O THOU, THE CONTRITE SINNER'S FRIEND.

General, or Lent.

No. 356.



I.

p O THOU the contrite sinner's Friend,
Who loving lov'ft them to the end,
cres. On this alone my hopes depend,
That Thou wilt plead for me.

II.

p When, weary in the Christian race,
Far off appears my resting-place,
And, fainting, I mistrust Thy grace,
cres. Then, SAVIOUR, plead for me.

III.

p When I have erred and gone astray,
Afar from Thine and Wisdom's way,
And see no glimm'ring, guiding ray,
cres. Still, SAVIOUR, plead for me.

IV.

p When Satan, by my fins made bold,
Strives from Thy Crofs to loose my hold,
Then with Thy pitying arms enfold,
cres. And plead, O plead for me!

V.

pp And when my dying hour draws near,
All dark with anguish, guilt, and fear,
cres. Then to my fainting fight appear,
Pleading in Heav'n for me.

VI.

p When the full light of heav'nly day
Reveals my fins in dread array,
cres. Say, Thou hast washed them all away!
f O say, Thou plead'ft for me!

CANST THOU, GOOD LORD, FORGIVE SO SOON?

General, or Passion-tide.

No. 357.



I.

IV.

p CANST Thou, good LORD, forgive so soon
A soul hath sinned so long?
Canst Thou submit Thyself to one,
That loads Thee still with wrong?

mf It is no virtue of mine own,
But Blood of Him that died,
Our elder Brother, and Thy SON,
Whom my sins crucified.

II.

V.

Could I with all the saints compare,
Yet I were black to Thee;
But, more defiled than lepers are,
Whence comes this love to me?

Strange way, by such a guiltless wave
To wash away our crimes,
Whose least drop was enough to save
The world a thousand times?

III.

VI.

Canst Thou be just and deal reward
To those undone by sin?
The gate of Heav'n shall angels guard,
And shall I enter in?

p For every crimson tear that He
Thus shed to make me live,
cres. Oh! wherefore, wherefore have not I
A thousand souls to give?

O FOUNT OF MERCY, GOD OF LOVE!

Harvest.

No. 358.



I.

f O FOUNT of mercy, GOD of love!
How rich Thy bounties are!
The rolling seasons, as they move,
Proclaim Thy constant care.

II.

f When 'neath the bosom of the earth
The sower hid the grain,
Thy goodness marked its secret birth,
And sent the early rain.

III.

The spring's sweet influence was Thine;
The plants in beauty grew;
Thou gav'st refulgent suns to shine,
And mild refreshing dew.

IV.

These various mercies from above
Matured the swelling grain;
A yellow harvest crowns Thy love,
And plenty fills the plain.

V.

p Seed-time and harvest, LORD, alone
Thou dost on man bestow;
Then let him not forget to own
From Whom his blessings flow!

VI.

f O Fount of love! our praise is Thine;
To Thee our songs we'll raise;
And all created Nature join,
In sweet harmonious praise!

PRAISE TO GOD! IMMORTAL PRAISE!

No. 359.

Hardest.



I.

f PRAISE to GOD! immortal praise!
Praise the love that crowns our days!
Bounteous Source of every joy,
Let Thy praise our tongues employ;

II.

mf For the blessings of the field,
For the stores the gardens yield,
For the fruits with melting juice,
Grateful gifts for mortal use;

III.

Flocks that whiten all the plain;
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain;
Clouds that drop their fatt'ning dews;
Suns that temp'rate warmth diffuse;

IV.

All that Spring with bounteous hand
Scatters o'er the smiling land;
All that lib'ral Autumn pours,
Rich in her o'erflowing stores:

V.

f These to Thee, O God, we owe,
Source whence all our blessings flow;
And for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

VI.

p Yet, should rising whirlwinds tear
From the stem the ripening ear;
Though the sick'ning flocks should fall,
Dying herds desert the stall;

VII.

Should Thine altered Hand restrain
Th' early and the latter rain;
Blast each opening bud of joy;
Yea, the rising year destroy;

VIII.

f Yet to Thee my soul should raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise;
Then, when every blessing's flown,
Love Thee for Thyself alone!

O LORD OF HARVEST! ONCE AGAIN.

Harvest.

No. 360.



I.

mf O LORD of harvest! once again
We thank Thee for the ripened grain;
For crops safe carried, sent to cheer
Thy servants through another year;
p cres. For all sweet holy thoughts supplied
By seed-time, and by harvest-tide.

II.

f The bare dead grain, in autumn fown,
Its robe of vernal green puts on;
Glad from its wintry grave it springs,
Fresh garnished by the KING of kings:
p cres. So, LORD, to those, who sleep in Thee, *cres.*
Shall new and glorious bodies be.

III.

mf Nor vainly of Thy Word we ask
A lesson from the reaper's task:
So shall Thine angels issue forth;
The tares be burnt; the just of earth,
p cres. The sport of sun and storm no more,
Be gathered to their Father's store.

IV.

p O LORD, our prayers be daily said,
As Thou hast taught, for daily bread;
But not alone our bodies feed,
Supply our fainting spirits' need!
cres. O Bread of Life! from day to day,
Be Thou their Comfort, Food, and
Stay!

COME, YE THANKFUL PEOPLE, COME!

Harvest.

No. 361.



I.

f COME, ye thankful people, come!
 Raise the song of Harvest-home!
 All is safely gathered in
 Ere the winter storms begin:
 God our Maker doth provide
 For our wants to be supplied:
 Come to God's own temple, come!
 Raise the song of Harvest-home!

II.

mf. All the world is God's own field,
 Fruit unto His praise to yield;
 Wheat and tares together sown,
 Unto joy or sorrow grown:
 First the blade, and then the ear,
 Then the full corn shall appear:
 Lord of harvest, grant that we
 Wholesome grain and pure may be.

III.

p For the LORD our God shall come,
 And shall take His Harvest home;
 From His field shall in that day
 All offences purge away;
 Give His angels charge at last
 In the fire the tares to cast;
cres. But the fruitful ears to store
 In His garner evermore.

IV.

mf Even so, LORD, quickly come
 To Thy final Harvest-home;
 Gather Thou the people in,
 Free from sorrow, free from sin;
 There for ever purified,
 In Thy presence to abide;
f Come, with all Thine angels, come,
 Raise the glorious Harvest-home!

THE GOD OF HARVEST PRAISE.

Harvest.

No. 362.



I.

f THE God of harvest praise !
 In loud thanksgiving raise
 Hand, heart, and voice !
 The valleys smile and sing,
 The woods and mountains ring,
 The plains their tribute bring,
 The streams rejoice.

II.

mf Yea, blest His holy Name,
 And purest thanks proclaim,
 Through all the earth !
 To glory in your lot
 Is comely, but be not
 His benefits forgot,
 Amid your mirth.

III.

f The God of harvest praise !
 Hands, hearts, and voices raise,
 With sweet accord !
 From field together throng,
 And bring your sheaves along,
 Then in your harvest song,
ff Blest ye the LORD !

GOD THE FATHER, WHOSE CREATION.

Harvest.

No. 363.



I.

mf God the FATHER! Whose creation
Gives to flow'rs and fruits their birth,
Thou, Whose yearly operation,
Brings the hour of harvest mirth,
f Here to Thee we make oblation
Of the August gold of earth.

II.

mf God the Word! the sun, maturing,
With his blessed ray the corn,
Spake of Thee, O Sun enduring,
Thee, O everlasting Morn,
cres. Thee, in Whom our woes find curing,
Thee, that liftest up our horn!

III.

mf God the HOLY GHOST! the showers
That have fattened out the grain,
Types of Thy celestial powers,
Symbols of baptismal rain,
cres. Shadowed out the grace that dowers
All the faithful of Thy train.

IV.

p When the harvest of each nation
Severs righteousness from sin,
And Archangel proclamation
Bids to put the sickle in,
And each age and generation
Sink to woe, or glory win;

V.

cres. Grant that we, or young or hoary,
Lengthened be our span or brief,
Whatsoever the life-long story
Of our joy or of our grief,
May be garnered up in glory
As Thine Own elected sheaf.

VI.

f Laud to Him to Whom supernal
Thrones and Virtues bend the knee;
Laud to Him, from Whom infernal
Powers and Dominations flee;
Laud to Him, the Co-eternal
Paraclete, for ever be! Amen.

THOU THAT SENDEST SUN AND RAIN.

Deficient Harbrest.

No. 364.



I.

mf THOU that sendest sun and rain,
Ruling over land and sea,
cres. May we ne'er of Thee complain,
Ne'er, whate'er our lot may be.

III.

p Fewer flocks or fewer herds,
Scanty though our store may be,
cres. Still we seem to hear Thy words;
f "Trust, ye faithful, trust in Me!"

II.

mf Whether sun or rain in turn
Ripen or destroy the grain,
cres. May we still this lesson learn,
Ne'er to murmur or complain.

IV.

mf All we have we know is Thine,
Thine to give and take away;
cres. Feed us then with food divine,
Feed us this and every day.

V.

mf Thus, as changeful seasons bring,
Wealth or want, whiche'er it be,
cres. Uncomplaining still we'll sing,
f Simply trusting all to Thee.

THIS STONE TO THEE IN FAITH WE LAY.

Laying the Foundation of a Church.

No. 365.



I.

f THIS stone to Thee in faith we lay,
We build the temple, LORD, to Thee;
Thine eye be open night and day,
To guard this house and sanctuary.

III.

mf When here Thy messengers proclaim
The blessed Gospel of Thy Son,
cres. Still, by the pow'r of His great Name,
Be mighty signs and wonders done!

II.

p When here Thy people seek Thy face,
And dying sinners pray to live,
cres. Hear Thou in Heav'n, Thy dwelling-
place, [give.
And when Thou hearest, LORD, for-

IV.

p But will, indeed, JEHOVAH deign
To tarry here, no transient guest?
Here will the world's REDEEMER reign,
And here the HOLY SPIRIT rest?

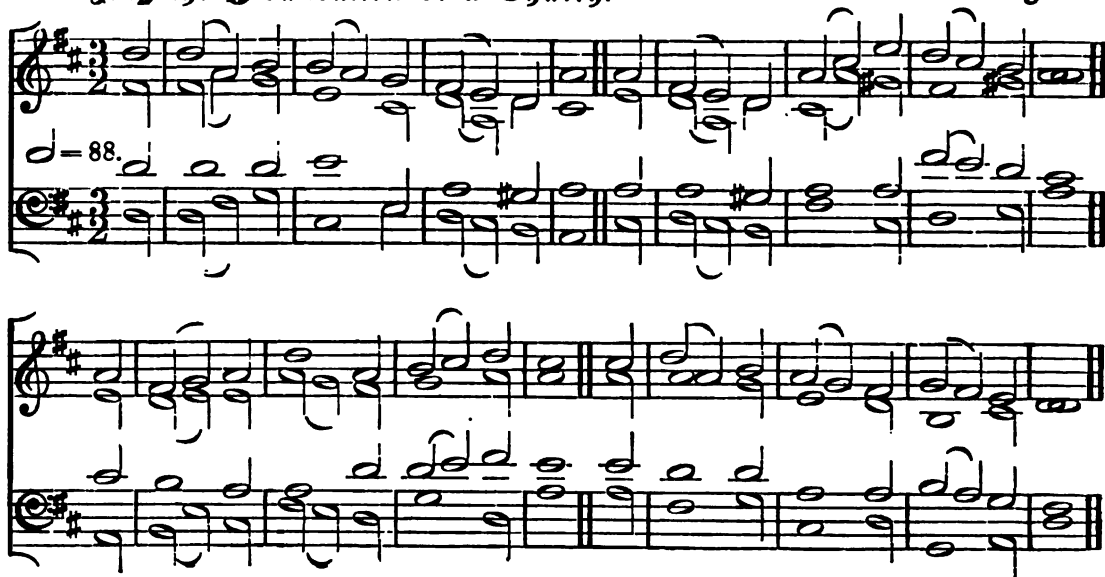
V.

cres. That glory never hence depart!
Yet choose not, LORD, this house alone;
f Thy kingdom come to every heart;
In every bosom fix Thy throne!

O LORD OF HOSTS, WHOSE GLORY FILLS.

Laying the Foundation of a Church.

No. 366.



I.

f O LORD of hosts, Whose glory fills
The bounds of the eternal hills,
And yet vouchsafes, in Christian lands,
To dwell in temples made with hands.

II.

O grant that we, who here to-day,
Rejoicing, this foundation lay,
May be in very deed Thine Own,
Built on the precious Corner-stone.

III.

mf Endue the creatures with Thy grace,
That shall adorn Thy dwelling-place;
The beauty of the oak and pine,
The gold and silver, make them Thine.

IV.

To Thee they all pertain, to Thee
The treasures of the earth and sea;
And when we bring them to Thy throne,
We but present Thee with Thine Own.

V.

The heads that guide endue with skill;
The hands that work preserve from ill;
That we, who these foundations lay,
May raise the topstone in its day.

VI.

f Both now and ever, LORD, protect
The temple of Thine Own elect;
Be Thou in them, and they in Thee,
O ever blestèd Trinity!

O JESU, WHERE THY PEOPLE MEET.

Church Dedication.

No. 367.



I.

mf O JESU, where Thy people meet,
They there behold Thy mercy-seat;
Where'er they seek Thee Thou art found,
And where Thou art is hallowed ground.

II.

For Thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind;
Such ever bring Thee where they come,
And, parting, take Thee to their home.

III.

res. Yet everywhere Thou guid'st Thine Own *cres.* LORD, we are weak, but Thou art near;
To raise for Thee an earthly throne; Nor short Thine arm, nor deaf Thine ear:
And where Thy Name Thou dost record, *f* O come with might and mercy down,
There Thou wilt come and bless them, LORD. And make our cleansed hearts Thine Own!

IV.

p Great SHEPHERD of Thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew,
And still to wayward hearts proclaim
The sweetness of Thy saving Name,

V.

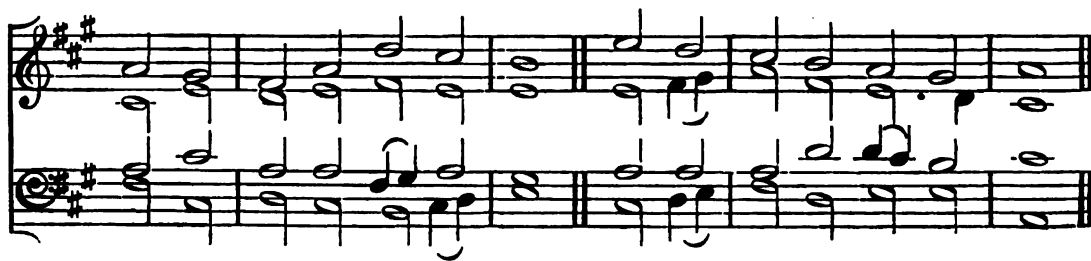
Here may we prove the might of prayer,
To strengthen faith, and sweeten care;
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes.

VI.

LORD OF HOSTS, TO THEE WE RAISE.

Church Dedication.

No. 368.



I.

mf LORD of hosts! to Thee we raise
Here a house of prayer and praise;
Thou Thy people's hearts prepare,
Here to meet for praise and prayer.

II.

f Let the living here be fed
With Thy Word, the heavenly Bread;
Here, in hope of glory blest,
May the dead be laid to rest!

III.

mf Here to Thee a temple stand,
While the sea shall gird the land!
Here reveal Thy mercy sure,
While the sun and moon endure!

IV.

f Hallelujah! earth and sky
To the joyful sound reply!
ff Hallelujah! hence ascend
Prayer and praise till time shall end.

BLESSED CITY! HEAV'NLY SALEM!

Church Dedication.

Urbs beata Jerusalem.

No. 369.



I.

f Blessed City! heav'nly Salem!
Vision fair of peace and rest,
Who of living stones art fashioned
In the regions of the blest:
As a spouse, by waiting angels
Thou in bridal robes art drest.

II.

mf Blooming fresh, from heaven descending,
For the wedding-chamber dight,
As a fair affianced virgin,
Fitted for her Bridegroom's sight;
All thy streets and walls are blazing,
Built of gold, thrice-pure and bright.

V.

ff Glory, honour, praise, and power,
Give the FATHER and the SON;
Join the SPIRIT in the worship,
ONE in THREE, and THREE in ONE;
Offer still the adoration,
While uncounted ages run!

III.

f Gleam with pearls thy sparkling portals;
Open lie thy holy shrines:
They, who for their LORD have suffered,
Whom to crush the world combines,
There, by virtue of His merits,
Every faint in glory shines.

IV.

mf Hammered stones of smoothest polish,
Chiselled by Divine command,
In their places are cemented
By the Builder's skilful hand,
Ranged throughout thy holy structures,
There for ever will they stand.

CHRIST IS LAID THE SURE FOUNDATION.

Church Dedication.

Angulare Fundamentum.

No. 370.



I.
f CHRIST is laid the sure Foundation,
 Corner-stone from heavenly hands;
 Firm the coupled walls uniting,
 Both He links with sacred bands:
p cres. Holy Sion, thus supported,
 Resting on Him ever stands.

II.
f Loved of God, to God devoted,
 High the City doth upraise
 Loudest songs of exultation,
 Bursting strains of measured praise;
ff THREE in ONE her God proclaiming,
 Sounding forth triumphant lays.

V.
f Glory, worship, praise, and power,
 Give the FATHER and the SON;
 Shew the SPIRIT equal honour;
 ONE in THREE, and THREE in ONE;
ff Offer holy adoration,
 While uncounted ages run.

III.
p GOD of Heav'n! in this Thy temple,
 When implored O be Thou nigh;
 With Thy tenderest compassion,
 Harken to our prayerful cry;
cres. Send us down Thy richest blessing
 Evermore, as here we lie.

IV.
mf Here bestow on all Thy servants
 What they crave in meek request;
 Ever holding fast Thy mercies,
 Joined for ever with the blest;
p cres. Then Thy Paradise to enter,
 There translated to Thy rest.

THOU, WHOSE ALMIGHTY WORD.

Missions.

No. 371.



I.

f Thou, Whose Almighty Word
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight;
p Hear us, we humbly pray,
cres. And, where the Gospel's day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
ff Let there be light !

II.

mf Thou, Who didst come to bring,
On Thy redeeming wing,
Healing and fight,
p cres. Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind,
Oh ! now to all mankind
ff Let there be light !

III.

mf Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, holy Dove,
Speed forth Thy flight !
p cres. Move on the waters' face,
Bearing the lamp of grace,
And in earth's darkest place
ff Let there be light !

IV.

p Holy and blestèd Three,
Glorious TRINITY,
Wisdom, Love, Might !
Boundless as ocean's tide,
Rolling in fullest pride,
cres. Through the earth far and wide,
ff Let there be light !

FROM GREENLAND'S ICY MOUNTAINS.

Missions.

No. 372.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of three systems of staves. The first system includes a tempo marking '♩ = 88.' The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The melody is written in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The piece concludes with the text 'A - men.' written below the final notes.

I.

mf FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand;
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

II.

mf What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

III.

p Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
f Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learnt MESSIAH'S Name.

IV.

mf Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
cres. Till o'er our ransomed nature,
The LAMB for sinners slain,
f REDEEMER, KING, CREATOR,
ff In bliss returns to reign.

O SPIRIT OF THE LIVING GOD.

No. 373.

Missions.



I.

p O SPIRIT of the living God,
In all Thy plenitude of grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our apostate race.

II.

cres. Give tongues of fire, and hearts of love,
To preach the reconciling word:
Give pow'r and unction from above,
Where'er the joyful sound is heard.

III.

f Be darkness, at Thy coming, light;
Confusion, order in Thy path;
Souls lacking strength inspire with might;
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

IV.

p O SPIRIT of the LORD, prepare
All the round earth her God to meet;
cres. Breathe Thou abroad like morning air,
Till hearts of stone begin to beat.



SAVIOUR, SPRINKLE MANY NATIONS.

Missions.

No. 374.



I.

mf SAVIOUR, sprinkle many nations;
Fruitful let Thy sorrows be;
By Thy pains and consolations,
Draw the Gentiles unto Thee;
Of Thy Cross the wondrous story,
Be it to the nations told;
Let them see Thee in Thy glory,
And Thy mercy manifold.

II.

p Far and wide, though all unknowing,
Pants for Thee each mortal breath;
Human tears for Thee are flowing,
Human hearts in Thee would rest,
Thirsting, as for dews of even,
As the new-mown grafs for rain,
Thee they seek, the God of heaven,
Thee, as Man, for sinners slain.

III.

cres. SAVIOUR, lo! the isles are waiting,
Stretched the hand, and strained the fight,
For Thy Spirit, new creating
Love's pure flame and wisdom's light:
Give the word, and of the preacher
Speed the foot, and touch the tongue,
f Till on earth by every creature
Glory to the Lamb be sung.

SOLDIERS OF THE CROSS, ARISE !

Missions.

No. 375.



I.

f SOLDIERS of the Cross, arise !
Gird you with your armour bright !
Mighty are your enemies,
Hard the battle ye must fight.

II.

O'er a faithless, fallen world,
Raise your banner in the sky ;
Let it float there, wide unfurled ;
Bear it onward, lift it high.

III.

mf 'Mid the homes of want and woe,
Strangers to the living Word,
Let the SAVIOUR'S herald go,
Let the voice of hope be heard.

IV.

Where the shadows deepest lie,
Carry Truth's unfulfilled ray ;
Where are crimes of blackest dye,
There the saving Sign display.

V.

To the weary and the worn
Tell of realms where sorrows cease ;
To the outcast, and forlorn,
Speak of mercy and of peace.

VI.

Guard the helpless, seek the strayed,
Comfort troubles, banish grief ;
With the SPIRIT'S sword arrayed,
Scatter sin and unbelief.

VII.

f Be the banner still unfurled ;
Bear it bravely still abroad ;
Till the kingdoms of the world
f Are the kingdoms of the Lord.

ARISE, O LORD, AND SHINE!

Missions.

No. 376.

The musical score is written for two staves, Treble and Bass clef, in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The tempo is marked '♩ = 84'. The score consists of three systems of music. The first system has a repeat sign at the end. The second system also has a repeat sign. The third system concludes with a double bar line and the text 'A - men.' written below the staff.

I.

mf Arise, O Lord, and shine
 In all Thy saving might,
 And prosper each design
 To spread Thy glorious light;
cres. Let healing streams of mercy flow,
 That all the earth Thy truth may know.

II.

f Bring distant nations near
 To sing Thy glorious praise;
 Let every people hear,
 And learn Thy holy ways!
ff Reign, mighty God! assert Thy cause,
 And govern by Thy righteous laws!

III.

mf Put forth Thy glorious power,
 That Gentiles all may see,
 And earth present her store,
 In converts born to Thee:
f God, our own God, His Church shall bless,
 And fill the earth with righteousness.

IV.

f To God, the only wise,
 The one immortal King,
 Let hallelujahs rise
 From every living thing!
ff Let all that breathe, on every coast,
 Praise FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST!

WE GIVE THEE BUT THINE OWN.

Charitable Collections.

No. 377.



I.

mf We give Thee but Thine Own,
Whate'er the gift may be:
All that we have is Thine alone,
A trust, O LORD, for Thee.

IV.

cres. To comfort and to bless,
To find a balm for woe,
To tend the lone and fatherless,
Is angels' work below.

II.

f May we Thy bounties thus
As stewards true receive,
And gladly, as Thou blestest us,
To Thee our first-fruits give.

V.

The captive to release,
To God the lost to bring,
To teach the way of life and peace,—
It is a CHRIST-like thing.

III.

p Oh! hearts are bruised and dead,
And homes are bare and cold;
And lambs, for whom the Shepherd bled,
Are straying from the fold!

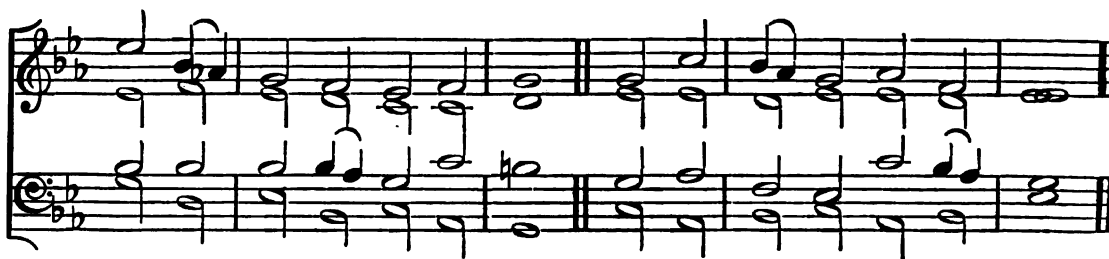
VI.

f And we believe Thy word,
Though dim our faith may be,
Whate'er for Thine we do, O LORD,
We do it unto Thee.

GOD OF MERCY, THRONED ON HIGH.

For the Young.

No. 378



I.

mf God of mercy, throned on high,
Listen from Thy lofty seat;
Hear, O hear our humble cry;
Guide, O guide our wandering feet.

III.

p Jesu, lover of the young,
Cleanse us with Thy blood divine;
Ere the tide of sin grow strong,
Save us, keep us, make us Thine!

II.

Young and erring travellers, we
All our dangers do not know;
Scarcely fear the stormy sea,
Hardly feel the tempest blow.

IV.

Let us ever hear Thy voice;
Ask Thy counsel day by day;
Saints and angels will rejoice,
If we walk in Wisdom's way.

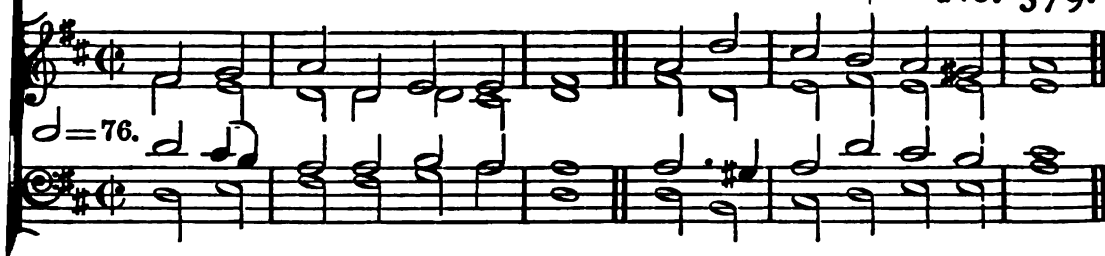
V.

mf SAVIOUR, give us faith, and pour
Hope and love on every soul:
cres. Hope, till time shall be no more;
Love, while endless ages roll!

GENTLE JESUS, MEEK AND MILD.

For the Young.

No. 379.



I.

p GENTLE JESUS, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child;
Pity my simplicity,
Suffer me to come to Thee.

IV.

mf Keep me from the great offence;
Guard me still with innocence;
Hide me from all evil, hide
Self, and stubbornness and pride.

II.

Fain would I to Thee be brought,
Gracious God, forbid it not;
Give me, dearest LORD, a place
In the kingdom of Thy grace.

V.

p Thou didst live to God alone;
Thou didst never seek Thine Own;
Thou Thyself didst never please;
God was all Thy happiness.

III.

mf Put Thy hands upon my head;
Let me in Thine arms be stayed;
Let me lean upon Thy breast,
p Lull me, lull me, LORD, to rest.

VI.

f Hold me fast in Thine embrace;
Let me see Thy smiling Face;
Give me, LORD, Thy blessing give,
Pray for me, and I shall live.

BY COOL SILOAM'S SHADY RILL.

For the Young.

No. 380.



I.

p By cool Siloam's shady rill,
How sweet the lily grows !
How sweet the breath, beneath the hill,
Of Sharon's dewy rose !

IV.

And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,
And stormy passion's rage.

II.

mf Lo! such the child, whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod ;
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to GOD.

V.

mf O Thou, Whose infant feet were found
Within Thy FATHER's shrine ;
Whose years, with changeless virtue
crowned,
Were all alike divine ;

III.

p By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay ;
The rose, that blooms beneath the hill, *cres.* Must shortly fade away.

VI.

Dependent on Thy bounteous breath,
We seek Thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still Thine Own.

LORD, THIS DAY THY CHILDREN MEET.

For the Young.

No. 381.



I.

mf LORD, this day Thy children meet
In Thy courts with willing feet;
Unto Thee this day they raise
Grateful hearts in hymns of praise.

III.

p Help us unto Thee to pray,
Hallowing our happy day;
From Thy Presence thus to win
Hearts all pure, and free from sin.

II.

Not alone the Day of rest
With Thy worship shall be blest:
In our pleasure and our glee,
LORD, we would remember Thee.

IV.

mf All our pleasures here below,
SAVIOUR, from Thy mercy flow:
But if earth has joys like this,
What shall be our heavenly blifs!

V.

Make, O LORD, our childhood shine
With all lowly grace, like Thine:
f Then through all eternity
We shall live in Heaven with Thee.

JESUS IS OUR SHEPHERD.

For the Young.

No. 382.



I.

p JESUS is our Shepherd,
 Wiping every tear;
cres. Folded in His bosom,
 What have we to fear?
p Only let us follow
 Whither He doth lead,
cres. To the thirsty desert,
 Or the dewy mead.

II.

p JESUS is our Shepherd:
 Well we know His voice;
cres. How its gentlest whisper
 Makes our heart rejoice;
p Even when He chideth
 Tender is its tone:
cres. None but He shall guide us:
 We are His alone.

III.

p JESUS is our Shepherd:
 For the sheep He bled;
cres. Every lamb is sprinkled
 With the blood He shed:
p Then on each He setteth
 His Own secret sign:
cres. "They that have My Spirit,
 These," saith He, "are Mine."

IV.

p JESUS is our Shepherd:
 Guarded by His arm,
cres. Though the wolves may raven,
 None can do us harm.
p When we tread death's valley,
 Dark with fearful gloom,
cres. We will fear no evil,
f Victors o'er the tomb.

HEAV'NLY FATHER, SEND THY BLESSING.

For the Young.

No. 383.



I.

p HEAV'NLY FATHER, send Thy blessing
On Thy children gathered here;
May they all, Thy Name confessing,
Be to Thee for ever dear!

IV.

pp Bear Thy lambs, when they are weary,
In Thine arms, and at Thy breast;
Through life's desert, dry and dreary,
Bring them to Thy heav'nly rest.

II.

cres. May they be, like Joseph, loving,
Dutiful, and chaste, and pure;
And their faith, like David, proving,
Steadfast unto death endure.

V.

p Spread Thy golden pinions o'er them,
Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove;
Guide them, lead them, go before them;
Give them peace, and joy, and love.

III.

p Holy SAVIOUR, Who in meekness
Didst vouchsafe a Child to be,
Guideth their steps, and help their weakness,
Bless, and make them like to Thee.

VI.

cres. Temples of the HOLY SPIRIT,
May they with Thy glory shine,
And immortal bliss inherit,
f And for evermore be Thine!

THOU, WHO THRONED ABOVE ALL GLORY.

For the Young.

No. 384.

The musical score is written for a young voice and piano accompaniment. It consists of three systems of music. The first system begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature (C). The tempo is marked '♩ = 76'. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the piano accompaniment is in the bass staff. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The third system concludes with the word 'A - men.' written below the final notes of the melody.

I:

p Thou, Who, throned above all glory,
Yet didst not disdain to dwell,
Infant of a Jewish mother,
As a child in Israel,
f LORD and SAVIOUR,
p Give us grace to know Thee well.

II.

mf Ransomed by Thy Cross and Passion,
Thine, and Thine alone are we;
p From this world of sin and sorrow,
Keep, O LORD, Thy children free;
f LORD and SAVIOUR,
p Give us grace to follow Thee.

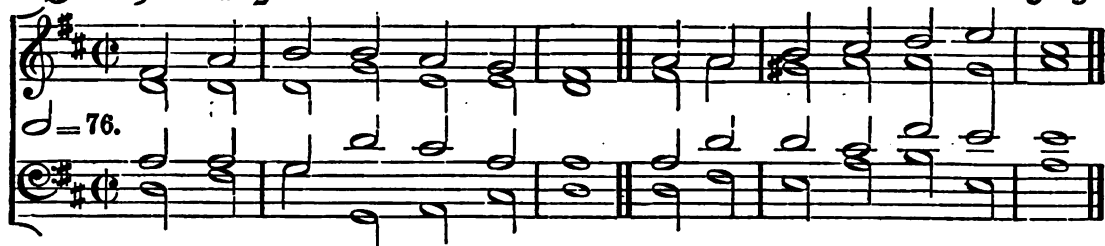
III.

p Still through every earthly trial
May we hold Thy promise fast;
cres. And when this short life is over,
And the pains of death are past,
f LORD and SAVIOUR,
p Bring us to Thy home at last.

LAMB OF GOD! I LOOK TO THEE.

For the Young.

No. 385.



I.

p LAMB of GOD! I look to Thee;
Thou shalt my example be;
Thou art gentle, meek, and mild;
Thou wast once a little Child.

IV.

mf Let me above all fulfil
GOD my heav'nly FATHER's will;
Never His good SPIRIT grieve;
Only to His glory live.

II.

cres. Fain I would be as Thou art;
Give me an obedient heart;
Thou art pitiful and kind;
Let me have Thy loving mind.

V.

p Loving JESU, gentle LAMB,
In Thy gracious hands I am:
Make me, SAVIOUR, what Thou art,
Live Thyself within my heart.

III.

p Meek and lowly may I be!
Thou art all humility!
Let me to my betters bow;
Subject to Thy parents Thou.

VI.

f I shall then shew forth Thy praise;
Serve Thee all my happy days;
Then the world shall always see
CHRIST, the Holy Child, in me.

JESU, HIGH IN GLORY.

No. 386.

For the Young.

$\text{♩} = 50.$ *p* Je-su, high in glo-ry, Lend a list-'ning ear;

cres. When we bow be-fore Thee, Children's praif-es hear.

II.

p Though Thou art so holy,
Heav'n's Almighty King,
cres. Thou wilt stoop to listen
When Thy praise we sing.

III.

p We are little children,
Weak and apt to stray;
cres. SAVIOUR, guide and keep us
In the heav'nly way.

IV.

p Save us, LORD, from finning;
Watch us day by day;
cres. Help us now to love Thee;
Take our fins away.

V.

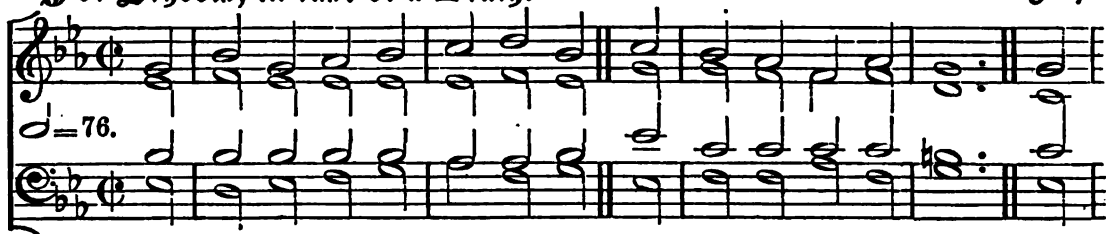
p Then, when JESUS calls us
To our heav'nly home,
cres. We would gladly answer:
f "SAVIOUR, LORD, we come!"

REMEMBER THY CREATOR NOW.

Ecclesiastes xii.

For Schools, in case of a Death.

No. 387.



I.

mf REMEMBER thy Creator now,
While youth is fresh and bright,
Ere earth shall close upon thy form,
And hide thee out of sight.

IV.

mf Then think of thy Creator now,
Left evil days arise,
To steel thy heart against His love,
And shut thee from the skies.

II.

p The sun shall set, the stars shall sink,
The moon shall fade away,
The sound of music shall be hushed,
In that distressful day.

V.

p Good LORD, my giddy thoughts re-
My heart to Thee incline; [*strain*,
cres. So keep me in my youth, that I
In age may still be Thine.

III.

pp The mourners then shall pace the streets,
The knell shall sadly toll;
For Death has loosed the silver cord,
And broke the golden bowl.

VI.

mf Then, when my dust to Him returns,
Who gave it living breath,
cres. On Thee reposing, may my soul
f Not fear, but welcome death!

IT IS THE LORD! BEHOLD HIS HAND.

During a Pestilence.

No. 388.



I.

p It is the LORD! behold His hand,
Outstretched with an afflictive rod;
And hark! a voice goes through the land,
"Be still, and know that I am GOD!"

IV.

Who knows but God will hear our cries,
Turn swift destruction from our path,
Restrain His judgments, or chastise
In tender mercy, not in wrath?

II.

Shall we, like guilty Adam, hide
In darkest shades, our darker fears?
For who His coming may abide?
Or who shall stand when He appears?

V.

f He will, He will, for JESUS pleads;
Let heaven and earth His love record;
For us, for us, He intercedes;
Our help is nigh; it is the LORD!

III.

mf No! let us throng around His feet,
And let us meet Him face to face;
Our spirits prostrate at His feet,
Confess our sins, and sue for grace.

VI.

p Into His hands then let us fall,
Come health or sickness, life or death,
Whether He sends us balm for gall,
Or immortality for breath.

WALKING ON THE WINGÈD WIND.

After a Pestilence.

No. 389.



I.

mf WALKING on the wingèd wind,
Fear before Him, Death behind,
When the LORD came down in wrath,
Clouds and darkness girt His path!

III.

cres. Prayer prevailed amidst despair;
God delights to answer prayer;
Judgment laid its terrors by;
Mercy beamed o'er earth and sky.

II.

Thence abroad His arrows flew,
Thick and fast they smote and slew!
p We in dust and ashes lay:
None could help, but all could pray.

IV.

mf Now be sorrow turned to song;
Let the bruised reed grow strong;
Smoking flax break forth and blaze;
Prayer transform itself to praise!

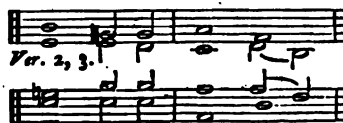
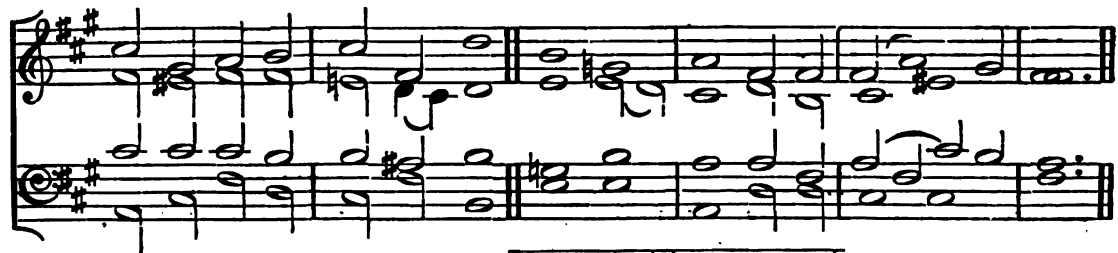
V.

f Let the living now record
All the goodness of the LORD!
Him let His redeemed adore,
Go in peace, and sin no more.

LORD, IN MINE AGONY OF PAIN.

In time of Sickness. For Private use.

No. 390.



I.

p LORD, in mine agony of pain
I turn mine eyes to Thee,
cres. In humble trust, that as my day
My promised strength will be:
p Teach me to pray with Thy dear Son,
"FATHER, Thy will, not mine be done."

II.

p Sleepless I pass the weary night,
And long for dawn of day;
The dawning day no respite brings,
Again for night I pray:
cres. Thou, LORD, canst aid, and Thou alone!
Help me to say, "Thy will be done."

III.

p 'Tis Thine, my sharpest pains to soothe,
And dry each falling tear;
cres. 'Tis Thine, by precious promises,
My fainting heart to cheer:
p In patience then my race I'll run,
Still meekly pray, "Thy will be done."

IV.

p A moment's light affliction here
On earth, bears no compare
cres. To that eternal weight of bliss,
With Jesus I shall share:
f The cross on earth, in heaven the crown:
"Father, Thy will, not mine be done."

MY HEALTH WAS FIRM, MY DAY WAS BRIGHT.

On Recovery from Sickness. For Private use.

No. 391.



I.

mf My health was firm, my day was bright,
And I presumed 'twould ne'er be night;
I fondly said within my heart,
My joy and peace shall ne'er depart.

IV.

O hear me, God of grace," I said,
"And bring me from among the dead:"
mf Thy word rebuked the pains I felt,
Thy pard'ning love removed my guilt.

II.

p But I forgot Thine arm was strong,
Which made my mountain stand so long;
When once Thy face began to hide,
My health was gone, my comforts died.

V.

cres. My groans, and tears, and forms of woe,
Are turned to joy and praises now;
I throw my sackcloth on the ground,
And ease and gladness gird me round.

III.

I cried aloud to Thee, my God:
"What canst Thou profit by my blood?
Laid deep in dust, can I declare
Thy truth, or sing Thy goodness there?"

VI.

f My tongue, the glory of my frame,
Shall ne'er be silent of Thy Name;
Thy praise shall sound through earth
and heaven,
For sickness healed, and sins forgiven.

LIFT NOT THOU THE WAILING VOICE.

On the Christian's Death. For Private use.

No. 392.



I.

p Lift not thou the wailing voice;
Weep not, 'tis a Christian dieth;
cres. Up, where blestèd saints rejoice,
Ransomed now, the spirit flieth.
p Freed from earth and earthly failing,
Lift for him no voice of wailing;
cres. High in heaven's own light he dwelleth;
f Full the song of triumph swelleth.

II.

mf Pour not thou the bitter tear;
Heaven its book of comfort opeth,
Bids thee sorrow not, nor fear,
But as one who always hopeth;
p Humbly here in faith relying,
Peacefully in Jesus dying,
cres. Heavenly joy his face is flushing:
Why should thine with tears be gushing?

III.

p They, who die in CHRIST, are blest:
Our's then be no thought of grieving;
Sweetly with their God they rest,
All their toils and troubles leaving;
cres. So be our's the faith that saveth,
Hope, that every trial braveth,
Love, that to the end endureth,
f And, through CHRIST, the crown secureth.

WHY, WEARY MOURNER, SHED THE CEASELESS

TEAR?

No. 393.

For Private use.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of three systems of staves. The first system includes a tempo marking of $\text{♩} = 88$. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is common time (C). The melody is written on a treble clef staff, and the accompaniment is on a bass clef staff. The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests and dynamic markings like *cres.* and *f*.

I.

p WHY, weary mourner, shed the ceaseless tear?
 Why bow thy soul beneath desponding fear?
cres. Lift up thine eyes! behold the gladd'ning fight!
 For, crowned with golden rays of mercy bright,
f Lo! CHRIST appears thine everlasting light.

II.

p Thou oft hast fallen, oft the Spirit grieved,
 By sin enchained, of peace and joy bereaved:
 Though circled round by foes of fearful might,
cres. Yet seek the Cross, however dark the night;
f For thee it beams with everlasting light.

III.

mf Draw nigh the Bosom where the weary rest,
 There hopeful lay thy heavy laden breast;
 Though spotted over with a deadly blight,
cres. Thy fins of scarlet there shall turn to white;
f Thy darkness merge in everlasting light.

IV.

mf With watchful care pursue thy lowly way;
 Thy strength shall now be as thy shining day:
 With faith thy shield the foeman boldly smite,
 With triumph sure maintain the mortal fight:
f Look up to CHRIST thine everlasting light.

V.

p Though tearful sorrow dimmed thy SAVIOUR'S eyes,
cres. Yet, sorrow past, He rose above the skies:
 Then stanch thy weeping, speed thy heavenward flight;
 Thou soon shalt reach, beyond the starry height,
f Thy deathless crown of everlasting light.

WHAT VARIOUS HINDRANCES WE MEET.

For Private use.

No. 394.



I.

mf WHAT various hindrances we meet
In coming to a mercy-seat !
Yet who that knows the worth of prayer,
But wishes to be often there ?

IV.

While Moses stood with arms spread wide,
Success was found on Israel's side ;
But when through weariness they failed,
That moment Amalek prevailed.

II.

Prayer makes the darkened cloud withdraw ;
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw ;
Gives exercise to faith and love ;
Brings every blessing from above.

V.

Have you no words ? Ah ! think again !
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill your fellow-creature's ear
With the sad tale of all your care.

III.

Restraining prayer we cease to fight ;
Prayer makes the Christian's armor bright ;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

VI.

Were half the breath, thus vainly spent,
To Heav'n in supplication sent,
Your cheerful song would oftener be :
f " Hear what the LORD has done for me."

LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT.

No. 395.

For Private use.



I.

II.

p LEAD, kindly Light, amid th' encircling gloom,
cres. Lead Thou me on!
p The night is dark, and I am far from home;
cres. Lead Thou me on!
mf Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
 The distant scene: one step enough for me.

p I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
 Should'st lead me on;
 I loved to choose and see my path; but now
cres. Lead Thou me on!
mf I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
 Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

III.

p So long Thy pow'r has blest me, sure it still
cres. Will lead me on
mf O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
dim. The night is gone,
mf And with the morn those angel faces smile,
dim. Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

JESUS, LORD, WE KNEEL BEFORE THEE.

Litany.

No. 396.



I.

p JESUS, LORD, we kneel before Thee;
Bend from heav'n Thy gracious ear!
cres. While our waiting souls adore Thee,
Friend of helpless sinners, hear!
p cres. By Thy mercy,
Oh! deliver us, good LORD!

II.

mf Taught by Thine unerring SPIRIT,
Boldly we draw nigh to God,
Only in Thy spotless merit,
Only through Thy precious blood:
p cres. By Thy mercy,
Oh! deliver us, good LORD!

III.

p From the depths of nature's blindness,
From the hard'ning pow'r of sin,
From all malice and unkindness,
From the pride that lurks within,
p cres. By Thy mercy,
Oh! deliver us, good LORD!

IV.

p When temptation sorely presses,
In the day of Satan's pow'r,
cres. In our times of deep distresses,
In each dark and trying hour,
p cres. By Thy mercy,
Oh! deliver us, good LORD.

V.

p In the weary night of sickness,
In the throes of grief and pain;
When we feel our mortal weakness,
When the creature's help is vain,
p cres. By Thy mercy,
Oh! deliver us, good LORD!

VI.

pp In the solemn hour of dying,
In the awful judgment-day,
May our souls, on Thee relying,
cres. Find Thee still our Hope and Stay!
p cres. By Thy mercy,
Oh! deliver us, good LORD!

VII.

mf JESUS, may Thy promised blessing
Comfort to our souls afford!
May we, now Thy love possessing,
Find at last the great reward!
p cres. By Thy mercy,
Oh! deliver us, good LORD!

JESU! CHILD OF MORTAL THROES!

Litany.

No. 397.



1. JE - su! Child of mor - tal throes! Quit - ting Thy di - vine re - pose,
3. By the swea - t that dewed the ground, By that bit - ter, wail - ing found,



Meek - ly bow - ing 'neath the blows, Dealt by Thy re - lent - less foes:
Ris - ing from the waste a - round, Friends un - seen, while foes a - bound:



Son of Man! Save us from e - ter - nal woes!
Lone - ly LORD! Oh! be Thou our fo - lace found!



2. By Thy wants, Thy griefs, Thy tears; By Thy hopes, and doubts, and fears;
4. By the Crofs of shame and scorn, Where Thou hangedst all for - lorn,



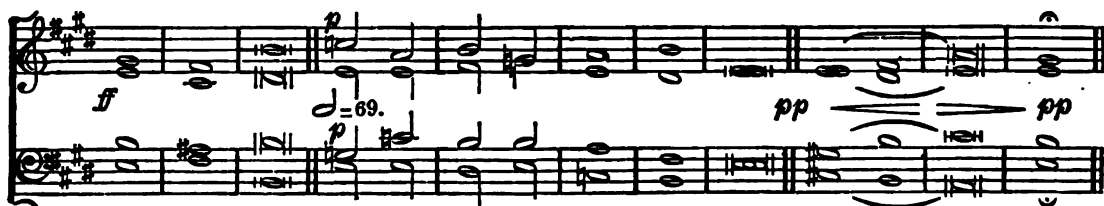
Any pair of verses may be sung as verses 1, 2; provided that the last two conclude the hymn.

2. By the scorn, the scoffs, the jeers, Galling Thee for three long years!
 4. Mocked with purple, crowned with thorn, Scourged and pierced, and bruised and torn:

2. Suff'r - ing LORD! Bend to us Thy listen - ing ears!
 4. Bleed - ing LORD! Save Thy peo - ple, waft - ed, worn!

5. By Thy tri - umph o'er the tomb, Burst - ing from Thy char - nel room,
 6. By Thy conqu'r - ing course on high, 'Mid the squad - rons of the sky,

5. Pour - ing light to kill the gloom! Death of Death! Cor - rup - tion's Bloom!
 6. Who in splen - dor round Thee fly, Rais - ing their ex - ult - ing cry:



5. Ris - en LORD! Save us in the Day of Doom!
 6. SON of GOD! Save us ere we sink and die! A - - - - men.

I.

Jesu! Child of mortal throes!
 Quitting Thy divine repose,
 Meekly bowing 'neath the blows,
 Dealt by Thy relentless foes:
 SON of Man!
 Save us from eternal woes!

II.

By Thy wants, Thy griefs, Thy tears;
 By Thy hopes, and doubts, and fears;
 By the scorn, the scoffs, the jeers,
 Galling Thee for three long years:
 Suffering LORD!
 Bend to us Thy listening ears!

III.

By Thy trial, framed in hell,
 Circling Thee with crafty spell,
 Wielding force that none can tell,
 Quick to ring our mortal knell:
 Tempted LORD!
 Help us Satan's power to quell!

IV.

By Thy mercy, ne'er confined;
 Mercy showered on the blind;
 Mercy to the shattered mind;
 Mercy shewn to all mankind:
 Pitying LORD!
 Grant that mercy we may find!

V.

By the love that touched the bier,
 Where the widow poured the tear,
 Knowing not that Thou wast near,
 With Thy word divine to cheer!
 Tender LORD!
 In the hour of grief give ear!

VI.

By the drops, from sorrow fed,
 Which in pity Thou didst shed,
 Standing by the rocky bed,
 Holding Lazarus the dead:
 Weeping LORD!
 Wipe the eyes with anguish red!

VII.

By the woes of that retreat,
 Where for quiet, calm and sweet,
 Oft repaired Thy sacred feet,
 Once the traitor kifs to meet!
 Stricken LORD!
 Help us from Thy mercy seat!

VIII.

By the sweat, that dewed the ground,
 By that bitter, wailing sound,
 Rising from the waste around;
 Friends unseen, while foes abound;
 Lonely LORD!
 Oh! be Thou our solace found!

IX.

By the Cross of shame and scorn,
 Where Thou hangedst all forlorn,
 Mocked with purple, crowned with thorn,
 Scourged and pierced, and bruised, and torn,
 Bleeding LORD!
 Save Thy people, wafted, worn!

X.

By Thy last appalling groan,
 Piercing hearts as hard as stone,
 As Thy Soul to rest hath flown,
 While the Marys weep and moan:
 Dying LORD!
 Save us! Thou canst save alone!

XI.

By Thy triumph o'er the tomb,
 Bursting from Thy Charnel-room,
 Pouring light to kill the gloom!
 Death of Death! Corruption's Bloom
 Risen LORD!
 Save us in the Day of Doom!

XII.

By Thy conquering course on high,
 'Mid the squadrons of the sky,
 Who in splendor round Thee fly,
 Raising their exulting cry:
 Son of God!
 Save us ere we sink and die! Amen.

REJOICE, YE PURE IN HEART.

Processional.

No. 398.



I.

f Rejoice, ye pure in heart,
Rejoice, give thanks, and sing!
Your orient banner wave on high,
The Cross of CHRIST your KING!

II.

Bright youth, and snow-crowned age,
Strong men and maidens meek,
Raise high your free, exulting song!
God's wondrous praises speak!

III.

Yes! onward, onward still,
With hymn, and chant, and song,
Through gate, and porch, and columned aisle
The hallowed pathways throng!

IV.

mf With ordered feet pass on!
Bid thoughts of evil cease!
Ye may not bring the strife of tongues
Within the home of peace.

V.

With all the angel choirs,
With all the saints of earth,
Pour out the strains of joy and bliss,
True rapture, noblest mirth !

VI.

f Your clear Hosannas raise,
And Hallelujahs loud !
Whilst answering echoes upward float,
Like wreaths of incense-cloud !

VII.

With voices full and strong,
As ocean's surging praise,
Lead forth the hymns our fathers loved,
The psalms of ancient days !

VIII.

mf Yes ! on through life's long path !
Still chanting as ye go !
From youth to age, by night and day,
In gladness and in woe.

IX.

Still lift your standard high !
Still march in firm array !
As warriors through the darkness toil,
Till dawns the golden day.

X.

p At last the march shall end,
The wearied ones shall rest ;
The pilgrims find their Father's house,
Jerusalem the blest.

XI.

f Then on ! ye pure in heart !
Rejoice, give thanks, and sing !
Your orient banner wave on high,
The cross of CHRIST your KING !

XII.

ff Praise Him, Who reigns on high,
The LORD Whom we adore !
The FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
One GOD for evermore !

WITH GLADSOME FEET WE PRESS.

Processional.

No. 399.

1. With glad-some feet we press To Si-on's ho-ly mount,

♩ = 92.

1. With glad - some feet we press To Si - on's ho - ly mount,

Where gush - es from its deep re - cefs The cool - ing fount:

Where gush - es from its deep re - cefs The cool - ing fount:

Oh! hap - py, hap - py hill, The joy of ev - 'ry faint!

Oh! hap - py, hap - py hill, The joy of ev - 'ry faint!

With sweet Si - lo - am's crys - tal rill, 'That cheers the faint!

With sweet Si - lo - am's crys - tal rill, 'That cheers the faint!

I.

f WITH gladfome feet we prefs
To Sion's holy mount,
Where gushes from its deep recess
The cooling fount:
Oh! happy, happy hill,
The joy of every saint!
With sweet Siloam's crystal rill,
That cheers the faint!

II.

We love fair Sion well:
The LORD in her is seen;
With her is ever fain to dwell
In radiant sheen!
He there reveals His face,
There stretches out His arm,
A lamp to light a darkened race,
A shield from harm.

III.

mf Thou, LORD, dost crown the steep;
Thou broodest o'er the stream:
Then leave us never more to weep
Thine absent beam!
Refresh the thirsty soul,
Thou springing Well of life!
Conduct us towards the heavenly goal,
Amid the strife!

IV.

p Great City, blest of God!
Jerusalem the free!
With ceaseless step the path be trod,
That leads to thee!
The martyrs' bleeding feet,
The saints with woundless breast,
Alike have fought thy golden feat,
To win their rest.

V.

mf The tow'rs, that point on high,
Our earth-bound spirits teach
To scorn the world, and upward fly,
True bliss to reach:
To veil Thy shrine of love,
Lord, let no mist arise;
No cloud to hide the scene above
From longing eyes.

VI.

We come, with fervent zeal,
Beneath Thy hallowed dome,
The pledge of our eternal weal,
Our happy home!
Thine house our Sion stands,
Though reared of earthly stone,
The type of that, not made with hands,
Yet still Thine Own.

VII.

p There, calming all alarms,
Thy Cross of love is traced,
Outstretching salutary arms,
To bless the waste;
The sinner there can plead
In ever listening Ears;
On hope, and Thee, can sweetly feed,
And dry his tears.

VIII.

mf LORD, while Thy courts we tread,
Arrayed in robes of white,
May evil never lift its head
To shame the light!
But all be pure below;
Each heart from taint be free,
Unfurnished, bright as sunless snow,
Meet shrines for Thee!

IX.

f So this our festal day
Celestial joy shall raise,
While lips and hearts, conjoined, essay
To hymn Thy praise!
The very stones shall ring,
Resound each holy wall,
With Thee, Thyself the Rock, the Spring,
Our Heaven, our All!

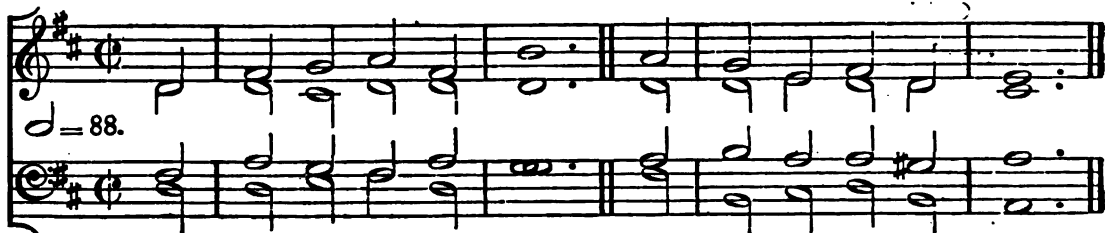
X.

ff The FATHER loud adore!
And loud adore the SON!
Exalt the SPIRIT evermore,
The great THREE-ONE!
The Trinity extol
In Unity sublime,
Till circling ages cease to roll!
The death of Time!

OH! HAPPY FEET THAT TREAD.

Processional, or General.

No. 400.



I.

mf Oh! happy feet that tread
Thine earthly courts, O LORD!
There heavenly light is shed,
There Thine Own peace is poured.

II.

Oh! happy knees that press
Thy Temple's lowly floor,
dim. While contrite hearts confess,
And pard'ning grace implore!

III.

mf Oh! happy ears that hear,
With glad and simple faith,
cres. The message ringing clear,
"Thy sins God pardoneth!"

IV.

f Oh! happy tongues that sing,
With burning praise on fire,
Here faintly echoing
The bright celestial choir!

V.

p Oh! happy souls that rise
In childlike trust to Thee,
With hallowed sacrifice
Of prayer and litany!

VI.

f Oh! happy eyes that light,
With brave and holy pride,
The one Faith to recite,
For which the martyrs died!

VII.

pp Oh! happier still who low
Before Thine altar kneel,
With trembling rapture glow,
And Thy dear Presence feel!

VIII.

ff But happiest, happiest far
To Heav'n's fair courts to soar,
And, where all glories are,
To praise Thee evermore!

WE LOVE THY TEMPLE, LORD.

Psalms xxvi., lxxxiv., cxxii.

Processional, or General.

No. 401.



I.

f WE love Thy temple, LORD,
Thine honor's dwelling-place,
The habitation of Thine house,
The home of light and grace.

II.

How goodly are Thy tents,
Great God of Israel!
We long, we faint for Thine abode,
That we with Thee may dwell.

III.

The songful birds have built
Within Thy courts their nest,
And thither all Thy dear redeemed
Would flock in search of rest.

IV.

mf There blessed waters flow,
A sin-forgiving flood,
And there mysterious wine is poured,
dim. A dying SAVIOUR'S Blood.

V.

p Reign peace within her walls,
Soft peace from God above!
f Reign plenteousness within her towers,
The riches of His love!

VI.

One day within her courts
Is Heav'n, since GOD is there;
Far better than a thousand days,
That know nor praise nor prayer.

VII.

In this Thy house, O LORD,
Shall we not fain rejoice?
And burn to pass her happy gates,
With swelling heart and voice?

VIII.

ff Great Zion's King extol!
The Triune GOD adore!
Let sounds of triumph rend the sky,
Till Time shall be no more!

TO GOD THE LORD.

Processional.

No 402.

PART I.

Two staves of music in G major (one sharp). The first staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The second staff begins with a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The music is in 4/4 time. The first staff contains measures 1 through 18, ending with a double bar line and repeat signs. The second staff contains measures 1 through 18, ending with a double bar line and repeat signs. A tempo marking "♩ = 96." is located below the first staff.

PART II.

Two staves of music in G major (one sharp). The first staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The second staff begins with a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The music is in 4/4 time. The first staff contains measures 19 through 36, ending with a double bar line and repeat signs. The second staff contains measures 19 through 36, ending with a double bar line and repeat signs. The word "A - men." is written below the first staff at the end of the piece.

•• Verses 1, 2, 4, 6, 8, and 9, to Part I. Verses 3, 5, and 7, to Part II.

I.

f To GOD the LORD with one accord
The voice of joy upraise!
To GOD our King, in homage bring
Your grateful songs of praise!

II.

The LORD is King! break forth and sing, *f*O sons of men, with deeper ken,
O mountains, woods, and plains!
O isles, O sea, right joyous be,
For GOD all holy reigns!

III.

**p*O sun, O moon, O morn, O noon,
O dewy eve, O night!
O earth, O air, O fountains fair,
Proclaim His Sovereign might!*

IV.

f Ye winds that sweep o'er fell and deep,
Earth's incense with you bring!
Ye lightnings flash, with thunder-craash
Declare Him LORD and King!

V.

**p*Ye birds on wing, that sweetly sing,
Pour forth your varied lays!
Ye cattle all, that on Him call,
Who feeds you, swell His praise!*

VI.

Praise ye with heart and voice!
Extol your King, your off'rings bring,
And in His Name rejoice!

VII.

**p*For earth and sea, and bird and tree,
Have but a transient day;
The stars so bright shall sink in night;
Yea, all shall pass away.*

VIII.

f But we shall live; then let us give
Him praise, His law obey;
Until we come to Heav'n, our home,
Where shines eternal day.

IX.

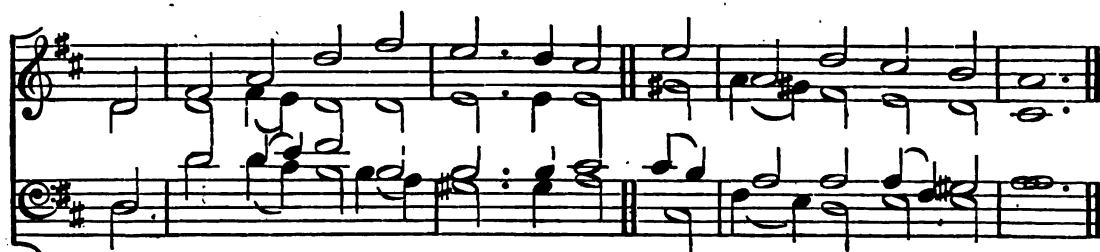
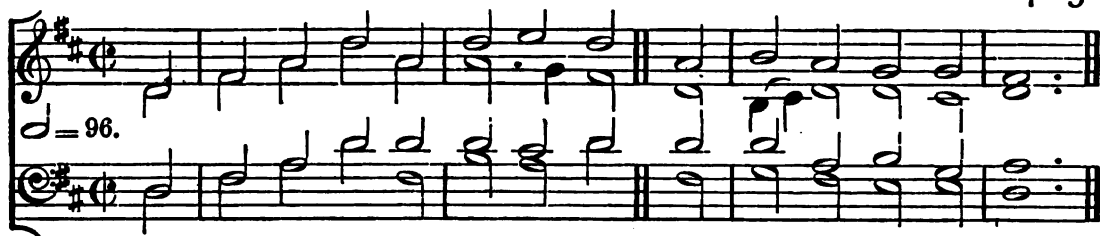
In joyful throng, upraise the song!
By men and angel host
Be worship done to FATHER, SON,
And to the HOLY GHOST!

AWAKE! AWAKE! PUT ON THY STRENGTH.

Processional.

Isaiab li.

No. 403.



I.

f AWAKE! awake! put on Thy strength,
 O Arm of CHRIST the LORD!
 Awake! as in the ancient days!
 Fresh triumphs now record!
 Thou driest up the mighty sea,
 The waters of the deep,
 That joy might spring in faddened hearts,
dim. And mourners cease to weep.

III.

But lies in front a dreary waste,
 Where thirst and hunger reign;
cres. Yet Thou canst deck the barren hill,
 And fill the empty plain.
f Lift up Thine Arm! lift up Thy Voice!
 The desert feels the shock!
 Sweet Manna showers from the skies,
dim. Sweet water from the rock.

II.

f Thy ransomed people passed the wave,
 They trod the Red Sea floor;
 The cloudy pillar frowned behind,
 But smiled with light before.
 Lift up Thine Arm, display Thy light,
 Again to guard and guide!
 Beneath Thy banner, mighty LORD,
dim. We too have crossed the tide.

IV.

f On, on we haste with holy zeal,
 Since Thou the path hast blest;
 The distant mountains rise in view,
 Thy seat of peace and rest.
 There lies the City of our God,
 The City beaming bright;
 Where shines nor sun, nor moon, nor star,
dim. The LAMB its only light!

V.

f Awake! awake! put on Thy strength,
 That Thy redeemed may come
 With singing, and with endless joy,
 To that undying home.
ff Awake! O Arm of CHRIST the LORD!
 Come touch these lips of clay,
 And they their loudest praise shall sing
 To crown this festal day!

LET ALL THE WORLD IN EVERY CORNER SING.

Call to Praise.

No. 404.



I.

f Let all the world in every corner sing
My God and KING!
The heavens are not too high;
His praise may thither fly:
The earth is not too low;
His praises there may grow:
ff Let all the world in every corner sing
My God and KING!

II.

f Let all the world in every corner sing
My God and KING!
The Church with Psalms must shout;
No door can keep them out:
But, above all, my heart
Must bear the longest part:
ff Let all the world in every corner sing
My God and KING!

III.

f LET all the world in every corner sing
My God and KING!
The FATHER, with the SON,
And SPIRIT, THREE IN ONE,
One everlasting LORD,
Be evermore adored!
ff Let all the world in every corner sing
My God and KING!

1

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